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DALLAS GALBRAITH.

CHAPTER IV.

GALBRAITH made a short cut through the woods down to the beach, where he thought to find Laddoun. He went slinging along with nervous strides, making great leaps now and then, and shouting shrilly like a madman after them. He was but a boy, and the excitement and triumph of the night must find vent somehow. He wanted Laddoun. He would like to drag the old fellow up into his room, and watch his face redden and eyes shine over every little gift there. It was the very thing to touch George to the quick, and bring the tears to his eyes. He wanted the whole village to come and share in the happiness it had given him—to see how grateful he was. He felt as if he were full of hot words, as if he must break his silence and tell them his story, to force them to care for him as he did for them.

Yet when he saw two of the men who had been kindest to him coming through the woods, he hid behind a thicket, and let them pass. That old nightmare of bashfulness throttled him, as it is apt to do boys of the best blood, and his throat choked, his legs and arms grew self-conscious and heavy, and his tongue stiff.

He forgot his errand and George

Laddoun, and walked more slowly. It was then, in this swell of his great joy and content, that the thought which had been tugging at his heart all day pressed up barely into words.

"If—if my mother could see my room!" he whispered, stopping quite still and looking down. As he went on after that, scrambling over the bay-bushes, and climbing fences, he said it to himself more than once—

"Mother?"

He seemed to be growing more fit to say it since the villagers had given him this credential. The truth was, this was the thought that had made him dumb and pale when Lizzy first showed him the room. In a moment he saw a little fresh-looking woman coming into it, with her gray, watchful eyes fixed approvingly on him. He could see even the dress she wore—the pale brown silk, the white lace, the pearl ring on her small hand; things which at other times set her far off from him, with an impassable gulf between them. But this room and its meaning would have made her approve him. He thought he had taken a great step nearer her to-night. No wonder even old Mrs. Laddoun perceived that he looked as if a heart of flesh had been given him instead of one of stone.

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Galbraith was like all other boys, except in this: that the incentives which first hasten them on into manhood, and give them fibre and weight, were all centred for him in that quiet little woman whom he had left years ago. If he could shift—be done with his ragged clothes, his lank, awkward body and vulgar ways, if God or his own effort—anything—would make a gentleman of him, he could go back to her. Love, money, fame, were but words to him. She and the world in which she lived were realities.

He thought, to-night, he was beginning to go back to her.

Just as Dallas came out of the woods into the salt grass, two men passed him. The night was dark, and his steps were deadened in the sand: they did not see him, therefore.

"Craddock," said the smith, Becker, "has been lying in hiding in the Quaker's room since yesterday. It was thought he might be needed."

Now this brought Galbraith to a sudden standstill. Craddock was the sheriff of the county: he had visited Manasquan once, years ago, and since then had served as a bugbear to frighten children to sleep. His coming was the portent of some great calamity; and Dallas, who had shied many a stone at policemen in New York, had so fallen into Manasquan ways that he clapped his hands with a sudden terror when he heard of it.

"What did he hide for?" asked the other man, who proved to be Nixon.

"Laddoun would have had warning, you see."

"George Laddoun be no more guilty than I," said Nixon, doggedly. "I wonder at you, Becker. It be easy for strangers to send a dog down hill when his friends give him a kick."

"Where be he gone now, then?" triumphantly. "When Craddock came down with the New York man on the beach, as the schooner ran in, Laddoun was there. In his new rig, to go up to Lizzy's. When he saw them together, he turned off up the marsh, they do say, pale as a corpse. I always misdoubted

Laddoun. Where did he get the money to buy the cranberry bog yonder?"

The men passed on into the woods. Dallas did not stop them, asked no questions; whatever their news might portend to him—whether it brought some old crime of his own or danger for Laddoun out of that mysterious old time, it did not stun him as it had done George. He had slunk through this long grass an hour or two ago, as though his brain and limbs were palsied; but Dallas ran swift as a hound, and bent half double on the same path as soon as the men were out of hearing. The boy had the soldier-quality in him which the man lacked, and sprang naturally to arms on the first hint of danger, alert and defiant. His guilt or innocence was a secondary matter.

There was no indecision in his course. He knew Laddoun's hiding-place. There is a river, or an arm of the sea, which breaks into this county for about six miles—a broad, deep backwater, rather than stream. Coming to its edge, Dallas ran groping along until he found a long, narrow-pointed tub (a sneak-boat, as the fishermen call them, used for duck-shooting), pushed it off the sand, shut himself up in it, and, with a vigorous thrust or two, headed rapidly upstream. The water, curdled with the rising tide, stretched up between the rolling dark hills on either side, a sheet of glittering, steely blue.

A short, steady pull brought him to the point where the white, sandy road to the post-office struck through the pines: one or two crab-cribs were anchored there, and on the beach a seine-reel thrust out its shadowy, empty arms. This was the out-point of the village travel: beyond was a region unknown to the Manasquan world. In all Galbraith's root-hunting explorations of the head-water country, he had never encountered a single inhabitant of the sleepy Jersey village. Ben, an old clam-digger—who had no name apparently but Ben—had once built himself a hut a mile or two above the road, but he was dead years ago: so the story went, as Dallas knew. The hills and defiles on either

side of the broad water up which he floated were silent and untenanted as a shore in Hades. Almost as spectral and beautiful, also: the moon, a pale, thin bow, rising low in the sea horizon, threw timorous, dim lights up into this far-inland valley, where the tide crept and bosomed itself for a transient rest. Along the shore the knobs and peaks of hills grouped themselves in fantastic forms, bare, save for the cover of short, soft grass, sinking back into dusky, wooded slopes behind. Here and there one of these bald summits lifted a dead tree in relief against the sky, on whose topmost limb a fish-hawk sat flapping its wings and keeping a tireless watch over its nest. Higher up the stream, where the water was quiet and less bitter, the wooded hills crept closer to its edge, sheltering little comfortable hollows between them, which seemed to wait for cozy homes. Before one of these Dallas involuntarily lifted his oars, looking at it gravely. It was the place where he meant to build his own home some day. There was space for large buildings and a grand sweep of lawn. The boy's air-built castle was not a cottage: a fine, solid house instead, and its furniture planned to fit the silk and pearl ring which he had once seen his mother wear, and which held her far off from him. She should lose nothing when she came to him. Then, remembering Laddoun, he rowed on, shutting his teeth fast.

Galbraith's search lasted all night. At the head of the inlet, or where it breaks squarely against a hill (a thin, narrow creek being the only conduit reaching it from the interior), the water forms a shallow, umber-colored bed for numberless flat, marshy islands, covered with reedy, salt grass of every shade of brown and saffron. Between these flats Dallas poled his boat slowly, closely scanning the banks and slopes of the hills, afraid to call aloud lest he might wake the loud, resonant echoes which wait, ready and angry, along these shores, as though impatient of the continual heavy silence. When the dawn came, however, filling the sky and even the brown water with

pink flushes, and the air with cold, delicious odors from the pines, Galbraith sprang on shore, and hurried to a black figure which he saw lying under a knotted old cedar half-way up the sand. It was Laddoun, asleep, his usually florid face haggard and colorless, his shiny clothes and boots filthy from dragging through the mud of the marsh. He had dropped down so carelessly that the tide plashed about his ankles.

"Laddoun! Laddoun!" All the repressed excitement or terror of the night made the call vehement; but the young man turned over with a heavy snore. If Laddoun was on the brink of the grave, he would relish his cut of beef or his sleep, Dallas thought. He shook him savagely, remembering poor Lizzy just then, and how the wedding morning was dawning for her. "Mr. Laddoun! This is no time to sleep like a log," dragging him up by the heavy shoulders.

George looked about him, dazed for a minute, and then got up, and, turning to the water, wet his face and head.

"What have you to tell me, Dallas?" looking at him at last.

"What have you to tell me? I've followed you all night to know. What does Cradock want with you? What kin I do for you?" pressing close, his chin quivering and eyes on fire. "There's no time to lose. What kin I do?"

Laddoun looked at him steadily, and then sat down doggedly. "You don't ask me what I've done?"

Galbraith's face altered, and his tone curiously became that of an older and more reasonable man than his companion. "No, I don't ask. I thought it was some of the old troubles back there," jerking his thumb over his shoulder. "I be no judge of any man. I'll do what I kin. What is the quickest way of getting clear of the business? This is—" He stopped.

"It's my wedding morning, I know that," getting up and sitting down again with an oath. "It's my ill luck, hounding—hounding me, as usual;" scolding on, in a tone at which Dallas could hardly hide a smile, listening with a boy's keen sense of humor. Laddoun

always faced trouble with pettish ill-temper, and, if nobody else could be found to bear the blame, had his Luck ready for a fag to be lashed for his sins.

Galbraith interrupted him. "Is it money that's wanted?"

Laddoun avoided his eye, jerking pebbles nervously into the water. "No. It's not a debt," dryly. "I knew that Quaker the minute I saw him with Cradock. I thought, before, that his cowardly phiz was familiar to me. He's Bunsen—on the detective force. You know?"

Galbraith nodded. He put his hands behind him presently, steadying himself against the cedar, and wet his lips once or twice before he spoke. Laddoun watched him shrewdly.

"You've no reason to want to come in his way, either?" sharply. "You've been in hiding this many a year, Master Galbraith."

"I don't want to come in his way," gravely. "But I've not been guilty. I'll let no man say that. I've not been guilty."

Laddoun shifted his position uneasily. It was curious that in this moment of his own apparent peril his thoughts seemed to be concerned exclusively with the boy, on guard with him, as it were, watching him with a mingled pity and alarm.

"I'd like to know the truth about you, Dallas Galbraith," he broke out. "Since the day I helped dig you out, along with the others, from that coal-pit in Scranton, three years ago, nigh dead with the choke-damp, you've been a puzzle to me. Do you remember that day?"

"Yes, I remember it."

"A queer black beetle you were! Do you mind, when I'd brought you to, how you begged me to hide you, to let you be counted as dead or missing, to get you out of Scranton? For the love of God to get you out? Well, did I do it? Did I share what I had with you after that? Though how could I tell what sort of criminal I had in hiding?"

"Yes, you did. But you did not think me a criminal, Mr. Laddoun?" passing both hands over his head with a slow, patient gesture.

"How could I tell? Appearances were against you," hotly, lashing himself into a rage. "I think I played the part of a good friend to you, Galbraith. I was but a poor devil of a student, but I never treated you as a servant. I went share-and-share with you. What I saw of life, you saw."

"Yes, I saw it," under his breath; and poor Dallas wondered when it was that he had grown into the knowing man he was now. It was such a little while, before he was dragged out of that pit at Scranton, that he had been a child sitting lazily beside his mother while she pored anxiously over his books, both of them sitting down on the carpet to play marbles with real relish and fun when the lesson was learned. Such a little while ago!

When he heard what Laddoun was saying again, he found he was talking of some of the sprees he had gone through in New York.

"Well," rubbing his chin with gusto, "we saw life, Dallas, if we have to pay for it now. But you were always a puzzle to me."

"This is no time to talk of that. Cradock is on your trail."

"Yes, it *is* the time," vehemently. "For, if you were not the knowing little rough I thought you, I'd rather have lost my right hand than have served you the trick that I've done."

Dallas looked at him, bewildered, a moment. "Trick? I don't understand. We can settle that afterwards. Is it one of the old gambling matters, that Bunsen has tracked?"

"No," turning away.

Dallas stood deliberating. Boy as he was, he had helped Laddoun out of many of the drunken scrapes into which he was perpetually plunging with his two or three chums. It was the worst set among the medical students into which he had fallen; and Laddoun was generous, ready to fight or pay for them to the end. When he was in the mire, however, he was quite as ready to howl his complaints out loudly: his silence now, therefore, puzzled and alarmed Galbraith.

"You've land enough to clear you from any debt," he said, in a perplexed

tone, "and debt was always the worst of your troubles. And I'll say this: that the least part of the money was spent on yourself. That be true of you, Laddoun."

"I know it. But I don't begrudge the help I give the fellows! I don't begrudge it. While a man lives, let him live!" the dark red mounting to his handsome face and his eye sparkling. "But this matter—now I'll make a clean breast of it, Dallas!" flinging out his hand to him. "But for God's sake be merciful to a man! I was hard pushed. You know the old man we lodged with, in Lisenard street? Just we two?"

"Adamson? Yes."

"Well"—mumbling the words rapidly, and sopping the sweat from his forehead—"I was hard pushed. It was either the money or ruin, and he was a hard old file: he had not a drop of anybody's blood in his veins. Now, Dallas, you know he was a hard file—an old beast? More than any man I ever knew."

"Go on," drawing his breath shorter. "What do you mean?"

"You ought to know what I mean," angrily. "You must have every word spelled to you now-a-days before you'll understand it. You remember a cheque which you drew for me, at the Metropolitan Bank? I paid my endorsement for Pancott with it, and you settled some other scores, just before we came here."

"I know. It was Adamson's cheque. He owed it to you."

"So I told you," in a low voice, turning his back on him and going down to the beach.

"Didn't he owe it to you? He never gave away a rag," with a laugh. "And it certainly had the old man's name on it."

"He did not sign it, Dallas."

Galbraith had leaned forward to catch the half-whispered words: for a moment he did not comprehend them. Then he stood erect, the color gone from his face.

"You mean that you—you—No, that can't be! You're not a thief, Laddoun," beating the air with one hand in a senseless way.

"No, I'm not a thief," facing him,

and putting one hand on his shoulder. "Be quiet. I signed the cheque, and I suppose in law they'd call it forgery. But I meant to pay it back to him. Now you know I meant to pay it back, Dallas? Nobody that knows the sums I give away, and how I spend money like water, would suspect George Laddoun of robbing the man of his wretched shinplasters. It was to help Pancott I took it. The old miser had thousands hid away, and I thought I could make it good to him some time. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand." But the lad spoke stupidly, and looked at him, Laddoun saw angrily, with a sort of dumb dismay.

"Never couple the name of Laddoun with thief again, then," haughtily. "It was a miserable business. I never did replace the money. I never had it, you see. And then, when we left the house, I recommended a man named Parker to the old fellow as a boarder, and I found afterwards that Parker was a bad lot. I wasn't to blame there, either. I hardly knew the man. But it ended badly."

"We saw in the papers that Adamson was robbed and murdered. Do you mean that—?"

"No. I don't say who did it. But it never was discovered, and I know now that Parker was a bad lot. It was I that brought him to the old man. I wish to God my hands were clear of that!" gloomily. "It's my luck."

"It never was discovered," Dallas repeated mechanically, trying to steady himself, pulling the cuffs down over his shaking wrists.

"No." Laddoun looked at him steadily, squaring himself before him. He was ashamed that the words he had to say made him quail before this insignificant, lank boy: he made what strength and courage he could for himself out of his own portly, handsome presence. "No. The detectives have had it in hand for months. They had a notion that the party who did the forgery—finished the job. But they've no proof of that—not an atom," hastily passing his hand over his mouth. "It's only the

suspicion. But that is enough to damn a man's whole life."

The first shock over, the reasonable look began to come up into the lad's eyes. He put his hand affectionately on Laddoun's arm.

"You need have no fear," with an unsteady smile. "You're not the sort of man, Mr. Laddoun, to be suspected of murder, let them prove the forgery or not. A man's character counts for something in law, I reckon."

"They've no proof of the forgery against *me*, Dallas." It cost George Laddoun a harder wrench to speak the words than he had thought: his mouth fell weakly open when he had done, and he watched the boy as a convicted felon might his judge.

But Dallas only answered quietly, "I'm glad of that; mostly for Lizzy's sake. What does Cradock want, then?"

His stupidity provoked Laddoun; it was easier to go on. "They've no proof against me. I wasn't even in New York when the money was drawn. You had taken other cheques, which Adamson had given me, to the bank," watching Galbraith's bewildered face furtively as he spoke.

"Then it's all right," relieved. "Nobody would suspect a dull boy like me of it."

"You're not counted a dull boy here, and you weren't there. Old Bunsen, or Ledwith, or whatever he calls himself, has spread the notion through the village that the head-work of the shop is done by you; and back there in Philadelphia, there was none of the fellows that didn't wonder at your odd knowledge of chemistry and the hand you wrote. You'd better use of your pen than I had. It was cursedly queer in a coal-digger's boy. I'll say that. Old Adamson used to say, 'There's a heap of brains under that boy's yaller hair.' No, you'd not be counted too dull to do it."

Dallas stood still one breathless moment: then he came slowly towards Laddoun, a fiery heat rising to his cheeks and eyes.

"You thought of that? You made a tool of me? You brought this on me?"

He had put his hand on Laddoun's collar as he spoke, and when he had done he flung him from him fiercely, as though he had been a dog; he did not even look to see where he fell into the muddy tide, but, turning away, walked up the beach.

Laddoun gathered himself up without either scowl or oath. He liked the boy better for the blow. He stood looking at him where he had seated himself on the sand, his hands clasped about his knees, staring down the river, up which the morning ripples glistened redly.

"Galbraith!" venturing toward him at last.

The boy was deaf and dumb as a stone.

"Galbraith, you don't think I meant harm should come to you? As God sees me, I meant to replace the money and make it all square with the old man. Besides," hesitating, "I didn't think you'd scruple to do it, even if you knew."

Still no answer.

"You know there was a queer suspicion about you, Dallas. Now, you know there was," in a whining voice. "You didn't seem to belong to your station. Why would you want to be counted for dead if you'd done nothing amiss? Why did you wince just now at the thought of the detectives? Why did you keep so dark about them times before I dug you out at Scranton? 'S long as I've knowed you, there's never a word dropped from your lips about them times."

A change came into the lad's face—an almost imperceptible change—but it brought a sharp qualm to Laddoun. "If I wronged you," he continued, impetuously, "I'd give my right hand not to have done you this turn. I've spent my life serving others, and it seems infernally selfish to see you in this scrape and know that I can get off scot-free. But I never meant harm to come of it. It's my luck."

Dallas staggered to his feet. "I don't know what's luck," he said, dully. "There's something that's kept its hold on me and dragged me down, down, since the beginning. I'm tired of fighting agen it. I reckon it's God. But for

you, Laddoun," turning on him fiercely, "if you think you'll get off scot-free, you're mistaken. You wrote me a letter from Albany, where you'd gone on a spree, saying that Adamson had given you the cheque, and telling me where in your bureau to find it. I've got that letter now. It was uncommon kind, and I kept it—like a fool! I never threw away a kind word."

"You've got that letter?"

"Yes." Laddoun walked up to the boy, looking straight into his eyes: the man, like any animal driven to bay, was not without a certain courage.

"It will not help you, Dallas, to bring me in with you. They would take that letter for a plot between us."

"You worked for your punishment, and you shall have it. If the lifting of my hand would clear you, I wouldn't do it."

"The lifting of your hand would clear me. There's no proof against me but that letter."

If he had hoped by this to move the boy to any sympathy, he was mistaken. Dallas gave a short, savage laugh, and turned off—did not look back even when the sound of oars broke the stillness, and Laddoun, with an oath, cried out that the men were on them. "There is no use in running. Cradock is armed," he said.

Dallas made no reply, but stood quietly, watching the boat pushing its way slowly through the narrow black currents between the marshy islands.

"When I saw Cradock with the Quaker last night," said Laddoun, in a thick, rapid tone, "I thought they'd scented you out, Dallas. They had no proof against me. I couldn't stay to see you taken and know I'd brought it on you. That's what I'm here for. They have no warrant against me. There's no proof but that letter against me."

But Galbraith was silent. The men had brought the boat up to the shore at last, and one after another sprang ashore. There were Graah and two fishermen, beside Cradock and the pseudo Quaker. They all watched the two figures anxiously as they came nearer. Laddoun

put on his hat and threw back his chest, bowing with a faint imitation of his old pompous politeness.

"Aha! they don't mean to make fight," said Bunsen, in an undertone. But the sheriff was looking intently at Galbraith. The wind blew the boy's thin, fair hair back, and there was something in the childish face and reasonable, woman's eyes that had its effect on the old man.

"That be'n't the face of a bad one," he said, doubtfully. "You've made no mistake in the lad?"

"I've made no mistake. That fellow's got more wit than you or I, in some ways, innocent as he looks. Graah can tell you that."

"I've got no ill word to say agin the boy," said Graah, stopping short for emphasis, his solid voice going up and down with the swing of a pendulum. "I know nothin' but good of him. An' George Laddoun's my neighbor. I come here to see fair play, an' so I tell you; an' if them men say they're innocent, I'm on their side, constable or no constable."

Bunsen glanced at the ponderous village authority with a slight smile, and passed him. Cradock touched the handle of a pistol in his breast-pocket. "Better keep clear of this matter, Mr. Graah," he said.

"As if I be afeerd of his pistols!" muttered the old man, aloud. But he winced before the officer's indifferent good-humor: it symbolized the law. He and the two men stood apart, watching, while the others went up to Laddoun and the boy. They held their breath to listen; and no wonder. It was ten years ago since Cradock had made an arrest in Manasquan, and it had become a date in the fireside stories; and these were the village favorites. It was as if a pestilence had broken out with an hour's warning in their midst.

"When he took hold of the boy," old Graah said to his wife afterwards, "I tell you I felt an in'ard tug an' choke, just as when our Joe was nigh drowned in the under-tow. I couldn't but think of the sickness last summer, an' how the lad went about from house to house, nor

how the little 'uns made much of him. I count them judges—little 'uns." But in the village gossip over the matter, Graah went no farther than, "I say nothin'—law's law."

Laddoun met the officer with another bow. "One too many for an innocent man," Cradock muttered.

"You had business with me, gentlemen?"

Bunsen nodded. "Not pleasant business, Doctor Laddoun. But no doubt you will be able to adjust the matter satisfactorily. We men of the world see these things in a different light from our friends here," beckoning back to the villagers.

Laddoun combed his whiskers, smiling with a ghastly counterfeit of ease. "I have no idea of the nature of the difficulty," he stammered, not having yet determined on his course of defence. "Appearances may be against me, but I can set it right—I can set it right."

"Until you know the proof against you, it is better to commit yourself as little as possible," said Bunsen, dryly.

Laddoun's countenance steadied at this. He drew from it that the proof was slight, and thought the warning friendly in Bunsen. He noted shrewdly, too, that the detective, while he talked to him, kept his eyes on Dallas with a sort of critical admiration.

"They give the boy credit for the brains of the concern," he thought, with an odd mixture of relief and annoyance.

Then Bunsen went over to Galbraith. "I have a warrant for you," he said, putting his hand on his shoulder and raising his voice. The others stood listening.

Dallas took the man's hand off quietly, but his grip was like iron. "I'll go without force," he said, in a shrill, loud voice, speaking, not to the officer, but to Graah and the fishermen. "I took the cheque to the bank. But I'm innocent. I'm no thief."

He went alone before them all, and took his seat in the boat. When they were all in, and had begun to row down stream, he put out his hand to Graah's

knee. "Mr. Graah?—" he said, in a low voice.

But the law was beginning to have its effect on the old man: his jaws worked nervously as he chewed his plug of tobacco; he kept his eyes turned away from the lad's face, and moved his fat knees with a little shuffle of relief when he took his hand away. This was the last appeal that Dallas made—then or afterwards. He was dumb, unless when spoken to, during the time that elapsed before he was removed for trial to New York. Watchful, too; his eyes turning to one face after another with a look which brought the tears to many of the women's eyes. If they had spoken out boldly the faith they had in him, God knows how differently it might have gone with the boy. But the shadow of authority was a power in Manasquan: a man once in the clutches of the law was guilty till proved to be innocent.

Going down the river, the sun shone out brightly. Laddoun talked to the detective and Cradock, with the old affectation of ease, about the unimproved condition of the land, the chances of marl in a field back of the beach; even pointing out, with a shaking forefinger, the swarms of red and black-winged lady-bugs on the marsh-grass. Bunsen answered him pleasantly, but his attempt at indifference told badly on Graah and the fishermen. They scowled at him doubtfully, askance. A Manasquan man in Cradock's terrible grip had no need to chatter of marl or bugs.

When they came to the landing-place, there was a strange silence noticeable on shore, by which one might know the great calamity that had fallen on the village. The seines were still wound on the reels, the mackerel-boats empty and at anchor: for the first time in many years, old Calcroft, the clam-digger, was gone from his post. Laddoun, glancing feverishly from side to side, saw that the front shutters of most of the wooden houses were closed as they passed up the long, sandy road. There was the usual caucus of men on Nixon's porch, but they sat in gloomy silence, staring into vacancy, as the prisoners went by.

There was not one of them who did not hold the boy, at least, to be innocent; not one of them who, if he were going down in the treacherous sea yonder, would not have gone out to save him. But what fault have we to find with the cautious Jersey villagers? Which of us has not seen some soul going down in deep waters and kept a discreet, conventional silence, when a cheerful call and a hand held out would have brought them to the shore?

There was not one of their faces which Dallas did not read with his slow, unappealing eyes; but Bunsen alone suspected what was hid beneath the lad's unnatural composure: nothing escaped him, from the slow settling of the blood under his nostrils to the faint breath drawn at long intervals. He guessed that this matter had nigh pushed the boy to some strange extremity. "But he must have some friend to fall back on: there'll be a rope held out to him, surely, at the last."

Cradock whispered to him that Dallas seemed too dull and childish for such work as forgery, and Bunsen contented himself by pointing out his firm step, different from Laddoun, who cringed along beside him. "The boy's of another strain of blood from any of these people hereabout; there's breeding and strength in him," and he recounted the story of the chemical apparatus; for Bunsen was but like less shrewd men, and was awed by any knowledge which he could not possess.

He would have rated Dallas as dull enough if he could have seen how utterly he had given up all hope of acquittal. The letter would be proof of Laddoun's guilt, but not of his own innocence, he believed, because Laddoun had told him so. When Cradock spoke to him, he only repeated the same words mechanically: "I took the cheque to the bank; but I'm not a thief."

They had but one place, two rooms in the back of a vacant house, in which to confine the prisoners until evening, when Squire Boles, who was absent at a woods' meeting, could give them a hearing. Bunsen ushered them into a

narrow hall, smelling of fresh pine, on either side of which was a square apartment.

"You'd better take one room, Laddoun, and the lad the other. Mr. Cradock will smoke a pipe with me, here. Send me up some tobacco, Graah. When will I leave Manasquan?" repeating the old man's whisper aloud. "Well, if matters go against our friends here, as soon as I can get a requisition. I've had a pleasant sojourn in Manasquan," patronizingly. "And by the way, Graah, if any of Laddoun's or the lad's friends would like a word with them, they can come up. I want all things to be friendly among us."

Laddoun and the boy, standing in the opposite doors of the hall, heard him. Dallas came forward. "I have friends," he said, in a strained, distinct voice. "They showed that to me last night. Tell them I'm no thief."

Graah listened with his head down on his breast, but made no answer. Then Dallas went into the room allotted to him, and sat down on a pile of boards which had been left on the floor. Laddoun came inside of the door, glancing back, lest he had been seen. "Galbraith!" in a shrill, desperate whisper, beckoning with his hand. "For God's sake! There's no proof against me but the letter. Think of Lizzy!"

"Tut, tut! my man. This won't do," and Bunsen shoved him good-naturedly out of the door. But Dallas had listened to him with an unmoved face, sitting with his hands clasped about his knees on the planks, the sunlight falling about him.

Laddoun, locked up in the little eight-by-ten room, paced to and fro like a caged bloodhound. He had a real affection for Galbraith, and between that, and a consciousness which he would hardly acknowledge to himself that he had not "played the fair card by him," the boy filled his mind more than Lizzy or his own danger or shame. He swore to himself half a dozen times that he would call in Cradock and Bunsen and make a clean breast of it—let the boy off.

That would be the generous thing to do; and while the heroic spasm lasted Laddoun was quite capable of doing it. He had his hand on the door-knob to call Bunsen, when it was pushed open, and the officer came in.

"I came to have a pipe and chat with you, Laddoun."

The young fellow drew himself up on guard. "I don't smoke, here. It stupefies me, and I'll keep my wits awake to-day, Bunsen."

"A talk, then," seating himself leisurely on the chair which he had carried in, his opaque eyes on Laddoun's flushed face. "I'll be frank with you. It's the best plan with shrewd fellows like yourself."

Laddoun laughed coarsely. "Too shrewd to be humbugged," he said; but he began to comb his oily whiskers with renewed complacency.

"No. I show you my hand. I tell you fairly that I think that boy has used you. He's a deep one, and I'd like to trace him back to the beginning. Tell me what you know of him: it won't go harder with you if you do," meaningly.

Laddoun made one or two turns, his brows contracted, a half word escaping him now and then. Whatever was his struggle, the dead gray eyes above the pipe appeared to take no cognizance of it.

"I can't tell you Galbraith's antecedents," he broke out. "I helped drag him out of a coal-pit in Scranton, where there were a dozen diggers killed with the choke-damp. It was when I was in Philadelphia, and I and a lot of fellows were up in the coal country on a spree. Being doctors, they called on us. It was at night, and I had this boy in a shed by one of the heaps of coal-dust when I brought him to life. He begged me to hide him and let him pass for dead, and I did it. I've kept him since. I think I've been a friend to Dallas Galbraith," doggedly.

"I should say you had," soothingly. "Pass for dead, eh? That hints at a bad record. I judge Master Galbraith had made acquaintance with men of my trade before."

"It don't follow that he had, by any means," sullenly. "The boy's back was purple with wales and scars when I got him. The men in the pits had used him brutally. That's the whole secret of it."

Bunsen smoked in silence a while, then he took up another trail. "So it was with you he learned the rudiments of his trade—chemistry, botany, and the like? He told me he had had a chance."

"He had no chance with me. It was an old thing with him: I never knew where he learned it. He was cursedly close-mouthed. And I don't think I deserved it. He'd had the training of a gentleman's son, Dallas had, though he's learned the talk of the Scranton pits since. But when you get below the coal-soot on him, and the coal-ways, there's a boy that I don't pretend to understand."

"I must say that he has treated you ungratefully," suggested the detective, with affectionate earnestness. "So he kept his own counsel, did he?"

"He's showing his gratitude to-day," with a bitter laugh, remembering the letter. "As for his secrets, I never tried to worm them from him. There were places and people he was afraid of, as a child would be of ghosts in the dark. He's nothing but a child in most ways, after all," in a relenting tone. "But he can keep his mind to himself, as I never could do."

"Did you know that he applied for entrance as student in one or two laboratories while he was with you?"

"No. But it's likely. He had a natural hankering for that sort of work. The fellows helped him to books. So did I."

"But it needed an entrance-fee, which he could not pay," he continued, his eyes still on Laddoun. "He applied in one place the very day before the forgery. He needed money for the fee and his board, if he left you. That is a proof against him: it looks badly."

"Yes, it looks badly," rubbing his hands nervously one over the other.

Cradock called to Bunsen just then, and he rose, picking up his chair. Laddoun's imbecile hand went shaking up

to his collar and his mouth, hinting at his secret.

"Do you want to say anything more to me, Doctor?" suggested Bunsen, staring at the opposite wall.

"I? No. What should I have to say?"

"Good morning, then."

"I might—might think of something to mention. Will you be outside if I should?"

"Outside, just within call. You don't think of it now?"

"No." But the detective still held the door open and waited a moment, and in that moment Laddoun held his own chance of manhood and Galbraith's fate in the breath of his nostrils.

"No," he said, and the door was shut.

CHAPTER V.

LADDOUN ate a hearty dinner that day. Nixon sent up the best mutton-chops his kitchen could furnish to the prisoners, and by the time they came the young doctor was sure of acquittal. He had sent in his mother to talk to the boy, and he had no doubt he would destroy the letter. Dallas could not withstand a woman's tears.

She found him still sitting on the pile of planks, his hands about his knees, as he had been since morning, only that the untasted meal was spread out cold on its tray on the floor, and the sunshine had crept farther from him to the opposite wall. The old woman said but little, and shed no tears. A great age seemed to have fallen on her chirrupy little figure and face since morning. She stood looking at the floor at her feet, her gray hair not so wan or old as the features it framed.

Dallas rose when she came in.

"George tells me that you can clear him by a word?"

He made no answer: she would not have heard him if he had.

"I can't beg it of you," steadying herself by one groping hand on the wall. "I'm not strong. I've buried seven

children in my time, but there's no blow been like this."

She waited a few moments, unconscious, he saw, that he was there. When she turned to the door, he took her by the elbow and helped her gently. She was muttering about "George," but had altogether forgotten what she came to ask of him. When Bunsen opened the door, she made her formal, old-fashioned little courtesy to them, and went away without saying a word. But an hour or two afterwards Galbraith saw her sitting on a log outside of the window of Laddoun's room. There she sat all day, motionless. If she had gone down on her knees to him, it would not have made the boy's heart so sore as the sight of her sitting there.

Father Kimball came up in the afternoon and talked to him, but Dallas made dull, irrelevant answers. He could not understand the old man's words; they sounded like water falling far off, they had so little meaning in this matter—this pain of his. He broke into a text of Scripture which the good old preacher quoted, with—

"If I could prove that I was used as a tool—what then?"

Father Kimball's eye gathered its quick shrewdness. "By Laddoun? I'll tell you candidly, my boy, the evidence is strongest against you: there is only the suspicion of collusion with George. The cheque was drawn by you, the money was paid out by you, and there is abundance of testimony as to your remarkable skill with your pen. Even if you bring proof that Laddoun was a confederate, you cannot clear yourself."

"I cannot clear myself." He went on repeating these words so long to himself that, with his haggard, colorless face, the old man feared he was becoming insane. "You'd better eat something, Dallas," he said. "And be patient. If you are innocent—and I believe you are innocent," quickly catching the boy's unsteady eye—"be patient and trust in the Lord. He will deliver you if you are one of his children."

"If I am found guilty," abruptly, "what is the punishment?"

Father Kimball coughed once or twice before he found courage to say, "Surely you know, Dallas. You will be sent to prison."

Dallas got up as if his joints were stiffened, looking out into the sunlight: his lips moved as if by machinery. "I did the best I could," he said, "and it's come to this."

The old man's eyes were full of tears. "You can't make your own lot," he said, taking Galbraith's cold hand in his. "The Lord has it in care. That is, if you are one of His children. Every hair of your head is numbered. But if you've never been converted, your good intentions and works are but as filthy rags, in His sight."

Dallas turned his pale face on him, bewildered. Father Kimball saw that he was using an unknown tongue, and he suddenly turned to worldly matters.

"Have you no friends, Dallas? No father or kinsfolk? I've often suspected you were of better birth than Laddoun knew. If it is so, tell me, my child. Let me apply to them. If they have influence, your whole future may depend on it."

"It's all done with to-day," Dallas said, as though talking to himself. "If I can't clear myself, there's no future for me. Do you think I'd go back a jail-bird to my mother?"

He sat down again, and after that seemed to hear nothing that the old man said to him. When he was gone, Tim Graah climbed up to the outside of the window, and after Dallas had whispered a few words to him, disappeared into the woods, running like a hare. Now, there had not been a word spoken by either of the prisoners, all day, which had not reached the thick ears of the leaden-faced man sitting on a chair tilted back in the hall, just outside of their doors. He had his own reasons for sifting their secrets.

But Tim had caught sight of him. He did not try, therefore, to scale the window again. Instead, a bit of bark, with one or two papers wrapped about it, was thrown in a half hour later, and fell noiselessly at Galbraith's feet. One

was the old letter from Laddoun: the other a brown paper wrapping, on which was printed in big text: "All us boys is frends to you, Dallas. Timothy Graah."

Dallas laughed, and colored, when he read it, folded it up and hid it in his shirt: then took it out to read over, laughing again, but with the tears coming slowly down his cheeks. The other paper he kept in his pocket. He did not read it over again.

Just before dusk he heard a noise in the hall, Bunsen and Cradock moving from their chairs, and a woman's voice. They opened Laddoun's door.

"No. I will see Dallas," she said.

It was Lizzy. The sight of her roused him as nothing else had done: there she was, with her yesterday's face, quiet and steady. If the terrible blow had touched her, it had left no traces. While he looked at her smooth hair, the knitting stuck in her black silk apron, the well-blackened shoes, the whole matter seemed like a dream, and his old self came back to him.

"I'm glad you came, Lizzy," holding out his hand.

But after taking it she did not speak for a moment or two. Then she said, cheerfully, "I came to see that you were doing all that you could for yourself. First, eat," opening a covered basket which she carried. Dallas obeyed her, at first from his usual submission, and then, like a boy, ravenously. When he had done, he pushed away the basket and sat looking at her. The good taste of the food, the hearty warmth of her presence, made his fate loom up colder and more terrible. It was so natural to just be a boy, to eat and drink, to live a careless, jolly life, like the rest of them.

"Now," nodding slowly, one finger laid in her palm. "What proof have you of your innocence? I mean to put it into shape for you."

"I have no proof. There's been something agin me from the first, Lizzy. I can't fight it."

"That is childish," sharply. "I believe in your innocence as much as—as I do in Laddoun's," hurriedly. "If I

were a man, I'd force justice from the law. I'd never whimper."

"As you believe in Laddoun's?" he repeated, in a slow, thoughtful undertone.

She did not answer him for a minute, and he noticed that she put down the basket which she was adjusting, and rested her hand on the wall. "I did not come here to talk of Laddoun. There is no proof against him. If I did not believe him to be innocent, what would become of me, Dallas?"

"I know, Lizzy."

"But it is you who are in danger. What can I do for you?"

Dallas was standing before her, a compassionate smile on his face, as he noted how her firm, hard voice clung and lingered to Laddoun's name. But when she spoke of himself, he grew grave and quiet. "We will not talk of the chance for me," he said. "There is none. It has not been my fault. I wish you would tell them all I am no thief. That is all I can say."

Elizabeth looked at him long and searchingly. "If I did not think George Laddoun innocent, what would become of me?" she said, her very lips growing pale.

Galbraith drew a long breath: then he smiled cheerfully, and took her hand. "There will be no proof against Laddoun, Lizzy," he said.

When she went out, she saw him standing in the middle of the room still smiling cheerfully after her.

She did not go in to see Laddoun.

Squire Boles came up to the vacant house when he reached home after dark, and it was there that the prisoners had their hearing. The witness had been at Nixon's all day; a bank clerk; a quiet, bald-headed gentleman, in a shining suit of broadcloth, who walked about among the barefooted fishermen, watching them with the askance, deferential courtesy of a hare let loose among a gang of mastiffs on their parole. He noted their grim reticence with surprise: not even the landlady asked him a question. They knew that Laddoun and the boy's future depended on his tongue.

It was not their habit to gossip when deeply moved.

People went up to the vacant house after dark, and crowded into the hall, silent as if they came to a funeral. When the door was opened, they could catch glimpses of the room in which Squire Boles sat behind a high desk, carried up for the occasion, his book, ink and spectacles spread out under the light of two tallow candles.

Cradock stood beside him, stern and unsmiling, and, behind, the solid gray face of the detective was dimly seen in the darkness, no unfitting figure, it seemed to the fishermen, to decide on this matter of life and death.

"They say," they whispered to each other, "that Boles' verdict be as good as final. Bunsen's hinted one of them be sure to get off, but it's a dead certainty agin the other. Which, I don't know."

When Laddoun and the boy were led in through a side door, the crowd without stood on their tip-toes, trying to discern from their faces which was the guilty one. The boy stood near the open fireplace, in which a log or two had been kindled, and bent forward, his hands behind him, so that the light flickered over his fair hair and pale, quiet features: Laddoun was in shadow, but they could discern his ruddy, careless face and portly swagger; now and then, too, he nodded and smiled to some one without.

"Whichever be the guilty one," said Nixon, sententiously, "he be as good as dead to us. No jail-bird need show his face in Manasquan agin."

His voice was loud. He saw Dallas raise his hand to his collar, and as suddenly let it fall. Old Mrs. Laddoun pressed her way among them into the room, dropping a courtesy as she went.

"My son George be in trouble, gentlemen," she said, slowly; "my son George be in trouble," with a feeble little smile. They all stood aside to let her pass, and many of them muttered a "God help her!"

There was another woman who sat outside on a bench in the corner, with

her face turned from the door. They whispered among each other that it was Lizzy. Poor little Jim Van Zeldt hung about near her. He was confident that Laddoun was innocent, but there was no telling how the verdict would go, and he wanted to be near her if she needed any help.

Then the door was shut. There was a profound silence outside: they could hear a low, monotonous voice within, and knew it was the bank clerk giving his evidence. Old Father Kimball came into the hall out of the woods.

"I thought you did not mean to come up, brother?" one of the men whispered.

"I could not refrain," the old man said. "I could not stay away while the souls of two of our brethren, as we may say, are on trial." Then he walked to the far window and stood with his gray hair uncovered, looking out into the night. They knew he was praying.

The door opened presently and Graah came out. The evidence was over.

"How goes it, Graah? how goes it?" crowding about him with pale, anxious faces.

But the old man choked when he tried to answer, and shaking his head hurried out.

"It be the boy. He wur main fond of the boy," they said.

They could see Dallas standing forward alone, his head held up, his face resolved and pale. The old justice peered over the papers, his head shaking. These prisoners were his friends and neighbors: he had prayed to God that he might deal justly with them. In his agitation he mixed all the forms of his law-book together in his talk: there was a cool smile on Bunsen's face listening to him.

Laddoun's black, bold eyes, yet in the shadow, glanced warily around. "You cannot commit me on such grounds. There is not warrant for even suspicion," he said defiantly, wiping his mouth again and again.

"Young man, we know the law," and the justice shuffled his rusty wig to and fro uneasily. "Is there no farther evidence against Doctor Laddoun? I can-

not commit him on the mere ground of being this lad's employer and most kind friend. He was your friend?"

Dallas looked up. "He helped me when I needed help," he said, slowly.

"There is no evidence against me—none," Laddoun cried, vehemently. The boy turned his quiet eyes on him. There was a silence for a moment: those who were nearest to Dallas saw a change come on his face, as though he heard a cry which they could not hear. Then there was a sudden flash among the wood embers, and a paper which had fallen among them burned to ashes.

"Stop!" said Bunsen. "One word with this boy. Have *you* no proof against Laddoun, Galbraith?"

There was a pause, broken only by the crisp crackle of the fire. The crowd in the hall pressed nearer, and held their breaths to hear, as Dallas spoke.

"No. I have no proof."

"Then you are discharged, Doctor Laddoun," said the justice. "For you, Galbraith" (the boy turned and faced him), "you are remanded to the custody of this officer, to await a requisition for trial in your own State." The old man got up, pushing back his spectacles with a shaking hand, and then leaned forward with both hands on the table. "From the evidence before me, I have little doubt how that trial will end. You have had a chance among us to— We treated you as one of our own sons. But you have lost your chance among men now—and—" He broke down here altogether. "May God have pity on you, Dallas!"

There was a sudden confusion, and then as sudden silence, as Laddoun turned to go out among them, a free man. Bunsen nodded and congratulated him. Laddoun gave a loud, uncadenced laugh, which broke off abruptly. He almost staggered as he walked, his face purple, fumbling at his cravat. They all put out their hands and pulled him out into their midst; but he said nothing, glancing back uneasily at Dallas. Jim Van Zeldt saw Lizzy stand up as Laddoun came out and was welcomed back among them; she looked at him

steadily a moment, and then turned and went out into the night alone.

Dallas Galbraith, with the detective's hand on his shoulder, stood looking at the door where their faces were massed, turned again towards him for the last time.

He had had his chance among them, and it was gone for ever.

"I did the best I could," he said, putting out his hand before him like a drowning man. Then Bunsen led him out through the dark side-door, and they saw him no more. That was the only stroke he made against the tide which was washing him out—out.

CHAPTER VI.

"How far to the Stone-post Farm now, driver?"

"Madam Galbraith owns land all along the road, but the Stone-post Farm is in the next county."

"She was a Dour by birth?"

The driver nodded shortly.

"And is fond, I surmise, of gathering her own kin about her?"

"I reckon she is. She has the country hereabouts swarming with 'em. Wimmen like her, without chick or child, are full of their whims."

"My own name is Dour," ventured the young man, buttoning his worn kid gloves nervously and coloring a little.

The driver, a short, puffy man, shot a keen glance over his shoulder at the lad's pale, hatchet face, long black hair pushed behind his ears, and well-kept clothes. "You don't favor the old Madam's stock, anyhow," indifferently; and, flicking his leader's right ear, he began to whistle.

Paul Dour, who was pluming himself inwardly on the keenness of his guess about the old lady, lapsed into silence. He felt himself vaguely to be snubbed. These people of the West (as he called the Ohio valley in which he was traveling) disappointed him. It was his first journey out of New England into the raw, uncultured regions which form

the members of the body of which it is the brain. He had intended to be charitable in his judgment of them—to insult no one by his criticism—making that allowance for all short-comings, social or otherwise, which became a just, clear-sighted philosopher of the transcendental school. Now, Paul's modicum of Concord philosophy had dribbled down to him diluted through a dozen conduits. Consequently it proved a very mild hashish indeed: his visions were few, though his mental contortions many. However, he had none the less faith in it. Here was the heaven which was to impregnate the mass of the American people. As clay ready for the hands of the potter, so the swarms of thriftless, inadequate slaveholders, and the brute physical and moneyed force of the Middle States, waited for the informing New England mind. Paul, like most of the lads and young women who go out from New England, anticipated a great deal of quiet amusement, though but little additional knowledge, from his venture.

But it was dull work so far. The Pennsylvania Dutch he had found curiously indifferent to the informing element which was to vivify them. Could this stolidity, he thought, with alarm, extend farther? His self-complacency was unusually thin-skinned: every pin-prick caused a painful contraction. The very farm-houses which he was passing now, with their solid foothold of unhewn stone, their wide acres, their giant oaks pre-empting the earth, as it were, and all the material good that therein is, annoyed him. They would better have befitted his own section, the old homestead of the country, than did its flimsy white wooden tenements. He missed the dissatisfied, tentative disquiet to which he was used, in this warm, mellow air, and in the composed faces of the people. He was curiously let alone. Nobody seemed to need his history or his thought. The people were decent, decorous, minded their own business. But as for the conversation, what seed of progress lay in that? Facts—facts—facts—he heard nothing else, from the New York auction clerk who had crossed

the Jersey ferry with him, to this coach-load of passengers with whom he traveled through the West Virginia hills. What did he know of the duty on iron, or the rates of grain in Chicago? Yet, he was uneasy. After all, could such things as these affect the daily lives, and therefore the souls, of the great commonplace masses of men, more than the subtle refinements of a pure philosophy? These Western people had a strong common-sense code, to which test they brought all religion, politics, the life of a man, or the food of a horse. It stunned and baffled him.

"I fear," he said, to a fellow-passenger who was mounted on top of the coach beside him, "we generalize too much with regard to the Western people in New England. We mass them in our hypotheses and conclusions. No doubt there are curious inflections of character in different States, owing to climatic influences and the like."

"There are only two influences at work on men, sir—God and the devil," sharply, jerking the flaps of his black coat together.

"Oh!" said Paul. He scanned the small, loose-moulded face of his companion with new interest. A white neckcloth and intolerant gray eye were the salient points about him.

"I have been a laborer in this vineyard a great many years, and I find nothing so pernicious as this cant of influences. God has but his few messengers of the preached word (of whom I am one of the humblest), but Satan lies in wait at every corner. You must forgive me, sir," more gently; "but I understood from you that you were going into one of his pitfalls unawares, and it is my duty to warn you. You are young and ingenuous: pardon me."

"I am going to a friend's—Madam Galbraith's," said Dour, with a little vanity, at naming a pover in the land.

The clergyman shook his head, and momentarily closed his eyes. "She is a relative of yours?"

"That I cannot tell. The truth is, I have never seen her, and would be glad of any information you could give

me. My visit has altogether the flavor of an adventure."

The clergyman opened his eyes curiously. Bob Penly, the driver, turned half-way round, whip in hand.

"I graduated in a college in Massachusetts two weeks ago," proceeded Paul. "There was a classmate of mine from this neighborhood, and through him I heard of her as a probable relative. I wrote to inquire, and for reply I received an odd epistle. I have it here." He drew from his pocket a large sheet of thick paper, on which these words were scrawled in a masculine hand: "Sir: John Bligh, whom I know to be a truthful lad, and moderate in his statements, apprises me that you are a Dour, and also a poor young man, and deserving. It occurs to me that you are a grandson of Peter Dour's. He emigrated from this county to Vermont in my father's time, for what purpose God, and his own cracked brain, only knew. Whether you are or not, I will be pleased if you will come to the Stone-post Farm. You are invited to remain during a fortnight. We can in that time determine whether a longer stay would be agreeable to you or me. As you come for my whim, you will permit me to pay for it."

[Signed]

"HANNAH DOUR GALBRAITH."

"John Bligh was my classmate," explained the lad. "He said she was an eccentric old woman and wealthy, and it might be the making of me. Besides, I had never seen the West; so I came. Some men might have been offended at her bluntness. But I liked it."

"She is a wealthy woman," said the preacher, beating his knee with the letter; "very wealthy. She has said to her soul, 'Soul, take thine ease: eat, drink, and be merry.'"

"She has said it to a lot beside her soul," said Penly, pulling his reins energetically. "There's as many poor as rich fed at her table."

"She paid my expenses," resumed Paul, hastily. "I'm poor, as Bligh said," with a frank laugh. "As for the deserv-ing, I hope the old lady may find me so."

"She is not chary of her money," re-

sumed the clergyman, in a tone of patient mildness. "She sends it where her whim blows, like the wind scattering the leaves yonder. Yet it is the Lord's: she is but a steward, Robert Penly," severely. "And with it she lures young men like this over her threshold, where there is card-playing and dancing continually. It is not for me to judge," turning again to Paul, "but I never pass the boundary of her land, and look at the house perched on the mountains, that I do not think of that other Woman of old, clothed in scarlet, who sat upon the seven hills, drunken with the blood of the saints."

Bob made an angry cut at the off horse. It was a rigid Presbyterian community, and Bob himself carried about the bag on Sunday in a country church, so that he felt his mouth in a measure gagged.

"I've heerd she seldom goes to church, and never gives a red to missions or the like," at last he said, compromisingly.

The preacher bowed assentingly.

But Bob could not forget a loan that had been made to him the winter that he was down with the rheumatism, when the twins were born—how the queer old Madam had paid his rent, and sent in pork enough to last until spring. "Take that filthy plug out of your mouth, Robert Penly," she said, "and keep it out until you have paid me." Bob burst into a chuckle.

"Well, she's a law to herself, I reckon," he said, "and to other folks too. Captain Galbraith, we call her. My wife, now, thinks there's salt enough in her big body to savor the whole county. Doctors differ, you see, parson."

The clergyman rebuked the familiarity only by silence. "I would be sorry," he said, mildly, turning to Paul, "that you would suppose me a common gossip, used to malign my neighbors. But the house to which you are going is the only one in the neighborhood where the amusements and corruptions of the world find entrance, and Madam Galbraith's position and generosity make her example weighty, as you see. Besides, the power of her tongue—" he added, in a

lower voice. "Her words burn like scalding drops, at times," and his pale face grew a shade paler; from some bitter remembrance, Paul fancied.

They fell into an awkward silence after that, only broken by Bob's persistent whistle. The road wound circuitously up and down steep hills, passing by lonely farms, clusters of two-storied brick houses huddled on the edge of every water-course, each shouldering the name of a city, then out again through the great sweep of forest, in which Paul was doubtful whether he might confidently look to find wigwams or not.

The early November frosts had browned and rotted the crimson and yellow leaves of the mountain foliage, and left but the shape and grouping of the trees, stripped of their cover of color, sharply defined against the sky: an infinite study of form alone. Mile after mile this rare limning edged the mountain horizon, an endless variety of simple, noble shapes outlined in black upon an amber, crystal-clear background. For the Indian summer still lent the red and golden tints of August to the sky and to the haze which hung half-way up the hills, escaping from the chilled, muddy creeks below.

At one of the farm-houses the clergyman alighted, carpet-bag in hand: he held up his hand to Paul, who shook it heartily.

"You will not take my warning amiss? You are on the Galbraith lands now."

Dour glanced hurriedly at the wide creek on one side, and the shelving mountain-sides, blood-red with iron, on the other, with a quicker beat of his pulses. What if the terrible old woman made his fortune, after all? For if his inner eye kept a fixed regard on the pure Central Truths, his outer gray ones had as shrewd respect for next year's income.

"No fear," loftily. "The old lady shall not prove my Mephistopheles. But we will get on admirably, I dare say. I can accept all natures, provided they have the human element. Bligh had an essay of mine—Psychical Axioms; and I think she has seen it, and hence my invitation," blushing ingenuously in spite of himself.

The preacher shook his head. "No.

You're a Dour, that's all. She has never been able to find kinsfolk of her own name. Psychical Axioms, eh?" and with an amused laugh he nodded, and, jumping the worm fence, turned into a stubble-field.

"Considerin' the season, he might have wished you a jolly Thanksgivin'," said Bob, dryly, as the red coach lumbered off again up the hillside.

"They keep Thanksgiving to-morrow at the Stone-post Farm?"

"I reckon," with a nod that was as emphatic as an oath. "Don't you be misled by him," with a contemptuous nod backwards to the spare black figure in the field. "Parsons is good in their way, but they're narrer. That's it. They're narrer. They don't see without glasses. Now Madam, she makes the whole country-side keep Christmas and Thanksgive along with her. I'd not like to count the bar'ls of flour and turkeys that left her place yesterday."

"No children, you say?"

Bob shook his head. Paul was young. What if this respectable old ogress found him her nearest kinsman—and heir?

"A widow?"

"No. Old Mr. Galbraith, he's there. It's he that says where the flour and turkeys is most needed."

"I remember a Galbraith once," said Paul, half aloud, reflectively. "A boy of about my own age. He was tried in New York when I was there in the Christmas holidays. My uncle defended him. But that was years ago."

"It was, now?" Bob dearly loved a story, but he scorned to betray too ready an interest, the speaker being but a lad. "And *his* name was Galbraith? Like enough. They're plenty as huckleberries. But they're decentish folks, ordinarily. And your uncle got him off, hey?"

"No; he did not. It was a clear case of forgery. But my uncle was curiously interested in the boy, I remember." Dour was silent, recalling with an effort the particulars of the old, painful story, but he gratified Bob with no more of it; and Penly, after filling up the time with a critical squint at the scenery, stroking the dust from the brown terry waistcoat

that covered his fat little paunch, and glancing at his pinchbeck watch, began again:

"We're a bit behind time. That near horse, he's off his feed now. Well, the old couple—the Madam and her husband—had a son once. I didn't tell you. But he was like a good many of your high-bred colts—he wasn't worth nothing. They raised him too much, likely. He was fed and slept accordin' to rule. When he was a baby, she never hired a nurse, I've heerd say: no woman should touch him but herself. So he slipped the tether and made off. He married a silly girl of this neighborhood and took her along. It was an awful muddle."

Paul's curiosity, always alert, was roused. "How did it end?" he said.

"I knowed young Tom Galbraith well," said Bob, breaking into a comfortable trot of talk, that kept time with his horses' tramp. "There wasn't a man about the drinking-shops and stables in the county that didn't know him. So I never looked to hear any good of him. He took his wife acrost the mountains, East, and there they scuffed along from hand to mouth, I've heerd since, till he died. There was a good deal of outcome in his wife. She was a Jennings—an orphan girl. So she fought along bravely, sewin' and the like, for her and the boy. She never wrote to the Madam, even when the child was born."

"There is a boy, then?" said Paul, coloring as his boyish visions of heirship suddenly vanished.

"Yes, there was a boy. But he's dead. There's somethin' cur'ous about that boy's death, a mystery like, that nobody knows the bottom of but the old Madam. They say his mother put him to dig in the coal-pits at Scranton, and that the choke-damp killed him. But it's a dark story through and through."

He was silent for a while, and then began again in a louder voice. "Tom Galbraith's boy would have been welcome here by high and low. He might have drunk and flung out his money like water, as his father did before him, but he'd have come to nothing worse, coal-

pits or not. 'Tain't in the blood. It was the want of brains as ailed Tom, but he was as honest as his mother; and she—well, it's likely she is an old head, as the parson says. But I've experienced the world this fifty years, and she's as clean a card as I've known in the pack, take her altogether."

"And Tom Galbraith's widow?" bringing him back to the road.

"Well, she's back now—Mary Jennings. She's changed her name again. She married a Captain Duffield, East there, some do say, to save her and her boy from starving, but some say it was after the boy's death. I don't know. I think it's likely she wanted somebody to trim off her pink face and curls, as poor Tom never could do. She was mighty fond of her pretty face, Mary Jennings was. But the story goes that Duffield used her like a devil. However, *he's* dead. Only a month or two ago. And hearin' that, the old Madam sent for her. My wife says she'll be there this Thanksgiving."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes, to-morrow. She's of a different stock from the Galbraiths, you see. Well," hesitating, "she's a sort of far-off kin of my own. But that don't matter. The old Madam would take her out of the coal-pits themselves, provided she was honest. But she's a terrible judge when a man makes a slip," shaking his head. "There's things I could tell you—I hope God 'ill be slacker in judgment than them that's like her here."

They were entering the crooked streets of a little village on the side of the hill, and Bob blew his horn shrilly.

"Now I've got a load to take up here," he said confidentially to Paul; "the Rattlins. Well, they are a lot! They're going to spend Thanksgiving at the Farm. Along with you. They go once a year, and it lasts two weeks. There's eight of them. He's a preacher, Rattlin is," jerking out the sentences between the jarring of the wheels. "And eight of them to feed. There's a tough fight for you! I hope you'll be kind to the little man, sir," slacking the pace of

his horses to a walk as they went up the hill. "This is his year's one holiday, I take it. He has three pints for preaching, lyin' within fifteen miles, an' he gets a bare five hundred from 'em, and that but half paid in; and preachers can't turn an honest penny at odd jobs, like the rest of us. Consekently, they're half clothed, them Rattlins, and whole starved. Lord, here he is! Like a little cricket, as usual. Good morning, sir," touching his cloth cap respectfully, and drawing rein.

A little man, hardly as high as the wheel, stood suddenly beside it, rubbing his hands, his thin cheeks red and wet with perspiration.

"You did not forget us, Robert?" panting for breath. "We've been on the watch for two hours. I really thought you had forgotten this was the day we were to go. Though that's hardly likely. We've been up since sunrise, so as to be quite ready. We'll not detain you, Robert. The baggage is on the steps."

"We're behind time, sir. As I was saying just now, this here horse is off his feed."

"Off his feed, eh?" anxiously. "Let me examine him," applying his ear to the horse's chest. "He is hoarse, Robert. He ought not to be out in this chilly air. I'd recommend covering his breast immediately. I have a blanket that I'll lend you for the purpose. I'll make a short cut across the fields for it."

"If they have one, it's about as much as they do have," said Bob, looking gravely after the retreating figure, with the thin black summer coat fluttering about it. "My wife says they all slept under newspapers last winter. Not bad kivers," as Paul laughed. "But the world owes that little man a decent keep. Why, I'll bet you it's months since he's tasted meat; and as for debt—Lord, sir, they owes for their bread for months back. Skinner hasn't the heart to press 'em. Everybody likes them Rattlins."

The coach had rumbled through a narrow lane, and drew near to a little box of a house, with the usual patch of a lot beside it filled with tomatoes, beets,

and a row of parsley. The house was just closed, and Mrs. Rattlin brandished a key which was nearly as big as itself. The tide of Rattlins ebbed and flowed about the great hair trunk that was set down directly in the middle of the road. When the coach came in sight they hallooed and swarmed over it, over the fence, the two babies scaling their mother's plump little sides until she was forced to sit down and relieve her own turmoil of mind by slapping and kissing them.

"Did you ever see such a lot?" said Bob, whipping up the horses. "Did you ever see such a little woman? 'Pon my soul, she's good enough to eat! They're all as round and fat and jolly as ripe mush-millions, and how they get jolliness or fat out of the skimmed life they lead is more than I can tell. Jest as mush-millions get juice out of sandy sile, likely. Well, here you are, young 'uns! Jest hold the reins a minute," throwing them to Paul. "I'll load this wagon myself," scrambling down among them, and beginning to strap the hair-enormity on behind, and to throw in various odd bundles of shoes and frocks tied up in gingham handkerchiefs, over which Mrs. Rattlin anxiously presided, while the preacher himself, with one of the boys, strapped the white worn blanket over the horse's chest. Then he felt its ribs, and went about among the other horses, his head knowingly on one side, looking into their mouths, feeling their flanks and backs, followed by an admiring regiment of boys.

"You've some fine stock here, Robert, fine stock! I used to be a judge of a nice animal: well, to tell the truth, I owned a good mare once, myself—a very good mare."

"That's the bay, Jenny, at Whitcrosses," said Bob, in the deferential tone which he always used to the little man. "I heern she was yourn once, sir."

"True, true. I often go down to Whitcrosses, and she knows me yet, I really believe. Yes, I was as fond of Jenny as of one of these little chaps. But it wasn't convenient for us to keep

her," with a momentary gravity. "But I think, Penly," energetically, "there's few men can live to my age with eight children, and say they have lost nothing but a horse," the thin little face reddening with a sudden brightness, which made even Paul, up on the box, nod and smile down to him, and feel a sudden warmth about the air.

He had a New Englander's quick eye, and he was used to petty scrapings and makeshifts of economy. He could see the gingham shirt peeping out under Rattlin's old-fashioned linen collar: see the seams where his trowsers had been turned wrongside before for the two bigger boys (worn terribly thin under the knees): he knew at a glance that the pink ribbons were dyed at home which fluttered over Rosy and Gerty's pretty, shy faces, yonder by the fence. All of their clothes were for summer wear: they had no business to be wearing them now: they had no business to be laughing and poking fun at each other, at all; but they did it, and that in a fashion which showed Paul that it was a practice to which they were born, and not a weakness of the moment. The world, Bob said, "didn't give them a decent keep," yet they made much of the old monster every day, took it by the ears, and warmed their hearts over it, as if it had been Kriss-Kingle himself, with arms and back loaded with goodies for them.

It was contagious, somehow. Before he knew what he was about, Paul had the reins tied and was down among them, joking with Rattlin, packing in baby after baby among the straw which filled the bottom of the coach, scrambling over the boys, and quite aware that this expedition to the Stone-post Farm was such a holiday as came but once or twice in a lifetime. They were all in at last, even to the blushing Rosy and Gerty (Paul blessed their untimely gingham frocks, for how else would he have a glimpse of the plump, pink arms and shoulders?) Then he shut the door, and climbed up to the top again, where Mr. Rattlin and Bob were seated, and away they bowled, confident that there was as much fun and good-humor and

chubbiness and rosy cheeks and ribbons boxed up below, as any five feet square of an earthly coach could hold.

The afternoon sky clouded over, and the whole temper of the day became gray and gusty, but Bob told his raciest stories, and the horses tramped along as if they had drunk spiced cordial instead of water at the inn; even Paul broke out into some hearty college song; and everybody, Penly and the Rattlins, girls and boys, caught the chorus in time, and roared it out together until the hickory woods, on each side, rung. Then they came to the half-way-house, where the horses were changed. Presently, a great cracked gong sounded, and Bob went in to his dinner. Dour was half-famished with his long fast, but he shook his head when the landlady called to him. He could not go in and leave the wistful little man and his party outside nibbling from their paper of stale crackers on the porch. He went in to the grocery and bought some cheese, however, and they made a regular picnic of it.

"I never take dinner at a tavern," said one of the boys, coming back with his hands in his pockets from gravely inspecting the happy eating people within.

"Traveling is very expensive, Mr. Dour," said Mrs. Rattlin.

To which Paul replied that it was, and that he generally was provided with crackers, and not obliged to depend on the inns; and then they all got into the coach again, Paul crowding in between Miss Rosy and the youngest boy.

However, at the next village where they stopped, a man came out of the post-office and put a bank-note in Mr. Rattlin's hands. Openly, before them all. He made a little speech, too, saying that it was a small Thanksgiving testimonial from some of his flock, and that they wished him many happy returns of the day; at which Mr. Rattlin grew red and choked, and was as full of eager gratitude as though they did not owe him two quarters' salary.

"It will pay Skinner, Gerty!" Paul heard Mrs. Rattlin whisper, with her little joyous chirrup of a laugh.

But it did not pay Skinner; for at the

very next inn Rattlin got down with a good deal of excitement in his manner, and presently they were all brought in to a stew of canned oysters, such as seldom was eaten before: Penly and Dour, the inn-keeper and all; Mr. Rattlin himself going out with a soup-plateful to the old ostler who was watering the horses. Mrs. Rattlin, after the first wince of chagrin in her blue eyes, was the very life of the party. This carnal dissipation gave a sort of wicked flavor to the day, which was very relishing: they mounted into the coach, noisier and more reckless than ever, to finish the journey, the men going on top again.

Evening was closing in before they entered the Stone-post Farm.

"You're on the old de-main now," said Bob, pointing with his whip to the low fences made of stone blocks, with rails between, which gave a name to the homestead. "You've been crossing bits of the Dour land all day, spread out like a spider's claws, but you're in the heart of it now. The Dours were among the first settlers in this West Virginia country, you see: all big, strong-jointed men, I've heard: they had to hold their ground agin the wild beasts and Indians. Yon's the fort they built in the old times for safety, when there was a rising among the savages," nodding to a low, mud-plastered range of buildings on the slope to the left. "The Madam, she's the last of them: she's got the land, and she's got the pluck and the grit of all the old Dours in one. Yon's the house," pulling up to give effect to the first view.

Paul looked slightly at this type of an old Western homestead, that had grown up in the hollow of the mountain as slowly as the gigantic oaks that stood sentinel about it, and, apparently, with no better defined idea of architecture than they. It belonged, too, as much to the ground on which it stood: the great blocks of gray stone came from the mountain, and the brick, turned a dull brown through long rain and sun, from the soil under their feet. It stretched, with its barns and out-buildings, over the space of a small hamlet. The land-

scape, with its broad fields, frequent water-courses, and sharp mountain ranges, differed from the miniature farms of New England: to Paul's eye it lacked refinement; the house finished and gave expression to it all, as a face to a body. It was liberal, large, hospitable; and it was content to be nothing better than it was for ages to come.

Coming nearer, Mr. Rattlin nodded with keen admiration. "That is what I call a picture," he said, and Dour could not contradict him. The great valley below lay in shadow, but the evening light rested on the mountain summit and on the old house at its base. Its gray and ruddy brown walls harmonized so cheerfully with the natural tints of the ground and rocks, that Nature, Paul fancied, had thrust out welcoming hands to draw it into closer companionship. The warped black shingles of the roof were crusted and edged with moss, and the wild ivy had climbed with its persistent three-fingered leaves over its sides until they were covered with masses of clear crimson. The windows, deep set in the stone, began to glow red from within in the chilly evening, and rifts and trails of bituminous smoke poured from the wide stacks of chimneys, yellow and black, across the pale sky.

"There she is herself!" cried Bob, pointing to a short, largely-built woman crossing a field, ploughed for wheat, with slow, steady pace, a stick in her hand, with which she seemed to be testing the depth of the furrow. "She goes about her farms like an officer on guard—the Lord help Joe Driver if them furrows ain't straight! She'll keep going till old Death taps her on the back, I reckon, some day, in her walk." But he stopped joking, and put on a grave face when Madam Galbraith, perceiving the coach, waved her stick for it to stop, and came down the hillside towards them.

Paul had time to look at her curiously: old as she was, her step was firm and free as an Indian's: her dress was of coarse gray cloth, the upper part cut like a man's coat, her head covered with a flannel hood: she halted at a wide opening in the road, and beckoned

them to come closer. Bob drove up slowly.

"Who have you here, Robert Penly?" in a loud, clear voice. "Tut, tut!" tapping on the side of the coach; a pair of keen eyes, under shaggy white brows, inspecting the passengers inside and out rapidly. Paul kept silence, not deeming it fit that his introduction should be given in this informal manner.

"Mr. Rattlin, eh?" as the little man jumped down and stood in front of her. "You are welcome, sir. I think good comes under my roof with you." She bowed as she said it, with a curious stately grace in her cumbersome body. She passed over Dour without notice, and thrust her head inside with a strange anxiety, he fancied, in her face, shutting her wide mouth grimly. The high-featured, large-boned woman, standing in the rough road and twilight, had seemed repellant and coarse to Dour; but when she pushed back the flannel hood, exposing the swarthy clean skin, broad forehead and deep-set eyes before which he quailed, he thought it, reluctantly, a grand head, and framed aptly in the reverend mass of silvery gray hair.

"Ha—women folks? women folks?" as a babble of greeting welcomed her from inside. "And that's all? Well, I'm glad to see you all, youngsters. You'll always seem like a girl to me, Mrs. Rattlin, in spite of your brood. Go on. Up to the house. It ought to be like home to you by this time. If you think of anything which would make you give thanks more heartily, let me know it;" and patting the head of the nearest boy, she turned away from them.

"Stop, Penly! What does your company mean by driving such miserable hacks as these?" touching the horses with her stick. "They are a disgrace to the country. Stock that ought to have been out to grass years ago! Tell them it must be stopped, or I'll give them winter fodder for their cattle, and"—lowering her voice—"see that they miss their mail contracts next year!" with a cynical laugh. "Drive on, now. No, Mr. Rattlin; I beg that you will go back to your seat. I'll walk alone—walk

alone," and lifting her stick by way of farewell, she struck across the field again.

Young Dour smiled superciliously.

"She has been used to the charge of a large tenantry," said Rattlin, jealously. "It has roughened the husk a little. But she is decomposed to-day. Usually, it is like coming to a Christmas fire to be near her. A great, genial, tender heart she has, that woman."

"She's disapp'inted," Bob broke out, "in not seeing Mary Jennings. She sets such store by the memory of that boy of hers that even the woman who forgot him is dear to her because she was once his wife."

Madam Galbraith was joined at the end of the field by a gentleman, who held the turnstile for her to pass through, and then walked silently beside her towards the house, his hands clasped behind him: a tall, spare man, carefully dressed, with a few thin white hairs straggling from under his hat. He watched her nervous strides and passionate, long-drawn breaths gravely, but without a word. Finally she stopped.

"James!"

"Yes, Hannah."

"The woman has not come. She'll not come. It is in keeping with all of her life. A pink-faced, frivolous trifter: she lured Tom from me; she hung about his neck like a millstone; she hid the birth of his boy from me; and now—" She stopped, her nostrils distended and white. It was her only sign of passion. The little gate on which her hand rested shook violently.

He put his own on it. "Hannah?" he said, "Hannah?" gently.

Her whole burly frame seemed to cower, ashamed. "I forget myself, James. Let me go in a while alone."

"Tell me first what is your disappointment? Why do you bring the woman here? Tom is dead, and his boy— We had better bury them out of sight, Hannah." The quiet gentleman passed his hand over his pale face as he spoke; it was a common gesture with him, and, like all his motions, had

in it something mild and reticent; but his wife was struck by it as never before. She looked at him keenly. Was it possible that her husband had held their dead son closer to him than she, in all her loud agony of grief? But James Galbraith's secret thoughts were not to be uncovered, even by his wife.

"I want her near me," she said. "I want to touch her face because he kissed it at the last: to hear her voice, because it was dear to him. I am a fool, perhaps, and a dotard. But the nearer I come to the grave, the more I hunger for something of my own. I'm an old, branchless trunk. I had but my boy. There's not a dog now that wouldn't be nearer to me than all the world of men and women if he had loved it."

He held his quiet eyes on her, calming her. "I understand," he said.

They entered the gate and passed into a wide hall. A great coal-fire threw alternate yellow light and shadows through it. She stopped him by the arm in front of it. "James," in a low, hurried whisper, "don't laugh at me. I told you long ago I did not believe that Tom's boy was dead. I lie awake at nights thinking, What if God would give him to me, a pure child as he is, to atone for the mistake I made with his father? I never believed he was dead. If the woman comes, I will force the truth from her!"

"Yes, Hannah," mildly.

Madam Galbraith went to her own room and locked herself in. It was her habit when deeply disturbed.

But her husband sat quietly before the fire, his delicate fingers pointed together, looking into the sudden flames and shadows. He had no need to turn a lock upon his grief.

If the simple-hearted gentleman kept the boy he had lost near to him in his every daily walk and thought, no man knew it. His odd, fastidious, kindly ways and quizzical humor apparently filled up his little rôle in life. Even his wife would have said there was in it nothing more than these.

LOOKING SEAWARD.

The fretted waters of the bay
Roll golden in the rising sun,
And swiftly o'er the shining way
The ships go gliding one by one.

Athwart the hills that grandly lie,
Dipping their bare feet in the sea,
The sails, like white clouds floating by,
Cast quaint, quick shadows as they flee.

Far out, where sky and ocean run
To one bright line of light and foam,
Those motes that glisten in the sun
Are happy vessels bounding home.

And here, amid the city, whirled
By toil and strife and care, we stand,
And look upon that ocean-world
As souls look on the Promised Land.

Here, all things weary seem, and worn ;
Our eyes are stained with dust and tears ;
But there, whence those bright motes are borne,
How pure and lovely earth appears !

'Tis so ; for now, were we with those
Whose eyes have, sure, a longing gleam
On the far-coming ships, who knows
How precious might this haven seem !

What storms and perils hardly passed—
What days of doubt and nights of fear—
Have strained the hearts that now, at last,
Draw nearer home, and still more near !

This is a type of all our days :
For ever holding up the glass
To gaze far off through golden rays
On things whereto we may not pass.

For ever thinking joys that are
Are sodden, dull and full of pain ;
And those that glisten from afar
Hold all the gloss and all the gain !

LIFE AND ITS ENIGMAS.

THESE are numerous and infinitely diversified—curious and full of interest. Life itself, indeed, is an enigma which has not been unraveled; a problem not yet solved. It is not our personal property: we have no title to it in fee simple, but hold it only in usufruct. It is entailed strictly. We cannot alienate it nor cut off the entail.

How long we have a right to it—how long we ought to live—are serious questions, to which many answers have been given, none of them entirely satisfactory. It is an affair of race, of native country, of climate, of tribe, of family. Each of these may be further modified by personal peculiarity, idiosyncrasy, habit, custom, manners, mode of living, and occupation.

Fleurens, with true Gallic cheeriness, maintains that we have a right to live—that is, we are born with the capacity of living, and *ought* to live—one full century; and offers certain agreeable and plausible reasons for his opinion, founded on our slow rate of growth and tardy attainment of maturity. It is not easy to say when we absolutely cease to grow. We knew a lady—a very pretty one, too—who grew steadily until she was twenty-eight years old and had been some time a mother. And we have a more remarkable and quite authentic record of late growth in the case of Dr. Harrison, of the Isle of Man, who stretched upward a full inch between his thirtieth and thirty-second year. It is a pity that we do not know how long he lived, or whether he carried out the Frenchman's calculation, which would have given him, "barring accident," one hundred and fifty years at least. We cannot but regret, too, that we have no account of the youthful rate of growth of "Old Parr" and Henry Jenkins, famous ancient patriarchs of modern date, men of a century and half; nor any data from which we might infer the period, whether average or retarded, when they

arrived at their tough and persistent manhood.

We pretermit, as vague and misty, all discussion of Captain Riley's Arabs of two hundred and three hundred years of age; of withered and decayed, but still animated, mummies of African women—Joyce Heth and the rest;—and of the remote tribes of Finns, Lapps and Esquimaux who never die.

This topic of the Vital Duration of living beings is as obscure as it is interesting. The gardener knows his annuals and biennials, his flowers of a day, a month, a year. At the other end of the scale, and in contrast with this promptly-fading beauty, we find in the orchard, vineyard and forest examples of varying but wonderful endurance and tenacity of life. The peach will yield, in climates suited to it, its delicious fruit for forty to fifty years. The olive, proverbially slow-growing ("tarde crescens"—Hor.), is almost immortal, if carefully tended. The vine at Hampton Court, visited by generation after generation of Englishmen, is still in full vigor. What shall we say of the venerable cedars of Lebanon; of the oak which braves the tempests of a thousand winters, and the baobab, probably the only living survivor of the Noachian Deluge?

We find similar and equally striking contrasts in the animal kingdom. We watch the gay butterfly as it spreads its soft wings and flits through its brief hours of sunshine and love, and turn away, moved with gentle pity, to think of the impending extinction of so much seeming enjoyment. And we ask in vain how, or in what conditions, this ephemeral vitality differs from that of the raven, that croaks his harsh refrain throughout his hundred dreary years, or that of the eagle, who "renews his youth" we know not how often nor how long.

After all, there is grave reason to believe that we must reduce our expecta-

tions to the familiar standard, and accept the allotment of the "threescore and ten years" assigned to us. If, by some special reason of individual vigor or hardihood, we pass beyond this limit, the remaining days are apt to be oppressed with infirmity and languishing. Yet there are wonderful exceptions of persons who, like the charming Ninon de l'Enclos, have retained in admirable measure all the capacities that render life desirable and enjoyable;—eccentric instances both of preservation and renewal of the organic structure and functional activity. There was the Countess of Desmond—

"Who lived to the age of a hundred and ten,
And died of a fall from a cherry-tree then."

Graves, the Irish Sydenham, gives us several such histories. There was an Englishman of Maryport, Cumberland, whose hair continued to grow so abundantly that twenty wigs—and the periwigs of that day were full and flowing—twenty wigs were made of it between his eightieth and one hundred and twelfth year. There was the great Curran's great-grandmother, Mrs. Waterworth, who got a new set of teeth and recovered her lost sight after eighty years of age.

Elsewhere we read of a certain Edward Progers, who departed this life on New Year's day, 1713, aged 96, dying then of the anguish of cutting teeth,—“he having cut four new teeth, and had several to cut, which so inflamed his gums that he died thereof.” Poor old fellow! in his “second childhood” too literally, alas!

Some time ago we picked up in a foreign bookstore three volumes of a work entitled “*Personages Enigmatiques—Histoires Mystérieuses—Événements peu ou mal connus*,” a French translation from the original, written by a penetrating, deep-digging German in his native language—so well adapted for all mysterious, mythical, enigmatical, and unintelligible inquiries, events, and catastrophes. He has discussed, with great ingenuity and profound research, the shadowy history of many men and women, whose whole existence, as far as

it came to light, was an enigma, and who pass before our eyes like the figures of a magic-lantern or phantasmagoric show. But was there anything exclusive in this characteristic except the incidental relations, which gave it emphatic prominence in the particular examples selected?

If we reflect for a moment, we must perforce arrive at the conclusion that each one of us, if studied in the same way, and with a certain interval of time and distance, would become similarly an enigma, a riddle, unintelligible to the reader or looker-on. How many enigmatical personages now occupy the great stage of action, “observed of all observers!” How little we comprehend of the workings of that powerful machine we call Bismarck, or of the complicated movements of “the nephew of my uncle,” or of that blundering, rude combination of reaping, thrashing and grinding energy, now laid by a while, we hope—that “plant-animal,” as Alfieri would describe him—Garibaldi!

We may regard these, and such as these, as instances in which the ample original stock of vital power expends itself or is employed in special action—not used in merely adhering to existence, nor growth nor renewal or restoration. Of the famous but stupid Phoenix we have nothing recorded but his astonishing relapses into a life during which he has done nothing that we ever heard or read of—he merely lives and re-lives.

But the physiological idea is, that every one is born with a separate store—an endowment hereditarily derived or an individual possession—of a certain amount of nervous power, the very essence of life—vitality embodied; and, either as a part of this, or a peculiar gift, with a certain concurrent capacity of renewal through the general processes of nutrition and restorative conditions. This valuable capital, and the interest it may be made to yield if properly managed—our surplus income of power—we may spend as we please. And we are apt to spend it in our youth; however variously, almost always wastefully. While a Pitt swallows and digests the

Cyclopedia, quietly and gravely to external appearance, but burning inwardly with the intensest ardor of ambition, and thus consumes hastily both interest and capital, to die in early but worn-out youth, some of his compeers throw away their smaller stock in boat-racing, so loudly denounced by surgical Skey; or in Alpine climbing, fruitful, according to Hope, the stethoscopist, in heart-disease, as we know it is in fatal and shocking accidents.

It is not within our scope to treat of the several "fast" methods of disbursing and getting rid of this private hoard of vitality, by which so many fall into premature and disreputable bankruptcy.

Seriously, our purpose in this brief essay upon life and its half-understood or unexplained mysteries is to announce as emphatically and impress as vividly as possible the doctrine—vaguely trite and familiar, but requiring clear and repeated enforcement—that it is the duty of parents first, next of teachers and guardians, and afterwards of each one for himself, to husband the primary resources upon which exclusively he is to depend, and from which, therefore, he must draw prudently and economically. In a certain sense, setting aside the risks, inappreciable and not to be calculated, of accident and pestilence, and with as much precision as is attained in the life-tables of insurance offices, it is in the power of every one to decide how long he ought to live, how long he has a right to live, how long he may live.

If we commence early to measure and restrain our expenditure of vital energy, of nervous power, it will of course last the longer; and longer still if we manage with care and improve the collateral power, with which we are gifted in a certain degree, of renovation, restoration; both of these powers or forces limited, doubtless, and of various extent and amount in different individuals. For we are not "born equal" in this any more than in any other comparable conditions. The favored mortal is he who enjoys coincidently the largest primordial endowment in both kinds—the funded stock and the enviable

capacity of renewal. In modern times, Henry Lord Brougham has excelled in these respects all his contemporaries. He has spent like a prodigal the invaluable energies which have distinguished him, while his mental treasury, as well as his physical forces, have seemed almost inexhaustible.

We may pursue with advantage the financial analogies already suggested. It is not the miser who subsists longest and best on his hoard. In our double endowment we have, as he has without availing himself of it, the benefit of a reproductive capacity. It is happily ordained that the normal use, "as not abusing it," of every one of our faculties, augments or refreshes it; and thus he who lives duly renews, as fast almost as he expends it, the *palubum* or material of life. Muscular exercise, though it fatigues, and if too violent or protracted exhausts, when proportionally resorted to, increases the muscular power. The brain must be made to work if we would escape stolidity and expand our intellectual capacity. We find this principle well expressed in the ancient apothegm which we quote after Lord Palmerston, following him in his selection of *variorum* readings:

*Balnea, Vina, Venus corrumpunt corpora sana;
Sed vitam faciunt Balnea, Vina, Venus.*

But as those prosper best in all human affairs who concentrate most regularly and closely their energies upon one given object, whether in the study of law or philosophy, in the pursuits of commerce, agriculture or mechanics, so those will make the best and safest compromise with the unavoidable contingencies of use and waste who employ their forces uniformly and with definite aim to effect the objects of life, while they endeavor to live at the lowest rate of expenditure of power.

Attention directed in the train of thought into which we have been leading our readers constitutes the study of personal and mental hygiene, which should form everywhere a portion of the education of both sexes, and should govern, or at least influence perceptibly, the

conduct of all those concerned in guiding and protecting them.

That there is great need of some such influence is most emphatically and impressively proved by the immense waste of young life going on in all civilized countries, even in the present nineteenth century, refined and enlightened and progressive as it boasts itself.

From the Registrar's reports we learn that in the temperate climate, and amidst the prosperity and comfort of Great Britain, nearly half the children born—fully 40 per cent.—die before they reach the age of five years. At least as large a

proportion must be lost to us here. Surely these little, helpless animals must come into the world with more than the vitality required to serve them for a single lustrum. Of this there must be allowed to occur a most prodigal waste, or, on the other hand, we must take for granted a wanton or ignorant failure to supply the daily and hourly pabulum demanded of fresh, pure air, genial warmth and sunshine, food and drinks.

But enough for the present: we may, if there seem to be any interest awakened in the subject, resume its consideration.

THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

THE Christian and Sanitary Commissions of the late war are without adequate precedents in history. True, we read of individual men and women, in all ages of the world, who did what they could to assuage the miseries of battle-fields, hospitals and military prisons: many knightly, monastic and local civil organizations, to a limited extent, labored often in the same service. But the thought of organizing into grand working unities the scattered, and thus easily wasted, energies of an immense nation was a new one, and the credit of it is exclusively American.

It is not our design here to set forth the history, value or methods of the Christian Commission during the late war, but only to gather together a few representative incidents, which may illustrate its work and recall our soldiers to remembrance. Its intercourse with the army was through nearly five thousand Delegates, who served usually through a term of six weeks, always without pay, and, in a large percentage of cases, without even remuneration for necessary expenses. These gentlemen were of every social class and occupation, though the larger proportion were clergymen of different denominations. Their labors,

under the direction of a select body of paid, permanent agents, were not confined to the soldiers of the Union army, but extended to all who were in sad estate of body, mind or soul through any occurrences of the war. The Commission's name indicates that its highest and holiest function was held to be Christian ministration. To this all its resources were made subservient.

Of course, with such an army of Delegates, fresh from home and laboring for love, not hire, the service became an eminently personal one, free from the peculiarities of the "circumlocution office" and "red tape." The soldiers were not long in learning to appreciate this.

Rev. Geo. J. Mingins, the present Superintendent of City Missions in New York, one of the Commission's earliest Delegates, tells a bit of his experience at Yorktown, after the occupation of that place by Gen. McClellan, in May, 1862. The subject of the story is an Irishman:

"It was at a time when a great many were sick at Yorktown—men who had marched and dug and delved until they were completely broken down. A great many of them had no clean shirts on. I had a large supply, and was going through a hospital tent, giving them to the poor

fellows. I came to an Irishman. 'My dear friend,' said I, 'how are you? You seem to be an old man.' 'Shure an' I am an ould mon, sir.' 'Well, how came you here in the army, old as you are?' 'Och, sir, I'm not ounly an ould mon, but an ould sojer too, I'd have ye know.' He had been twenty years in the British service in India, and had fought America's foes in Mexico. 'Yes, sir,' he continued, 'I'm ould, an' I know it; but I'm not too ould to shouldher a musket and hit a rap for the ould flag yit.' 'You're a brave fellow,' said I, 'and I've brought these things to make you comfortable,' as I held out to him a shirt and pair of drawers. He looked at me: said he, '*Is't thim things?*' 'Yes; I want to give them to you to wear.' 'Well, I don't want thim,' 'You *do* want them.' 'Well, I don't;' and he looked at me and then at the goods, and said, somewhat sharply, as I urged him again, 'Niver moind, sir, I don't want thim, an' I tell ye I won't have thim.' 'Why?' 'Shure,' said he, 'd'ye take me for an objic of charity?' That was a kind of poser. I looked at him. 'No, sir,' said I, 'I do *not* take you for an object of charity, and I don't want you to look upon me as a dispenser of charity; for I am not.' 'Well, what are ye, thin?' 'I am a Delegate of the Christian Commission, bearing the thank-offerings of mothers and wives and sisters to you brave defenders of the Stars and Stripes.' I thought, 'Surely, after such a speech as that, I shall get hold of the old fellow's heart.' But he only looked at me and said, '*Anyhow, I won't have thim.*' I felt really hurt. I did not at all like it. He was an Irishman, and I happened to be a Scotchman. I was determined not to be conquered. I meant to try further; and when a Scotchman means to try a thing, he will come very near doing it.

"I didn't talk any further then, but determined to prove by my acts that I had come down to do this old man good. So, day after day I went about my work, nursing, giving medicines, cleaning up the tent, and doing everything I could do. One day, as I went in, a soldier

said, 'There's good news to-day, chaplain.*' 'Ah! what is it?' 'Paymaster's come.' 'Well, that *is* good news.' 'Yes, but not to me, chaplain.' 'How is that?' 'I've not got my descriptive list; and if a fellow's not got that, the paymaster may come and go, and he's none the better off for it.' 'Well, why don't you get it?' 'I can't write, chaplain; I've got chronic rheumatism.' 'Shall I write for you?' 'If you only would, chaplain.'

I hauled out paper and pencil, asked the number of his regiment, name of his captain, company, etc., and sent a simple request that the descriptive list might be remitted to that point. When I had done this, I found a good many who wanted their lists, and I went on writing them till I came to the cot next to the old Irishman's. It was occupied by another Irishman. I asked him if he had his descriptive list. 'No.' 'Shall I write to your captain for it?' 'Av ye plaze,' and I began to write. I noticed the old Irishman stretching over, all attention. I spoke, now and then, a word meant for him, though I affected not to notice him. After I had written the request, I asked the young man if I should read it to him aloud. 'Av ye plaze, sir,' and I read him the simple note. When I had done, the old Irishman broke out with, 'Upon me sowl, sir, ye wroite the natest letther for a dishcriptive list that I iver heerd in me loife. Shure an' a mon wud think ye'd been a sojer all yer days, ye do wroite so nate a letther.' I turned round and asked, 'Have you got yours?' 'An' I haven't, sir.' 'Do you want it?' 'An' to be sure I do,' said he, flaring up; 'an' tho't's a quare quist-yun to ax a mon,—av he wants his dishcriptive list,—av he wants his pay to boy some dillicacies to sind home to the ould woman an' the childher! I *do* want it; an' av ye'll lind us the sthroke uv yer pin, chaplain, ye'll oblige us.' I sat down and wrote the letter, and when I had done, said, 'Now, boys, give me your letters, and I'll have them post-paid and sent for you.'

"When I returned, sad work awaited

* The soldiers, almost uniformly, styled the Christian Commission Delegates "Chaplains."

me. One of Massachusetts' sons lay in the tent, dying. I spoke to the suffering boy of mother, of Jesus, of home, of heaven. After I had done all I could for him, I turned to leave the tent. Who should meet me at the door but the old Irishman? He looked very queerly. There was certainly something the matter with him. He was scratching at his head, pulling at his beard, and otherwise acting very strangely; but I did not take much notice of him, as I had been so solemnly engaged. He came up to me, and, clasping my hands, said, 'Be me sowl, sir, ye're no humbug, anyhow!' 'What do you mean?' I asked. 'Oh,' said he, 'haven't I watched ye ivry day as ye've been goin' through the tint, carin' for the byes? An' ye've been loike a mother to ivry wan uv thim. Thanks to ye, chaplain! thanks to ye, and may God bliss ye!' he repeated, as he again wrung my hand. 'An', said he, 'ye do all this for nothin'. The byes 've been tillin' me about ye.' 'Oh,' said I, 'that's a mistake.' 'Well, now, how's that? They've been tillin' me ye wur a Prisytharian ministher, an' thot ye came away from yer home down here for the love ye had for the byes. But ye don't do it for nothin', eh? Who, thin, pays ye?—the guvirmint?' 'No; if it had to pay me, it would take a great deal more money than it can spare.' 'Well, does the Commission pay ye?' 'No.' 'Well, thin, av the guvirmint doesn't pay ye, nor the Commission doesn't, who *does* pay ye?' I looked the man straight in the eyes, and said, 'That honest, hearty grasp of the hand, and that hearty "God bless you!" is ample reward for all that I have done for you. Remember, my brave fellow, that you have suffered and sacrificed for me, and I couldn't do less for you now.' He was broken down. He bowed his head and wept. Then taking me by the hand again, he said, 'Shure, an' av thot's the pay ye take, why, thin, *God bliss ye! God bliss ye!* Ye'll be rich uv the coin uv me heart all yer days.' And then, after a moment's pause, he added: '*An' now, chaplain, av ye'll jist give us the shirt an' the dra'rs, I'll wear thim till there's not a thrid uv thim left.*'"

Early in September, 1863, Rev. B. W. Chidlaw, the well-known Western Agent of the American Sunday-school Union, then a Delegate at Stevenson, Alabama, writes of a soldiers' tea-party in the hospital:

"One Hoosier boy, not over twenty years old, lay sick with a touch of the fever-and-ague, an affliction which I had myself sometimes suffered from at home. 'What did mother do for you when you had these spells at home?' I asked. 'Oh, she used to make me a good cup of tea, and such nice toast!' 'Why, that's just what *my* mother used to give *me*. And didn't it help you?' 'Yes, almost always.' 'Why don't you get tea and toast here?' 'Oh, the tea is not what mother used to give me, and the toast isn't the same at all.' 'Well,' thought I, 'you shall have some that's good, if it's to be had here.' So, going to the Commission quarters, I soon found myself dipping into a chest of real, genuine black tea, and a cask of sweetest loaf sugar by its side, and a box of condensed milk. Then repairing to the government bakery, I secured a nice loaf of bread, and took it to the establishment in the rear, where the cook was. I began telling him what I wanted, and asking for the privilege of his fire and utensils to do my work, when he interrupted me with, 'In dis kitchen I cooks and you talks.' So he took the knife, sliced the bread and toasted it, while we talked of Jesus and his religion. The tea and toast were at last made. The condensed milk was used instead of butter, and there was a delicious-looking article to carry to the hospital. 'My friend,' I said to the Indiana boy, 'wake up. I have something nice for you.' 'Why, preacher, ain't there milk in that tea?' 'Certainly.' 'Why,' he asked, in astonishment, '*does the Christian Commission keep cows down here?*' 'Better than that, my boy: they have gone all the way to the old cow at home, and it's all right. Now, sit up and eat and drink.' And he did to his heart's content—in-deed, I am afraid he ate too much. A soldier close by said, 'Chaplain, can you give me a little tea and toast too?' 'And

me, too?" said another. "And me, too?" was the chorus that went around the room. "Certainly, certainly; we'll have a general tea-party." And we did. The good old cook was notified and he did the toast up brown; and the hot, smoking tea was delicious. We had a glorious tea-party there!"

Mr. John Patterson, of Philadelphia, whose faithful, untiring services on behalf of the soldier can never be told, tells of an amusing colloquy, a few days after Gettysburg, between some Union and Confederate hospital patients and himself:

"Quite a number of us had been busily aiding the surgeons, who had attended to about two hundred cases of amputation during the day. At supper, after being washed and dressed, the men began bragging about the good butter we had given them. 'Let's see, boys,' I said, 'which of you can make the best wish for the old lady who made the butter.' 'An' shure,' replied an Irishman, 'may ivry hair uv her hid be a wax candle to lighthouse into glory'—a kind of beatified Gorgon, one would say. Then came another Irishman's wish: 'May she be in hivin two wakes before the Devil knows she's ded!' The third and last was from a son of the Emerald Isle likewise; it was addressed to myself: 'An' troth, sir, I hope God'll take a likin' to yersilf!'"

But there were deeper wants than those of the body—other comfort and help to be given besides the physical. The gospel of clean clothes, of food that was not "hard-tack," of encouraging words, was but the entering wedge of a higher message, whose proclamation was the Delegate's dearest privilege.

Mr. D. L. Moody, of Chicago, the President of the Young Men's Christian Association of that city, was a Delegate to the hospitals after Shiloh. Here is one of his experiences:

"There was a man on one of the boat-loads of wounded from the field who was very low and in a kind of stupor. He was entirely unknown. A little stimulant was poured down his throat, and Mr. Moody called him by different names,

but could get no response. At last, at the name 'William,' the man unclosed his eyes and looked up. Some more stimulant was given, when he revived. He was asked if he was a Christian. His reply was in the negative, yet he manifested great desire to be one. 'But I am so great a sinner that I can't be a Christian.' Mr. Moody told him that he would read him what Christ said about that. Turning to St. John's third chapter, he read the 14th verse: 'And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' The dying man said, 'Stop; read that over again, will you?' It was read again. 'Is that there?' 'Yes,' said Mr. Moody; 'that's there, just as I read it to you.' The man began repeating the words, settling back upon his pillow, as he did so, with a strange, solemn look of peace in his face. He took no further notice of what was going on about him, but continued murmuring the blessed words until left alone.

"The next morning, when the soldier's place was visited, it was found empty. Mr. Moody asked if any one knew aught about him during the night. A nurse who had spent the hours with him until he died, replied, 'All the time I was with him he was repeating something about Moses lifting up the serpent in the wilderness. I asked him if there was anything I could do for him, but he only answered what he had been muttering all along. Just before he died, about midnight, I saw his lips moving, though there was no sound escaping. I thought he might have some dying message for home, so I asked him for one. But the only answer was the whispered words, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up;" and so on until his voice died away and his lips moved no longer.'"

Mr. Arthur Lawrence, of Boston, one of the two Delegates who afterwards went through with Sherman from Atlanta to the sea, tells an incident of the spring of 1864, happening in "Bragg's

Hospital," Chattanooga, which beautifully illustrates how bright might be the soldier's last earthly hour :

"A soldier told me how he had found Christ. A man on the next cot was dying some time before. Just before passing away, he called the nurse to bring him a cup of water. Said he, 'Bring two, nurse: I want one for my friend here. He has come a long distance, and must be tired.' 'I don't see any friend,' said the nurse, a little puzzled. 'Don't you see him?' asked the soldier, pointing into what, to every one else in the room, was tenanted only by the vacant air. They assured him there was no one there. But he could not be convinced. 'There *is* some one standing by the bedside,' he repeated: 'bring him a glass of water, nurse, for he is tired.' And so, doubtless, there *was* One there, for him. 'I didn't see what he saw,' added the man who told me the story; but the closing eyes of the dying Christian, turned towards the attendant 'Friend,' awed him deeply; 'For,' said he, 'it must have been an angel.'"

"Thither we hasten through these regions dim,
But lo! the wide wings of the Seraphim
Shine in the sunset! On that joyous shore
Our lightened hearts shall know
The life of long ago:
The sorrow-burdened past shall fade for
Evermore."

Camp Stoneman, near Washington, in March, 1864, furnishes another incident:

"A soldier from Michigan, only eighteen years old, lay dying in the camp hospital. Rev. Mr. C——, a Delegate, was at his side. 'I am very sick: pray for me,' the soldier said. 'Have you a Christian mother?' 'Oh, yes; my father and mother are both Christians; so are my sisters; my brother is a minister. But I'm afraid I'm not a Christian: I wish I was.' He was prayed with, and then offered for himself a most fervent petition. As the Delegate read St. John's 14th chapter, the soldier anticipated him, showing his knowledge of the Bible. Together the two sang—

"'There is a fountain filled with blood,'
and afterwards—

"'Rock of Ages, cleft for me.'

"Just before dying the boy called the wardmaster to him, and, lifting his weak arms, put them round the man's neck and kissed him. Looking up, he said, 'I love everybody.' He prayed again; and afterwards, feeling very much exhausted, the nurse told him to try and sleep a little. They lifted him gently upon his left side. His thoughts went back to her whose memory lingers longest upon earth. Like as a child might have done, he folded his arms across his breast, and in a low voice repeated distinctly—

"'Now I lay me down to sleep:
I pray the Lord my soul to keep:
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.'

"The light went out of the dying eyes: the pale lips moved not again. The answer to the simple petition had come quickly indeed:

"'Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of God.'"

Rev. G. S. F. Savage, District Secretary of the American Tract Society in Chicago, tells this story of the battle of Belmont, Gen. Grant's first considerable military engagement:

"A lieutenant of an Iowa regiment, wounded by a ball in the shoulder, was conveyed to the hospital at Cairo. At first it was thought that he would recover, but after a few days he rapidly declined. Just before his death a lady nurse said to him, 'Lieutenant, you have but a few moments to live: if you have any word to send to your wife and little one in Iowa, you must speak it very quickly.' He looked up at her, his face shining like St. Stephen's, and said, 'Tell my wife that there is not a cloud between me and Jesus.'"

Here is another beautiful reminiscence of Shiloh, related by Mr. D. L. Moody:

"A surgeon, going over the field to bandage bleeding wounds, came upon a soldier lying in his blood, with his face to the ground. Seeing the horrible wound in his side and the death pallor on his face, he was passing on to attend to others, when the dying man called him, with a moan, to come, just for a

moment. He wanted to be turned over. The doctor lifted the mangled body as best he could, and laid him upon his back. A few moments after, while dressing wounds near by, he heard him say, 'This is glory! this is glory!' Supposing it was the regret of a dying soldier, correcting, in this scene of carnage, his former estimate of the 'pomp and circumstance of war,' the surgeon put his lips to his ear, and asked, 'What is glory, my dear fellow?' 'Oh, doctor, it's glory to die with my face upward!' and moving his hand feebly, his forefinger set, as if he would point the heavenly way, he made his last earthly sign."

Rev. Edward P. Smith, so long the Commission's Field Agent in the Cumberland Army, writes, in July, 1863, from Murfreesboro', the grand centre before Rosecrans' movement upon Tullahoma:

"A soldier from the 'Anderson Troop' (Fifteenth Penna. Cav.) was brought, late one afternoon, to the general hospital outside of this place. It was his first experience of this kind, more desolate by far to him than any picture of ours can make it,—taken weak and desponding as he was, from among comrades who enlisted with him in Philadelphia, into the company of strangers. As the nurse, who has lifted him from the ambulance and has laid him on his cot, is helping him undress, the cavalryman asks, with a hesitating voice, 'Nurse, do you ever read in the wards?' The nurse replied in the affirmative. 'Well, nurse, I wish you would read a bit for me this evening.' 'What shall I read?' The soldier asks him to take a Bible from his knapsack. 'Find that chapter about "Coming to the waters."' The nurse was a Christian, and readily turned to the 55th chapter of Isaiah, and read through the first verse: 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat. Yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price.' 'That's it,' said the sick man, 'that's it.' As the nurse was continuing the reading through the chapter, the cavalryman stopped him, and said, 'Read that verse

again, nurse: "Ho, every one that thirsteth."' He read it again, and then again, at the man's earnest request. 'Now,' he said, 'that'll do, nurse. Do you ever pray?' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'I can pray.' 'Will you offer a little prayer for me?' The nurse knelt by his cot and offered the request which the soldier dictated. The next morning he asked again for the reading of Scripture. The nurse said, 'What shall I read?' 'I want to hear again about that "Coming to the waters."' He read it twice to him that morning and twice in the evening, and prayed with him. The next morning he read it again. 'I must pray for myself, nurse,' the cavalryman said, and he asked to be placed in the attitude of prayer on his cot. He would not be denied the privilege. They placed him on his knees, with his hand on the head of his iron cot. He began praying for himself in the words of the Lord's Prayer. And so the Messenger found him; and taking him up home, 'showed' him 'a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.'

"A week or two before I had met, in Louisville, a relative of the cavalryman, who was vainly trying to get through the lines to minister to him. I took the soldier's address, and, very soon afterwards, visited the Murfreesboro' hospital. The nurse related the affecting story, which was at once communicated to the cavalryman's mother in Philadelphia. She would never have learned in any other way, most probably, how her boy died. Certainly, in the Last Great Day there will be very many surprises to mothers and fathers and friends, from the unveiling of histories told to no human ears; which He only noted who 'shall bring into judgment every secret thing.'"

Rev. E. F. Williams, for a long time one of the Field Agents in the Army of the Potomac, relates the story of the death of Captain Bronson, shot in the shoulder at Chancellorsville, who lingered for more than two weeks in the hospital:

"Death had no terrors for him; but there was a struggle that a parent's heart

can only know, when he said, 'Oh, if I could only get inside the old homestead, and look on the faces of my little ones, and my parents, and George and Lottie, I should be satisfied.' I replied, 'We shall come pretty soon.' He answered with a smile, as he pointed upward, 'Yes, only a little further on.'

"Shortly before he breathed his last, he said, 'Sing me one of the songs of Zion.' His wife, who had come, asked him, 'What shall we sing—"Rock of Ages?"' 'Yes, "Rock of Ages."' That and 'Come, sing to me of heaven' were sung. Bending over him as he lay with closed eyes, as if for a moment asleep, my ear caught the word 'glory,' quickly followed by the expression, in a loud, distinct voice, 'Death is nothing to the glory beyond.' I asked, 'Is death swallowed up in victory?' The answered words came back from the threshold of the heavenly door, 'Death is swallowed up in victory.'"

After Spottsylvania Court House, Rev. Mr. Williams, passing through the extemporized hospital at Laurel Hill, came upon the tent in which lay the noble Gen. Rice of New York:

"A company of soldiers were crowding round a fly, under which lay several wounded officers. The interest of all seemed to centre in the slight form of one who was in the midst of the suffering group, the star upon whose shoulder discovered his rank. The day was intensely hot and sultry, so that the sides of the fly were raised a few feet from the ground to secure better circulation of air. The head of the general was towards the centre and his feet towards the outer edge of the tent. A few pine boughs were his only couch. One of his legs had been amputated. Members of his staff, weeping, stood about him or stooped fondly down to catch his last whispered words. From his moving lips, it was surmised that he wished to be turned over. 'Which way?' asked a lieutenant. 'Towards the enemy,' was the indistinct response; and he was carefully and lovingly turned towards the foe, the booming of whose guns was even then telling of fearful carnage in

our lines. A moment later, a Delegate bent over him and, whispering gently, said, 'How does Christ seem to you now, general?' 'Near by,' was the quick but faintly-spoken answer; and with these words upon his lips the spirit of General Rice passed into the better land."

Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, of Missouri, was one of the original members of the Christian Commission, and throughout the war was an active Delegate as well as soldier. In the summer of 1865, at the close of a Sabbath service in Cumberland Hospital, Nashville, he told to the soldiers present a story of his earlier campaigns in Arkansas:

"One of my noble boys, very young and a Christian, was brought into the hospital, stricken down with malarial fever; and, weary with the tedium of camp-life, he longed, as he lay on his weary cot, through the 'lazy, leaden-stepping hours,' for the active fray. His ideal of a soldier's life was 'at the front.' Learning of his sickness, and that he must soon die, I hastened to his side. After talking with him about his soldier-life, his home and his approaching death, I said, 'Now, my boy, when I get back to St. Louis, I shall go to see your mother, and the first question she will ask will be, "How did Charley die?" Can't you tell me, in a few words, exactly how you feel about dying?' 'Yes, general,' said he, fastening his deep blue eyes upon me; 'I think I can. It seems just as if I was going to the front.'

"And so indeed he was. For is not the real campaign beyond, for which this life is only the drill-camp?"

There are no incidents which so conquer us with their beautiful significance as the stories of soldiers' sacrifices and devotion. Reverently we think of them as the faint, human images of the great central sacrifice made by the "Only-Begotten and Well-Beloved Son." From a very rich storehouse we can select but a very few. The first is the story of a Delegate at Mission Ridge:

"We met four soldiers bearing back a comrade on a blanket. The men

halted when they saw us and laid down their burden, asking if we would see whether the color-sergeant was badly wounded. I knelt down by him and said, 'Sergeant, where did they hit you?' 'Most up the ridge, sir.' 'I mean, sergeant, where did the ball strike you?' 'Within twenty yards of the top—almost up.' 'No, no, sergeant; think of yourself for a moment: tell me where you are wounded;' and throwing back the blanket, I found his upper arm and shoulder mashed and mangled with a shell. Turning his eye to look for the first time on his wound, the sergeant said, 'That is what did it. I was hugging the standard to my blouse and making for the top. I was almost up when that ugly shell knocked me over. If they had let me alone a little longer—two minutes longer—I should have planted the colors on the top. Almost up; almost up.' We could not get the dying color-bearer's attention to himself. The fight and the flag held all his thoughts; and while his ear was growing heavy in death, with a flushed face and look of ineffable regret, he was repeating, 'Almost up; almost up.' The brigade to which he belonged had carried the ridge, and his own regiment, rallying under the colors which had dropped from his shattered arm, was shouting the victory for which the poor sergeant had given his young life, but of which he was dying without the sight."

Rev. J. H. Knowles, of Batavia, N. Y., in June, 1864, was just leaving the army before Petersburg for home, at the close of his term of service, when this incident occurred:

"A soldier had been brought in on a stretcher and placed under the shade of a green tree. He was shot through the mouth: his tongue was cut. He was unable to speak, and the surgeon said he must die. Upon a card he wrote his desire to see a Delegate of the Christian Commission. They summoned me. As I approached, he made signs for pencil and paper, and wrote, 'I am a Christian, prepared to die:' then, after looking about him upon the soldiers near, he wrote again, 'Rally round the flag, boys;

rally round the flag.' I took the writing, and with deep emotion read it aloud to his comrades standing about him. The dying boy then raised his bloody hand, and, though unable to speak, waved it, as Marmion his sword, over his head with all the enthusiasm of the charge; and then, quietly, while every eye was wet with quickly-gathered tears, went away out of the midst of the company into the City of Peace."

The wounded from the Wilderness battles were sent to Fredericksburg, which became a vast hospital and grave. And yet, even here, where the weight and sorrow of the war seemed heaviest, the clouds, surcharged with thunderbolts of wrath, were lifted often, and gleams of sweetness and light came through, telling how God was not forgetting to be gracious. A few stories of Delegates' hospital work will show how it was that there, as once more wonderfully, the darkest day witnessed the brightest sacrifice. The first incidents are from the experience of Rev. Dr. J. Wheaton Smith, of Philadelphia:

"One poor fellow, taking me for a surgeon, said, 'Sir, will you dress my wound?' I am not a doctor, but I did my best. I took off the bandage, sponged away the hard incrustation that had gathered upon the wound, and found that both his eyes were gone: he had been shot through the eyes and the bridge of the nose. 'Poor fellow!' I said to him; 'this is hard.' 'Yes, it is hard, but I would go through it again for my country.'

"Right beside him there lay a man upon a stretcher, strong and noble-looking, but shot through the head. His eyes were closed; he knew no one; could answer to no voice, and yet he still breathed. I never shall forget how that massive chest heaved up and down. We watched him for hours, thinking every hour would be his last. All night he lay there motionless, save that heaving bosom. In the morning he was no better, but he began to move his feet. He seemed to be marching, and he marched until he died—tramp, tramp, tramp—dead, but marching on."

Rev. Herrick Johnson, of Pittsburg, relates the following :

"I remember a soldier from Maine who had lost his left leg. The little delicacies and attentions had opened his heart. He had told me of his widowed mother and loving sisters, and I had written his message home. Back came their noble answer, saying, 'We cannot, as a family, both brothers and sisters, express our gratitude enough to Him who ruleth all things if, from the glorious Army of the Potomac, He give us back our darling with only the loss of one leg.' And from that couch of suffering was sent up a message to heaven also. And that, I believe, found answer—more blessed even than the message home. For hours and days he had been lying on the hard floor, with nothing but a blanket under him, restless and sleepless from the shock his nervous system had received. There, in the dusk of evening, with his hand close clasped in mine, the patient hero breathed his low prayer: 'O Father, God, be pitiful, be merciful, give me rest—rest of body and of soul—oh, give me rest!' And the hard floor seemed to grow woolly soft, as if Jesus had pillowed it; and rest, 'of rest, God's rest the best,' came to that tired heart. 'He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust.'

"I recall another, a young sergeant, one of whose limbs had been sadly shattered. He was a brave, patient boy, but remarkably reticent, resolutely maintaining a cold reserve. For days he was proof against all kindness, but at last I found the way down to his heart's secret place of tenderness and tears, and the great drops wet his cheeks as he told how he had run away from home and almost broken his mother's heart. He said his own pain was nothing to the trouble he had given her. 'Shall I write to your mother,' I asked, 'and tell her how and where you are?' 'Oh, yes,' said he, 'but break the news gently, break it gently; and oh, tell her how sorry I am for having laid such a burden on her loving heart.' And then we talked of another home he had

wandered from, and another heart he had grieved, and I asked him if he had not a penitent message to send home to God. Ere long, I believe there was joy in the presence of the angels over the return of one more prodigal. The surgeons at last decided that his leg must be amputated; and very soon it became manifest that even this would not save him, and we told him he must die. He was ready; arms, haversack, canteen, blanket—all had been lost on the battlefield, but he had clung to the flag he bore, and he lay there with it wrapped about him. Just as he was dying his lips moved. We stooped to listen. He was making his last charge; 'Come on, boys! our country and our flag for ever!' We asked him, 'Is the Saviour with you?' And he whispered, 'Do you think he would pass by and not take me? I go, I go.' And wrapped in stars, he went up among the stars."

One other incident, of the battle of Resaca, told by Mr. Arthur Lawrence, seems to us a fitting climax here. It cannot be surpassed elsewhere in history.

"Two of us picked up a man in our arms to carry him off the field. A shell had struck him in the mouth, tearing an awful wound, which was bleeding profusely. I offered the poor fellow a drink from my canteen. One would not have guessed, in looking at him, that he could have any thoughts beyond his wound at the time. The first sensation after a wound is well known to be one of intense thirst. Yet the soldier refused the proffered draught. I asked him why. '*My mouth's all bloody, sir, and it might make the canteen bad for the others.*' He was 'only a private,' rough and dusty with the battle, but the answer was one which Sir Philip Sidney or the Chevalier Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*, had not equaled when they gave utterance to the words which have made their names immortal."

The hardships and dangers of the service of relief were sometimes only equaled by those of the soldiers themselves. About forty Delegates paid the penalty of their devotion by their death,

and very many others carried with them to their homes the seeds of future and lingering disease. Yet there was ever comfort to be gathered in these trials from the very Gospel that was preached to others. Rev. Edward P. Smith, the Cumberland Army Field Agent, gives an account of his sickness and recovery while on an official visit to the army around Vicksburg before that city fell, which illustrates this:

"I had been in the army but a few days when I was taken sick with the malarial fever and carried to the hospital. It was my first experience of sickness in camp. I said to myself, when they had carried me into the tent and left me alone, 'Now you will have an opportunity to try the effect of the counsels you have so often given to soldiers in like circumstances.' But I found it one thing to preach, and quite another to practice. I knew that God does all things right and well, but I could not help the feeling that a change in my present prospects would be an improvement. I passed a sleepless night, alone and without a light. The more I tried to settle into the conviction that God would provide and make it well for me, the more I was longing for a change.

"While I thus lay thinking and tossing on my blanket, just at the gray of the dawn in the morning, the fold of my tent parted and a black face peered through. It was 'Old Nannie,' a colored woman who had taken my washing the day before. What had sent her there at that hour? Looking smilingly at me, she said, 'Massa, does ye see de bright side, dis mornin'?' 'No, Nannie,' said I, 'it isn't as bright as I wish it was.' 'Well, massa, I allus sees de bright side.' 'You do?' said I; 'maybe you haven't had much trouble.' 'Maybe not,' she said; and then she went on and told me, in her simple, broken way, of her life in Virginia, of the successive loss of her children, one by one, and then of her husband. She was *alone* in the crowded camp, without having heard from one of her kindred for years. She closed up with, 'Maybe I ain't seen no trouble, massa?' 'But, Nannie,' said

I, 'have you seen the bright side all the time?' 'Allus, massa, allus.' 'Well, how did you do it?' 'Dis is de way, massa: when I see the great, brack cloud comin' over,' and she waved her dusky hand inside the tent as though one might be settling down there, 'an' 'pears like it's comin', crushtin' down on me, den I jist whip aroun' on the oder side, and I fin' de Lord Jesus dar; an' den it's all bright and cl'ar. The bright side's allus whar Jesus is, massa.' 'Well, Nannie,' said I, 'if you can do that, I think I ought to.' 'Pears like ye ought to, massa, an' you's a preacher ob de Word of Jesus.'

"She went away. I turned myself on my blanket, and said in my heart, 'The Lord is my Shepherd; it is all right and well. Now, come fever or health, come death or life, come burial on the Yazoo Bluff or in the churchyard at home, 'the Lord is my Shepherd.''" With this sweet peace of rest, God's care and love became very precious to me. I fell asleep. When I woke, I was in a perspiration: my fever was broken. Old Nannie's faith had made me whole."

The Commission owed much of its success to the full and hearty co-operation of the general and subordinate commanders of the various armies. Without this, its work would have been either very imperfectly done, or restricted entirely to the great army-bases and home hospitals, which were nearly always well cared for by private residents in their neighborhood. Real or supposed military necessities sometimes impeded this co-operation, but never permanently hindered it. Rev. Mr. Smith tells an amusing incident of an involuntary interview with Gen. Sherman, on the one Sunday spent by the advancing Western Army at Kingston, in May, 1864:

"When we found that the army was to be at rest over the Sabbath, appointments were made in the different brigades for two or three services to each preaching Delegate. I had an appointment in the Baptist Church in the morning, and at Gen. Howard's headquarters, in the woods, in the afternoon. The church had not been cleaned since its occupa-

tion as a Confederate hospital. The sexton, who agreed to put the house in order on Saturday afternoon, failed me, and only an hour before the time for service I discovered that another man, engaged and paid for doing the same work on Sabbath morning, had served me in the same way. It was too late now to look for help. I took off my ministerial coat, and for one hour, with the mercury at ninety degrees, worked with might and main. When I had swept out the straw, cleared the rubbish from the pulpit, thrown the bunks out the window, pitched the old seats down from the loft, arranged them in order on the floor, and dusted the whole house over twice, it was time for service. I sprang up into the belfry—the rope had been cut away—and, with some pretty vigorous strokes by the bell-tongue, told the people around that the hour for worship had arrived. Dropping down again through the scuttle upon the vestibule floor, a treacherous nail carried away an important part of one leg of my pantaloons. It was my only suit at the front, and while I was pondering how I should present myself before the congregation, a corporal and two bayonets from Gen. Sherman's headquarters, not twenty yards away, came to help me in the decision. 'Did you ring the bell?' 'I did.' 'I am ordered to arrest you.' 'For what?' 'To bring you to Gen. Sherman's headquarters.' 'But, corporal, I can't see the general in this plight: I am an agent of the Christian Commission, and am to preach here this morning, and was ringing the bell for service. If you will tell the general how it is, it will be all right.' 'That's not the order, sir.' 'Well, corporal, send a guard with me to my quarters, till I wash up and pin together this rent.' 'That's not the order, sir; fall in.' Without hat or coat, and with gaping wardrobe, preceded by the corporal and followed by the bayonets, I called at headquarters. Gen. Corse, chief of staff, standing by the side of Gen. Sherman, received me. Without waiting for charges or questions, I said, 'General, I belong to the Christian Commission. We are to have service

in the church across the way, and I was ringing the bell.' *'Is this Sunday?'* Some mischievous soldiers had alarmed the people by ringing the bell, and an order was issued against it, but we were not aware this was Sunday. There is no harm done. At what hour is the service?'—and, bowing me out, he discharged the guard. As I entered, Gen. Sherman was drumming with thumb and finger on the window-sill, and when the corporal announced his prisoner, the general commanding fixed his cold, gray eye on me for a moment, motioned to his chief to attend to the case, and, without moving a muscle of his face, resumed his drumming and his Sabbath problem—how to flank Johnston out of the Allatoona Mountains."

Col. Granville Moody relates an interesting piece of the history of the movements which preceded the Stone River battles:

"The advance from Nashville began near the close of the week. Rain, mud and mist were the order of the day. The enemy's cavalry were harassing the front. The march, under such difficulties, made the troops unusually weary. Gen. Rosecrans held a council of war, to ask his generals' opinions on several matters connected with the movement. The question was raised, Shall the army march or rest on Sunday? The decision was doubtful. Some thought a day would thus be lost; others suggested that the troops needed rest. At last, after nearly all had given their opinion, Gen. Crittenden, who had been stalking back and forth under the trees during the discussion, was asked for his judgment. Turning round towards the group, and pointing his finger solemnly upward toward the wet sky, he said, earnestly, 'Gentlemen, I don't know how you feel about *that*;' but we are going into a battle in a day or two, and I always have thought it best to be on the right side of the old Master above. The army can wait.' That Sunday the soldiers rested."

We have spoken already of General Fisk's connection with the Commission, and of his active work in the army. A

series of incidents from his experience may fitly close this paper :

"While his first regiment was organizing at Benton Barracks, St. Louis, Col. Fisk was in the habit of conducting religious meetings with his men, in the great amphitheatre of the fair grounds. These meetings were of great interest. Thousands of citizens were regularly in attendance to join in the services, and some clergyman was present each Sabbath to preach. One Sabbath, Rev. Dr. Nelson, of the First Presbyterian Church, was preaching earnestly upon the necessity of a pure life, exhorting the men to beware of the vices incident to the camp, and especially warning them against profanity. The doctor related the incident of the commodore, who, whenever recruits reported to his vessel for duty, was in the habit of entering into an agreement with them that he should do all the swearing for that vessel ; and appealed to the thousand Missouri soldiers in Col. Fisk's regiment to enter into a solemn covenant that day with the colonel that he should do all the swearing for the Thirty-third Missouri. The regiment rose to their feet as one man and entered into the covenant. The sight was grand.

"For several months no swearing was heard in the regiment. Col. Fisk became a brigadier, and followed Price into Arkansas. But one evening, as he sat in front of his headquarters at Helena, he heard some one down in the bottom lands near the river swearing in the most approved Flanders style. On taking observation, he discovered that the swearer was a teamster from his own headquarters, a member of his covenanting regiment, and a confidential old friend. He was hauling a heavy load of forage from the dépôt to camp : his six mules had become rebellious with their overload, had run the wagon against a stump and snapped off the pole. The teamster opened his great batteries of wrath and profanity against the mules, the wagon, the Arkansas mud, the Confederacy and everything else. In the course of an hour afterwards the teamster was passing headquarters : the general called to

him and said, 'John, did I not hear some one swearing most terribly an hour ago down on the bottom?' 'I think you did, General.' 'Do you know who it was?' 'Yes, sir ; it was me, General.' 'Do you not remember the covenant entered into at Benton Barracks, St. Louis, with Rev. Dr. Nelson, that I should do all the swearing for our old regiment?' 'To be sure I do, General,' said John ; 'but then you were not there to do it, *and it had to be done right off!*'

"Gen. Fisk related this story, in January, 1865, in the hearing of President Lincoln, at an anniversary meeting of the Commission, in the hall of the House of Representatives at Washington. The President, if one might judge from his demonstrations on the occasion, enjoyed the incident hugely. The next morning Gen. Fisk was waiting in the ante-room of the White House to see Mr. Lincoln. A poor old man from Tennessee was moving about among the large number in attendance, with a very sorrowful face. Sitting down beside him, the general inquired his errand, and learned that he had been waiting three or four days to get an audience. On seeing Mr. Lincoln probably depended the life of his son, who was now under sentence of death at Nashville for some military offence. Gen. Fisk wrote his case in outline on a card, and sent it in with a special request that the President would see the man. In a moment the order came ; and past senators, governors and generals, waiting impatiently, the old man was ushered into the President's presence. He showed Mr. Lincoln his papers. He took them, and said, with great kindness, that he would look into them and give him an answer on the following day. The old man, in an agony of apprehension, looked up into the President's sympathetic face, and cried aloud, 'To-morrow may be too late. My son is under sentence of death. The decision ought to be made *right off!*' and the streaming tears told how he was moved. The tall form of Mr. Lincoln bent over the old man in an instant. 'Come,' said he, 'wait a bit, and I'll tell you a story about something else

that had to be done *right off*.' And then he went on and related the story of 'John Todd,' which Gen. Fisk had told the evening before. As he told it the old man became interested; for a moment he forgot his boy and sorrow, and President and listener had a hearty laugh over the ludicrous conclusion.

"Mr. Lincoln took up the papers again, and bent over them a second to write a few magic words. The old man's eyes filled with tears again as he read them, but this time the tears were joyful ones, for the words saved the life of his boy."

LOVE ON THE OHIO.

MR. GEORGE THORN had just graduated at Jefferson College, and was on his way from Canonsburg to his home in Iowa. He had registered his name and paid his fare to St. Louis on the steamer *Brilliant*, lying at Wheeling wharf, and for twenty-four hours had been waiting for the boat to complete her loading and start upon the trip. Under such circumstances, every diversion is made available as a prop to patience and a means of whiling away the otherwise tedious hours. Not the least interesting of such diversions are those afforded by the arrival and departure of other boats; and especially the study of the forms and faces of the passengers who throng the guards of the boats, engaged, it may be, in similar occupation.

While Mr. Thorn was sitting forward on the boiler-deck of the *Brilliant*, thus scanning the passengers on the steamer *Clipper*, which had just arrived, his eye fell upon a young lady whose countenance and form at once affected him as with a spell of witchery. She was standing upon the guards of the *Clipper* to the rear of the wheelhouse, and conversing with another lady beside her, while they both looked out upon the busy scene which the other steamers and the wharf presented.

"What a peerless woman!" mentally exclaimed Mr. Thorn, as he gazed and gazed, in enchantment which every moment deepened upon him. After a few moments more of intensest scrutiny, he

indulged in more enthusiastic mental exclamations. "Hebe, what a face! O Terpsichore, what a form!" said he, his late college-studies following him into his bewilderment and mingling with his emotions. Then he gazed again, minutely studying the lady's hair, her eye, her mouth, her attitude, her manner; and this time mere classical allusions seemed too tame for his purpose. He quoted one of Horace's most glowing amatory passages. He had in those few minutes become a votary of Venus. Cupid had shot a quiver-full of arrows into his heart.

It matters very little what were the real facts in regard to the lady's personal attractions. Titania, when the spell was upon her, fondled Bottom the weaver, although he wore the shaggy head on his shoulders; and, by-the-way, he told her the truth in return, that "love and reason keep little company together now-a-days." It happened, however, in Mr. Thorn's case, that the fascination was of a somewhat reasonable nature. The lady was young and handsome, elegant and graceful. She had been the centre of attraction on the *Clipper* during the entire trip. Mr. Thorn was not alone, therefore, in his admiration.

By the tacit common law of steam-boat travel, upon the Western waters at least, personal inspection of those around you is admissible, if it be not specially obtrusive or markedly impertinent. It seems to be necessary as an antidote to ennui and insipidity; as in Mr. Thorn's

case, for instance. By allowance of this law, the young lady who had so magically attracted his attention slowly passed her eye back and forth along the line of passengers upon the guards of the Brilliant. Each time it encountered Mr. Thorn's, fixed upon her with such intent and eager gaze that she could not help observing it; and, attention once being drawn to him, he was not likely to be disparaged by it, for he was a manly fellow—large, well-made, self-possessed, with a general air of good sense and good nature.

It is not worth while to repeat here the trite old disquisition about the language of the eye. Everybody knows that eyes can say some things better than tongues can; and, in fact, can say some things that tongues cannot say. Besides, eyes are rather unconventional in their talk. They speak, too, at such distances and so freely, without exciting the least thought of impropriety. Right over broad and deep gulfs set by conventionality they speak clearly and distinctly, and not unfrequently reveal in a twinkling secrets which the more politic or less facile tongue would boggle at for days, and probably stumble over in the end. Not, indeed, that the eye is without its own prudences and proprieties; but it is prudent and proper as judged by a more generous code of social laws and a more liberal system of social ethics than would be appropriate to that grosser, more sensuous organ, the tongue.

By this subtle language of the eye Mr. Thorn, whether intentionally or not, told the strange young lady that he was captivated; and she, in return, at least modestly intimated a little complaisant sentimentalism. And for half an hour or more they kept up the running talk, at intervals as propriety allowed, until quite a special acquaintance of that kind was formed.

But what of all that? Such acquaintanceships have a very slender tenure, and are usually of the most evanescent kind. Besides, the circumstances were rather unfavorable to its cultivation. The steamer Clipper was making only

a transient stop, and would presently shove off and proceed upon her trip; and that would end the whole matter. The strangers, who had never seen each other before, would probably never see each other again.

When that thought first occurred to Mr. Thorn, it "struck all the blood into his face like a strong buffet;" for during the last half hour he had been building some very seemly castles in the air, and such a consideration flecked them with mist, if it did not hide them in thick clouds. But love is a hopeful as well as an unreasoning thing; and another glance of the lady's eye revived Mr. Thorn's cheer for the moment.

Yet only for the moment. When the glance was turned away, back came that thought upon him with unwonted force. So abrupt, so violent was its assault, that it jerked him from his seat and hurried him off into the cabin. He went there to consult philosophy, he said to himself; and, pacing back and forth, he consulted philosophy in such a soliloquy as this:

"What a fool I am, to be thus bewitched by a woman whom I have never met before and shall never meet again! True, she has the loveliest face and the grandest form I ever saw. And such an eye! Oh, Juno! never such an eye dawned upon me before! And such rich, melting summer-full lips! whole swarms of smiles lingering about them, like bees about fruit that is mellow and sweet with ripeness. And then that gentle, kindly expression of face, through which intelligence and culture beam like the sun through the soft, hazy air of Indian summer! Ah! that is where her power of enchantment lies. And how benignantly she has been recognizing my glances! Yet how modestly, too! And with what a queenly regard to proprieties! I am satisfied that she is favorably disposed, if—— But there it is! Oh, my heart! how can I bear the idea of our thus drifting apart upon life's wide ocean, to be separated for ever!"

Here his soliloquy became incoherent, turbulent, tumultuous. Fragments of hopes, of fears, of poetic apostrophes to

lips, to eyes, to form, went floating by upon that troublous tide of thought and emotion. Meantime he paced the floor of the empty cabin back and forth, back and forth, with constantly increasing nervousness of gait, until, just as he was saying to himself, "Eternal separation! How can I endure it, when it has been a pain to me to withdraw for only a few moments from her presence?" the bell of the Clipper rang for starting. That brought Mr. Thorn to a decision. He sprang to his state-room, seized his trunk and dragged it to the front door of the cabin, where he happened to meet a porter, whom he ordered to put it on board of the Clipper. Meanwhile he remembered his valise, and ran back to get it. By the time he returned an adventure awaited him. His trunk had been transferred, and the Clipper was unloosed and was swinging off; but the porter remained unpaid. Be sure that his coin to the porter was broad (it was in 1858, when coins were extant), and his leap was superb; for he had a shrewd suspicion that a pair of bright black eyes might be watching him from some lookout above.

The old adage about marriage in haste and repentance at leisure may be fitly applied to other acts besides marriage. Think of Mr. Thorn's case, for instance. He had lost his passage-money paid on the Brilliant. He had got on board of a boat which was going up the river instead of down. This was acting the prodigal with time as well as money. He had thrown himself into a flurry of excitement by a madcap adventure which cost him his self-respect, and might have cost him his life. And all this for what?

There, indeed, was the rub. After paying his fare to Pittsburgh and retiring to his room, Mr. Thorn asked that question over and over with a very practical air, but somehow managed to answer it each time with rapturous interjections about starry eyes and pearly teeth. After a time, however, when his fluttering had somewhat subsided, and he had taken his fill of pooh-poohing at money as compared with the unspeakable treasure he was seeking, he condescended to con-

sider the matter rather practically by inquiring in what way—by what special methods—he proposed to secure this priceless treasure.

Then, for the first time, some of the difficulties of the case occurred to him. He remembered that, whatever freedom there might be for eyes, the rigid social rules which governed ladies while traveling on steamboats were more exclusive of strangers than the social rules governing anywhere else. He reflected, too, that he was an utter stranger to all on board, and could not, therefore, hope for an introduction, even at third or fourth hand.

When these suggestions arose, his first impulse was to smother them with romance; and he even began to cast about for instances in which worse obstacles had been removed by the occurrence of some happy event. But let us do Mr. Thorn the justice to say that he was a man of sense—when not in love; and that, even in love, all his good sense did not forsake him. He rigidly checked fancy and snubbed the romantic tendency; and then, looking the whole affair over in the light of common sense, he concluded that he had made himself ridiculous, in his own eyes at least; and for the moment it seemed to him, too, that the throngs of passengers on both boats had been witnesses of his folly. This last notion, however, he presently detected as a mere suggestion of mortified pride; for he was now coming to his senses. But there was still enough discouragement and reproach left to bear his mental reaction down to the depression of shame, mortification and chagrin; and for the time, therefore, his infatuation was forgotten.

By-and-bye another reaction ensued. Pondering upon his reckless, prodigal waste of money and time, his frantic inconsiderateness in changing boats, and his present ridiculous position, he grew excited, exasperated, maddened at himself. At such times men need diversion from themselves. Happy are they who, like Mr. Thorn, have the instinct which spontaneously prompts them to seek it. He rose hastily, lit a cigar, and went up

to the hurricane-deck to smoke and look about him, and cease thinking of his folly.

He noticed nobody on the way. Self was too distinctly before him yet. Passing through the crowd of passengers on the boiler-deck, and ascending the stairway leading above, he walked back the whole length of the hurricane-deck to the stern of the boat, and looked down into the rushing, foaming water swirling away in the wake. At any other time it would have made him dizzy to do so, but now it seemed to have just the opposite effect. It steadied him, by recalling his attention to the outside world. Then he turned to traverse the deck in the opposite direction, when, behold! his strange lady met his view. She was promenading there with another lady, in a leisurely, sauntering way. He had not noticed them before, because they were on the opposite side of the pilot-house from him when he came up on deck.

His eyes met hers, just near, not more than two steps distant. Their first mutual glance was a sort of recognizing one. Then each searchingly scanned the other for a brief but intense moment. That was a look of investigation, of scrutiny. The proprieties forbade going beyond that, although he felt very much inclined to telegraph the message, "I am seeking opportunity." Instead of that, however, he acceded to her message of "stranger," and said "stranger" in return. Then he passed on.

But something, Mr. Thorn thought, had been gained. They had seen each other nearer than before, and were both satisfied upon closer scrutiny. Some persons look best at a distance, because they are coarse, or bear upon their persons some blemish of proportion which only close inspection can detect. This was not the case with either of them. Real beauty, symmetry and grace will bear the narrowest scrutiny of competent eyes; and this nearer approach evidently impressed both of them. Besides, there was in it a fresh prop to Mr. Thorn's hope. Who could tell what might not occur? he said to himself; and again the

spell of enchantment took possession of him in full force.

As he walked forward after passing her, all kinds of schemes for accomplishing his aim suggested themselves to his now newly-heated brain. But amid the multitude there was not one that seemed practical. They each required some condition precedent to success; and the condition was in every instance wanting. He kept canvassing them, however, in hope that they would suggest something available; and, as he passed back and forth—meeting the lady, of course, at every turn—he became less and less fastidious in regard to the artistic symmetry and consistency of a plan. He was willing, in fact, to strain propriety a little for the sake of securing success. He even meditated the desperate expedient of attempting to pick up an acquaintance, by speaking to her incidentally at some favorable opportunity; but that thought was repressed as unworthy of himself and of her.

The truth is, that his infatuation was growing upon him; and, indeed, there seemed to be cause for its growth. As they passed and repassed in walking to and fro, their mutual glances, although not such as would have attracted the attention of others, were nevertheless full of meaning. Mr. Thorn was not obtrusive, indeed; not impertinent, not at all impolite; nor was the lady in the least degree forgetful of propriety; but still the eyes continued to talk—perhaps involuntarily. Presently, too, Mr. Thorn caught the tones of the lady's voice in conversation with her companion. Then Calypso became to him a very shabby myth. Sylvan reeds and mellow flutes were mere dinner-horns and canal-trumpets in comparison. He stood, in fact, at the roseate gates of Paradise and heard the music from within. In a word, as before intimated, his infatuation was becoming, if possible, more permeant and universal. He was drunk with love.

After some time, a staid, serene-looking old gentleman came up on the deck and addressed the young lady in such a manner that Mr. Thorn readily recognized him as her father.

"Mary," said he, in a half-chiding, half-caressing tone, "I see Mr. Selburne apparently looking for you below. Had you not better go down?"

"I should prefer continuing our promenade now," she replied. "Mr. Selburne will probably be up after a while."

"Very well," returned the old gentleman. "I only wanted you to know that he seemed to be seeking you. I need a little recreation myself." So the promenade continued, the old gentleman joining it.

Mr. Thorn, in passing, happened to hear this brief conversation, and it cast all his fine sentimentalism down into nether bathos. The whole air of the little colloquy seemed to indicate that the Mr. Selburne whom he had heard mentioned was the lady's husband.

"And," said he, in mental soliloquy, "here have I been running like a dolt and an idiot after a married woman; flinging away my money and risking my neck just to look at her. Stupid block-head! Headlong, precipitate, thoughtless fool! Ah, if I were only back upon the Brilliant, how content I should be!"

After a few moments of reflection in this strain, however, he turned to consider the other side of the question. What did those glances mean? he asked. Could he have been mistaken in his interpretation of them? Had he been so bemazed as that? He decided not. If he had any senses at all, he was sure that the lady had at least exchanged complaisant glances with him. But might she not have been quizzing him? He turned his eye to observe whether she wore the general air of a quizz, when a new development of the case met his view.

A man of elegant exterior, and apparently about thirty-five years of age, had joined the little company, and was now walking with the rest. He was evidently easy and bland in manner, but he wore that air of intense self-consciousness which was one of the unfavorable fruits of Southern social culture in those days. As the company passed Mr. Thorn the following colloquy occurred:

"Have you decided yet, Mr Matteson,

when you will return?" the young man asked of the elder.

"Not fully," the latter replied. "But probably not until fall, or at least until quite late in the summer."

"You will not return by the Lakes, then?" asked the younger man.

"No; we shall go that way," the old gentleman answered. "I am very sorry, Mr. Selburne, that you cannot accompany us."

"Thank you. I am sorry too," returned the other.

A journey on hand; bad enough! thought Mr. Thorn, who, among his other projects, had meditated the idea of tracking the young lady and securing an acquaintance at Pittsburg, where he had a number of influential friends. But still there was some relief in the case. Mr. Selburne was not the lady's husband, at least; and, besides, he would soon quit her company.

While Mr. Thorn was thus cogitating upon the new aspect of affairs, the first bell rang, and all went below to prepare for dinner. He repaired to his stateroom, and looked after his toilet with rather more than usual care. As he emerged from it in response to the second bell, an incident occurred which he regarded as exceedingly tantalizing, because it appeared to mean so much, without really meaning anything practical. His room was toward the rear of the main cabin, and the ladies had to pass it in going from their cabin to the table. It happened that, as he opened his door, Miss Matteson was just passing; and, strangely enough, the old-time, happy accident known to our grandfathers and grandmothers in their young, romantic days, opportunely occurred. Miss Matteson dropped her handkerchief. He picked it up, of course; and, as he handed it to her, remarked, with special significance of manner:

"I am happy to have even so slight an opportunity of serving you. Hope I may yet have a greater."

The lady's "Thank you" was not the mere formal one of everyday courtesy. Its tone was special. The expression of countenance accompanying it was full

of meaning. She evidently appreciated Mr. Thorn's remark and manner, and was not indifferent to his intention. But if either of them could have divined the future, that remark must have seemed intensely cruel.

However, let us not anticipate.

During the afternoon, the ladies, accompanied by Mr. Matteson and Mr. Selburne, went up again to the hurricane-deck to promenade and view the scenery. Mr. Thorn, deeming it impolitic to go up, and also desiring to have a little seclusion for collecting his thoughts, seated himself on the guards just outside of his room, to smoke and meditate. As he sat there, he now and then caught little snatches of Miss Matteson's voice, chatting and laughing in the company on the deck above.

After some time spent in leisurely sauntering back and forth, the company stopped almost immediately over his head, and seemed to him to be engaged in rollicksome wit and raillery, when suddenly the form of a woman was precipitated past him and plunged in the water beneath.

The event was peculiarly suited to his mood. Quick as a flash, he threw off his hat and coat, seized the two pairs of life-preservers hanging just inside of his door, and leaped into the water so as to alight a few feet from where the woman had fallen.

Then followed an intensely exciting scene. There was, as usual in such cases, an instantaneous rush of the passengers to the side of the boat, causing her to "kree!" considerably. Then a moment's stupor seemed to ensue, during which every faculty of observation appeared to be on the stretch; but, as soon as the whole situation became apparent, everybody found something to do or to say. The boat was stopped; the yawl was manned and sent off; showers of life-preservers, with which the boat was well supplied, fell around the imperiled woman and the heroic adventurer who had undertaken to save her life; and above, on the hurricane-deck, several strangers had to assist Mr. Selburne in preventing Mr. Matteson from plung-

ing headlong into the river; for it was his daughter that was in peril.

Meantime, Mr. Thorn, rising to the surface after his deep plunge, had glanced rapidly about him and discovered the form he sought a few feet from him, but evidently in the act of sinking again. As he pushed toward her with strong arm, the clamorous cries of direction and encouragement, which had greeted his first rising, ceased entirely, and breathless stillness reigned while he made a few vigorous strokes, caught the senseless, sinking form, turned up the beautiful face from the water which had covered it, and, buoyed by the life-preservers, held it there until the yawl came rapidly up and took his charge and himself on board. Then, when it was seen that the lady was alive and safe, there burst from a hundred lips a loud, thrilling, prolonged shout of mingled joy and acclamation, that thundered over the water and reverberated among the Ohio and Virginia hills.

It was a moment of unspeakable pride and exultation to Mr. Thorn. He felt that he had met with an event which amply repaid him for all the depressing and mortifying experiences of the day. He had saved the life of Miss Matteson; and, however ungenerous and selfish the thought, might be, he could not help reflecting that this solved the problem over which he had been puzzling ever since he got on board of the Clipper.

Miss Matteson was borne to her stateroom and received every needed attention from the lady passengers, besides the medical counsel of a physician who happened to be on board of the boat. It was found that she had not been hurt by the accident; and even the nervous shock did not seem to be greater than that which her father had suffered. In an hour or so both were recruited so much as to engage with some cheer in conversation; and by evening they scarcely noticed the effect of the day's unusual event.

Meantime, Mr. Thorn had retired to his own room immediately after the adventure; and, after changing his clothes, had sat down in seclusion until all par-

ties, himself included, should recover from the excitement, and until the merits of his adventure, and the facts connected with it, should have been canvassed by the commentators.

The canvass disclosed all the important facts in the case. Miss Matteson, in suddenly turning to catch her handkerchief, which was being blown from her hand, had struck her foot against some iron fixtures beside her, and had thus been thrown over the low railing of the deck. The river at the place where she fell was very deep, so that the plunge did not dash her upon the bottom; and, besides, the buoyancy of her clothing prevented her from going down as deep as she would otherwise have gone in falling from such a height.

As for the hero of the occasion, it was ascertained that nobody on board of the boat knew anything about him: even his name had to be obtained from the register. But the modesty and good sense he had evinced by his seclusion were duly appreciated and extolled. The quidnuncs, in their eulogistic ardor, even raised the question whether his after conduct was not as admirable as the strength, skill and daring shown in the adventure itself.

In the evening, however, Mr. Thorn was to be subjected to a still severer test. He was to show whether he had that higher quality, the power of self-possession under calm special scrutiny. The clerk of the boat called upon him in his room. He had come, by request of the formal but grateful Mr. Matteson and his daughter, to ascertain whether Mr. Thorn would allow them an interview, that they might express to him personally their gratitude for his brave and generous act. The clerk's task was not a difficult one: Mr. Thorn was easily persuaded. He would not put the lady nor the old gentleman to any trouble: he did not expect from them the formality of calling upon him. He would see them in the ladies' cabin, and he would be obliged to the clerk for a formal introduction.

By some means all the passengers

learned what was going on, and the event became one of general interest. Perhaps the fact that Mr. Thorn and Miss Matteson "both were young, and one was beautiful," gave special zest to the occasion; for even your prosiest men are fond of a little romance when it comes to them in a natural sort of way. At any rate, all the passengers thronged to witness the meeting of the hero of the day and the young lady whom he had rescued from death.

When Mr. Thorn was introduced to Mr. Matteson, the old gentleman took him by the hand with peculiar emphasis of manner and lavished his thanks profusely; adding in significant tone that he would be happy at any time to render Mr. Thorn any service in his power as a slight expression of his gratitude. To this remark the courteous Mr. Selburne, who, by-the-way, was not at all a rival, added the comment—

"You are probably aware, sir, that Mr. Matteson is a man of large means and extensive influence, so that his proffer is not at all an empty one?"

"Ah, well," interposed Mr. Matteson, modestly; "I do not imagine that I can recompense Mr. Thorn in any way for his generous act. That cannot be done. However, we can feel truly grateful, Mr. Thorn; which I assure you we do."

"Thank you," replied Mr. Thorn. "I am overpaid by your excessive appreciation of my services. I cannot refrain from saying, however, that I was already sufficiently rewarded by the consciousness of having tried to do my duty as a gentleman and a Christian."

"Well, that is a devout as well as chivalrous view of the matter," Mr. Matteson said, thoughtfully. Then, after a moment's pause, he added, abruptly and in another tone of voice, "But excuse me, Mr. Thorn. I am depriving you of the thanks of the young lady you saved. Allow me."

So saying, he took Mr. Thorn by the arm, and, in the old formal but cordial and easy style, he led him to the sofa where Miss Matteson was sitting, and introduced him:

"Mary, this is your deliverer, Mr

Thorn;—my daughter, Miss Matteson, sir."

Miss Matteson received him with easy grace, restrained a little, however, by a remembrance of the whole day's events. She thanked him very feelingly and without any theatrical affectation for her deliverance from a watery grave; and then, as if to give emphasis to her utterances, she proffered him a seat beside her on the sofa and freely entered into conversation with him; during which, however, the demure rogues never once alluded to the romance of the morning.

I promise you that Mr. Thorn lost no caste in that conversation, although conducted under such trying circumstances: portions of the crowd which gathered to witness the introduction lingering for a time at first, and those more courteous, but not less curious, turning afterwards upon the two many a glance of critical observation. They both bore well the crucial test of that eager inspection. Unconsciousness of self, real or apparent, is the surest sign, if not the best result, of true culture.

It is not necessary to detail events which followed. It will answer every purpose to present a scene which occurred the next spring at Mr. Matteson's residence, near Memphis.

Mr. Thorn and Miss Matteson were alone in the parlor. She sat in a luxurious arm-chair, with flushed cheek and downcast eye, and yet with a faint gleam of humor shining through her blushes. He stood beside her, bending slightly

toward her, one hand resting lightly upon her shoulder, the other grasping one of hers, while with ardent eagerness he looked into her face. In response to a question he had just asked, she said,

"I suppose I must say yes, or else be charged with ingratitude;" and she barely glanced up at his face in roguish demureness.

"Well, yes," he responded, catching her half-playful humor, and feeling the freer for it. "I had as lief put it upon that ground as upon any other." And as he said this, he knelt beside her that he might look into her eyes, and that his face might be nearer hers.

"You can never claim anything more than gratitude, then, remember!" she said, as she smoothed back his hair with her unoccupied hand, and looked into his face whole volumes of contradiction to the words she had uttered.

"That is all I shall claim," he replied; but the deceitful varlet at that very moment bent his head forward and took more.

And, so far as words went, there was an end to his question and to its answer. Many a time afterwards, when Miss Matteson had become Mrs. Thorn, she insisted that she had never accepted his proposal. The spirit of his usual response was, that women never say what they mean in love-affairs, except only as they talk with their eyes; and his instances were the scene at Wheeling wharf and the scene in her father's parlor.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ROMAN QUESTION—FENIANISM.

LONDON, December, 1867.

IN this age of ours History travels by steam. Every day, almost every hour, brings with it fresh matter for report and comment. Important events follow each other in such quick succession that to compress in a few pages, month after month, an outline, ever so meagre, of European politics, is enough to overtask the powers of the most expert chronicler. However, it will be my endeavor to do it, in the hope that I shall be allowed the benefit of the maxim, *de minimis non curat prætor*.

Much of what has happened in regard to the Roman question, the grand topic of the past month, is by this time pretty well known to the world. But of the position, the selfish interests and hidden passions which prompted the most conspicuous actors in the drama, something, perhaps, may be said not unworthy the remembrance.

It is strange, assuredly, that one of the results of the haughty assertion of the Monroe Doctrine by the United States should have been to imperil the existence of Italy. Well, such was the case; and the reason is, that the day Napoleon had to withdraw his soldiers from Mexico at the bidding of the great American republic he lost his *prestige*—the main prop of his power in France. He is reported to have said, on the occasion of the Luxembourg quarrel, "Rather a folly than a retreat." In the Mexican expedition he was guilty of both; and if we were to extract out of the saying attributed to him what it contains, we would probably find in it something like the following soliloquy:

My power rests on the fact that, in the eyes of the French people, there is a necessary connection between the maintenance of the Empire and lofty ideas of military glory and national grandeur. Never would the French have suffered

themselves to be brought into bondage had they not been made to believe that, under a Napoleonic rule, they would see the world at their feet. Up to this moment they have been comforted for their humiliation at home by the proud consciousness of their paramount influence abroad. Heavy as their chains are, they have not found them too heavy so long as they have been coaxed into a belief that those chains were of gold; and that belief they had good reason for indulging after the Crimean victories, after the battle of Solferino—when I was giving Lombardy to Victor Emmanuel and creating Italy—when the Queen of England, in compliance with my wishes, was kneeling at Paris before the grave of the martyr of St. Helena—when, a king-maker, I was sending to Mexico an Austrian archduke, instructed by me to represent, on the other side of the Atlantic, the ascendancy of the Latin race—when Europe, awed into fear and silence, was listening to any word fallen from my lips as to a decree of fate. But little now is left of this fine scaffolding. My throne, which seemed to be in the clouds, is at present thought to be in the dust. People look down, instead of looking up to me. The doom of Maximilian showed that my protection was of no avail. The republicans of the White House humbled me. To my patronage Italy was seen to prefer the alliance of a king, my rival. Bismarck made sport of me, even more completely than Cavour had done. Austria, immediately after I had declared my will that she should continue a great German power, was driven, as it were, out of Germany at the point of the bayonet. The Prussian conqueror threw me into the shade. Even the Italians made light of me by marching on Venice, which I had received from Austria, and which they knew I was going to hand over to them. In fine, a very insignificant recti-

fiction of frontier, sought for as a means of soothing the wounded feelings of France, was disdainfully refused by Prussia, at the very moment she was so enlarging her dominions as to threaten the safety of my own. What will become of me and my dynasty if I fall back over and over again? How shall I keep my hold of the French when there will be nothing to indemnify them for the loss of their liberties—when the external as well as the internal policy will be to them a source of humiliation? Raised to power by a pretorian revolution, how shall I remain master of the army if I leave off pandering to its first want—promotion; to its ruling passion—glory? Rather a folly than a retreat.

That these are the thoughts which worry Napoleon's mind is proved by his conduct towards Italy. Having been brought low by Prussia, and still more so by the great American republic, he was obviously on the lookout for an opportunity to show the force of his arm and to meet the accusation of tameness.

Unfortunately, the opportunity offered by the events of Italy was one at the same time most tempting and most deceitful. To strike the weak is not the way to be acquitted of the charge of truckling to the strong.

Moreover, who was to be blamed for the disturbances which served to color with a somewhat specious pretext the interference of the French ruler? Why, he, and he alone.

Let any one who doubts it look back to the causes. When Napoleon III. determined to go to war with Austria for the sake of Italy, his object was not to lay the foundations of a united Italian kingdom. The idea, coming from him, would have been simply preposterous; his policy being avowedly leveled at the destruction of the barriers which the treaties of 1815 had raised around France, in order to imprison, so to speak, her ambition, which was considered restless. He aimed merely, as was shown by his subsequent conduct, at the substitution of the French for the Austrian influence in Italy. He thought he might, if rendered master of the situation by

victory, establish on the other side of the Alps a confederation, with the Pope for honorary president and himself for supreme protector. Here I must beg leave to open a parenthesis.—Worshippers of success, thoughtless readers of the *Times*, and servile simpletons are all agreed that Napoleon III. is a far-seeing statesman, whose will is made of iron and whose wisdom is unequalled. It would be quite superfluous to invite their attention to the facts above stated; to remind them, for example, of that Mexican expedition so wantonly undertaken, so foolishly carried out, and crowned by a disaster of unparalleled magnitude: they are bent on admiring whatever their lucky hero may do or undo, say or unsay. If he steps forward, how bold he is! If backward, how prudent! A mysterious, deep meaning underlies his utterances, still more his silence. The bare truth, however, is, that resoluteness and foresight are *not* among the qualities of the present Emperor of the French. It is even worth noticing that no prince ever dropped so many incautious words as that potentate whose taciturnity is so much commended: witness the famous definition of the Empire: "The Empire is peace," followed by a war, and the no less famous declaration, "Italy must be free from the Alps to the Adriatic," followed by the treaty of Villafranca. Certain it is that the first expedition to Italy, in 1859, originated, on the part of Napoleon, in a total want of foresight. The fact of the Italians clamoring for unity after the battle of Solferino took him by surprise. Then, and not till then, did he perceive his mistake. Then, and not till then, was he made aware that the construction put by the Italians upon his unheeded saying, "Italy must be free from the Alps to the Adriatic," went far beyond the meaning he had intended to convey. The treaty of Villafranca in July, 1859, the peace of Zurich in October, were nothing but efforts to stop the car he had put in motion. But it was too late. The gift of Lombardy to Piedmont served only to increase that longing for unity which had taken hold of the people, and Garibaldi did not ask

leave, in 1860, to conquer two kingdoms and to give them to Victor Emmanuel.

But a link was missing in the chain—the most important one: Rome had to be snatched from the Pope. This, therefore, Napoleon tried to prevent, once for all, by the Convention of September, which transferred the capital of Italy from Turin to Florence, and made it obligatory upon Victor Emmanuel not only to refrain from any attack on Rome, but to put down any attempt from without tending in that direction.

The wisdom of the French ruler was, of course, extolled to the skies. The friends of Italy so far mistook the aim of the Convention as to see in the removal of the court of Victor Emmanuel to Florence a step towards Rome; the clerical party, on the other hand, although half-satisfied, rejoiced at the inviolability of the temporal power being, after all, solemnly asserted; and Napoleon thought he might congratulate himself upon having effectually thwarted the unity of Italy—unattainable without Rome—whilst saving the crown of the Pope-King, in accordance with the principle of the monarchical masonry.

A more glaring error it would be difficult to conceive. On the part of the Italians, the longing after Rome was by no means an artificial feeling: it sprang from the very nature of things, and was therefore likely to be stimulated to the utmost by being opposed. A very ludicrous process, that of pouring oil into the fire with a view to put it out! But the height of absurdity was to bind Victor Emmanuel to the impossible task of defending Rome against his own subjects, and, one might say, against himself! Could anything be better calculated to render his rule hateful, sap his popularity, undermine his throne? Of all the means of securing Rome to the Pope, the worst, certainly, was to afford to the revolutionary party—the only one determined to have Rome at any price—the opportunity of coming forward as the sole upholder of the national cause. The Convention of September could have no other result than to estrange the Italian people from Victor Emman-

uel, whom Napoleon meant to support, and to throw it into the arms of Garibaldi, whom Napoleon meant to crush. Would not the Emperor of the French have foreseen all this, were he the far-seeing statesman whom the *Times*, when in an ecstatic mood, holds out to the admiration of mankind?

It will perhaps be said that, far from being blind to the result just pointed out, the Emperor wanted it, so that he should be enabled to interfere again, destroy the Garibaldian party, have Italy more completely in his grasp, and show that the unity of Italy, coupled with her independence, could lead to nothing but an Iliad of anarchy and confusion. But then he would have coolly meditated the project of undoing his own work, of proclaiming the utter uselessness of his past victories, of overthrowing the throne he had so much contributed to erect, of oppressing by means of French rifles the nation he had enfranchised with French blood, and of changing into violent enmity the gratitude owed by the Italians to the people who fought and bled by their side at Solferino!

Consequently, on no ground can the Convention of September be vindicated: it was either merely absurd, or both absurd and immoral. In any case, it could not fail to have the dismal consequences which the recent events of Italy have brought to light.

However, the moment Rome was threatened by the Garibaldini, the Italian government was hemmed in by a frightful dilemma. Was Victor Emmanuel to act in strict obedience to the Convention of September, set up as myrmidon of the Pope, and affront his own people? Was he to act, on the contrary, in defiance of Napoleon and run the risk of a war, the certain result of which was destruction? The first arrest of Garibaldi at Sinalunga, on his way to the Papal frontier, seemed to show that Rattazzi had made up his mind to take the less dangerous course. But this was not altogether the case, and the permission given to the illustrious prisoner to return to Caprera pointed to a policy somewhat similar to that which Cavour

had so successfully adopted. And, indeed, what Cavour had achieved, Ratazzi thought himself justified in attempting. Whilst he was assuring the French chargé d'affaires at Florence, M. La Villetteux, that everything had been done to prevent the invasion of the Papal States,* information was given to the French chargé d'affaires at Rome that the Italian authorities kept only a sham watch: several detachments, numbering about two hundred men each, had crossed the frontier; theirs were soldiers' muskets; in many a town, and particularly at Orvieto, volunteers were openly enrolled, and the Garibaldini were led by men invested with public functions in Italy.†

That Ratazzi kept fair with the advanced party, and secretly connived at the escape of Garibaldi from Caprera, appears certain; and there is no doubt he knew beforehand what would be the immediate consequences of Garibaldi's escape. The volunteers, with renewed eagerness, flocked to the frontier; ardent youths, unable to master their impatience, went straight on with blind determination, and, being beaten back and broken by the Pontifical Zouaves, took refuge behind the line of the royal troops.

The object of Ratazzi in secretly allowing the Revolution to spring up is obvious. He aimed, like Cavour, at making a cat's-paw of Garibaldi: he had no objection to a storm of a nature to give the regular Italian army a fair opportunity to proceed to Rome in the name of Victor Emmanuel, and to take possession of it, as if to save the Vatican from the desperate attempts of the revolutionary bands, and for that purpose only. So, the Convention of September, while apparently observed by the Italian government, would have been virtually destroyed; fresh arrangements would have become indispensable; and in the work of diplomatically settling the question, Italy would have enjoyed all the benefits of the "accomplished fact."

Nor had Ratazzi wholly miscalculated his cards in thinking that the republican character of the Garibaldian movement would make it all the more easy for him to win, by awaking the monarchical fears of Napoleon, and so inducing him to accept the situation. The better to spread the opinion that the throne of Victor Emmanuel was as much in danger as the temporal power of the Pope, a band was organized which consisted of conservative volunteers, loyal patriots, Italian noblemen: they were put under the command of an officer of the regular army, and sent across the frontier, at the expense of the government, to proclaim at Orte the dictature of Victor Emmanuel in opposition to the Red Shirts, and to shout at the top of their lungs, Long live the King! Meanwhile, Ratazzi took great care to inform the Emperor of the French, through M. Nigra, that the Italian republicans were rapidly gaining ground. Should they be suffered to say that they alone proudly represented the national feeling—that they alone had it in their power to complete the unity of Italy? Should monarchy, on the other side of the Alps, be left to die—to die an ignominious death? There was but one means of warding off the danger: Victor Emmanuel should be permitted to go to Rome without delay.

Napoleon was then at Biarritz. On hearing of this, he said, according to a report which I have every reason to believe is accurate: "That is a serious matter. The Italian government is bound to fulfill its engagements, both to the Pope and to France. As for me, I remain at Biarritz." These oracular words were, it seems, construed by Ratazzi into leave given to go ahead. He fancied the game was at last in his hand. Unhappily, Victor Emmanuel did not feel sure that Napoleon would wink at the occupation of Rome by the Italian troops. Moreover, being one of those catholic sinners whose sins render them all the more anxious about their eternal salvation, he was in no hurry to strike at the Pope. He hesitated. Twenty-four hours elapsed. In the mean time, a

* "Yellow Book"—Despatch of the 9th of October, 1867.

† Ibid.—Despatch of the 26th of October.

council had been held at St. Cloud, and it had been resolved to send an army to Rome. On receiving the fatal news, Ratazzi was not a little disconcerted: still, he strove to stand firm at his quarters, and, probably relying on Bismarck's assistance, advised the King to take up the glove. The King proved incapable of holding stoutly, telegraphed his submission to Paris, and summoned Cialdini to his councils. There was an end of the schemes of Ratazzi and of his administration.

It must be admitted that his policy had been that of a trimmer. But is he the only one to be blamed for it? Had not the Convention of September placed the Italian government between two precipices? Ratazzi had attempted a middle course: true; but had he not to grapple with two difficulties almost equally formidable? Could he, without setting Italy at defiance, treat with unsparing and uncompromising harshness men whose only crime was a passionate love of their country, and who went forward with a whole nation behind them?

That it was so is proved beyond doubt by the fact, that Garibaldi, after his escape from Caprera, visited Florence on the 22d of October, was enthusiastically welcomed by the people, concluded a public speech by the stirring cry, "Rome or death," and left the capital by special train to go to Rome or die.

Every one knows the sequel of the lamentable drama.

Cialdini did not succeed in forming a ministry.

General Menabrea was called to the helm, and, on the 27th of October, countersigned a royal proclamation ordering the Italian volunteers to retire beyond the line of the royal troops.

On the 29th, the flag of France was flying over the port of Civita Vecchia.

On the 30th, Menabrea, who had announced that, in the event of the French troops landing at Civita Vecchia, he would consider the Convention of September at an end and march an Italian army across the frontier, kept his word, expressing the hope that a joint occupation would be allowed.

On the 2d of November the answer of Napoleon was, that he had ordered a hundred thousand men to enter the Papal States.

On the 3d, Garibaldi, who, a few days before, had overthrown the Papal Zouaves at Monte Rotondo, was attacked by them and a regular French brigade: a fierce contest ensued; the raw and undisciplined insurrectionary bands fought splendidly, but, forsaken by the regular forces of their own country, they were mowed down by the Chassepot rifle—a newly-invented weapon which, to use General De Failly's language, "did wonders!"

On the 5th, Garibaldi, whom, when the day was lost, some of his soldiers had enclosed, borne off his feet and carried by force to Terni, was arrested by command of the King and sent to Spezzia.

On the 6th, Victor Emmanuel, obeying a foreign behest and drinking the cup of humiliation to the dregs, ordered his troops to repass the frontier. He had only the unhappy choice either of dying or being unworthy to live: he made the choice to be expected of a King.

Thus has Italy been trampled under foot by the very man who boasted to have called her into existence!

What were his motives? He was anxious to please the priests, whom he little respects, but fears; to uphold the Pope, in whom he does not believe, but whose temporal power he considers, as his uncle did, to be the corner-stone of the monarchical fabric; to crush Garibaldi, his deadly foe; to get rid of the republican party, his great danger; to regain his prestige by an apparently bold stroke.

Has he compassed his ends? No. Priestly ambition is insatiable. Priests will not take him to be their friend before he consents to be their slave. Papacy is doomed as a temporal power. Is the situation of the Holy See changed, as regards the historical and permanent causes by which that situation has been engendered? Has the Chassepot rifle, by "doing wonders," reconciled Popedom with liberty? Has Italy ceased to covet Rome? Are the interests of the

Pope no longer at variance with those of the nation which surrounds him? Does not the necessity of sending from abroad so many soldiers to save him show that he has no vitality of his own? A representative man, Garibaldi had no other power than that which was imparted to him by the idea he represents; and that idea being proof against the Chassepot rifle, his power remains unimpaired. The way in which his devotion has been rewarded and his services have been requited by the monarch to whom he gave two kingdoms has made him more than ever the idol of the people. He is henceforth the real King of Italy—a king whose throne is in a prison. Far from having been put down, the republicans in Italy have got the upper hand, because it is now evident that they were right when they said, "Friends, beware of princes and diplomats: do not imagine that your king is your country; remember that dynastic interests and national interests are seldom the same thing; your honor is, indeed, yours: do not let any one but yourselves take care of it." As for the Imperial prestige, it is all over with it, not only in spite of the last expedition, but on account of it. Was it necessary that Victor Emmanuel should kneel down to Napoleon, to make it known that, in her present state, Italy was no match for France? Napoleon has succeeded in intimidating France; but has he as much as tried to intimidate the United States? Has he intimidated Prussia? The despatches of Mr. Seward, insisting on the withdrawal of the French troops from Mexico, have not, so far as I know, been dealt with as contemptuously as those of Victor Emmanuel's ministers, crying for mercy! The strict observance of the Convention of September has been enforced; but has the strict observance of the treaty of Prague been enforced too?

The undying hatred of a nation whose alliance would have made him stronger against Prussia, and will now make Prussia stronger against him,—this is all he has got for his trouble. The winner is Bismarck.

I cannot, from want of space, touch upon each of the topics of the month. Two of them only—the proposed conference of the European powers for the settlement of the Roman difficulty, and the Abyssinian expedition—are of no ordinary importance; but these being questions still in the clouds, there is no need of dealing with them *hic et nunc*. I will therefore content myself with briefly alluding to a fact which, as I conceive, is not unlikely to leave in every heart a deep and lasting impression.

On Saturday, the 23d November, at Manchester, early in the morning, three men, Allen, Larkin and Gould, were hanged.

What crime had they committed? They were Irish, and they had loved Ireland "not wisely, but too well." On the 18th of September, be it remembered, at Manchester, outside the town, forty armed Fenians assailed the police for the purpose of rescuing from them two Fenian leaders, Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasy. The prison-van was stopped and broken open; the horses were killed and the policemen overpowered, after a hard fight; Sergeant Brett was shot in the head; the prisoners were set at liberty.

Of the murder of Sergeant Brett, Allen was guilty. Larkin and Gould had murdered nobody; but they had been foremost among the assailants, and they were provided with weapons. The three men were equally hanged, although their sympathizers had left nothing undone to save them. A few days before the execution, a deputation had repaired to the Home Secretary, in the hope of obtaining a commutation of the sentence; and, being refused admittance, had launched out into abuse. Two days after, a numerous meeting was held in Clerkenwell, and a second deputation sent, not this time to the minister, but to the Queen herself, for an appeal to mercy. The answer was, that the petition could not be received unless presented through the responsible minister. It was then resolved that, in order to express the sorrowful feeling which the intended execution was sure to awake, a funeral pro-

cession should take place. Even in the House of Commons the voice of mercy was heard. Moreover, the Marchioness of Queensberry wrote to the convicts a touching letter, in which she called them "My dear friends," sending them at the same time a cheque for three hundred pounds, to be distributed among their relatives, "with the assurance that as long as I live they shall be cared for to the utmost of my power."

Ineffectual were the exertions, fruitless the marks of sympathy. The gallows was groaning for its prey. The government, trembling to appear to tremble, had come to the conclusion that they must be implacable. Well, they have had their own way. Three unknown men have been transformed by the executioner into historical personages—into martyrs whose memory Ireland will hereafter revere as much as she reveres the memory of Wolfe Tone and Robert Emmett. "My race is run. The grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. Let no man write my epitaph. When my country takes her place among the nations of earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written." These were the last words which Robert Emmett spoke. Who can tell the number of those who have been made Fenians by the sole remembrance of that young man, whose character was so noble, whose life was so pure, and who died for Ireland as a devoted child would for his mother?

And now mark how human justice is liable to error, and what it is to invest a judge *who is not infallible* with the tremendous power of inflicting a punishment *which is irreversible*! Two men, Maguire and Shore, had been sentenced to death together with Allen, Larkin and Gould: they also had been found guilty; they also had vainly struggled against what was considered overwhelming evidence; they also were doomed to perish on the scaffold. Yet it so happened that Shore was reprieved and that Maguire was *pardoned*, a more searching scrutiny having brought to light the innocence of the latter. It makes one shudder to

think that Allen, Larkin and Gould have been hanged on the same evidence deemed insufficient to hang Maguire and Shore.

But let that pass. The public force had been assailed, society disturbed, the law violated, and an attempt of this kind could not remain unpunished. But why apply to the executioner? Does not the duty of pondering the motives form part of justice? Let the advocates of capital punishment say what they will; let them call scoundrels and malefactors those Irishmen whom England "has not yet taught to find a common country in an United Kingdom:" mankind will never admit that those are crimes deserving the most ignominious and cruel of all punishments which originate in frantic patriotism and misguided devotion.

I know that for these last forty years England has endeavored to be just to Ireland. But what has been the result? Are not the Irish the most unfortunate people on the surface of the earth? Is not their creed outraged by the iniquitous privileges and the wealth of a Church which represents a foreign and rival creed? Is not the Irish land held by men whose opulence tells the half-famished cultivators the mournful tale of how and by whom their ancestors were dispossessed? Even supposing Ireland could overlook the present, can she forget the past? Is such an effort to be expected of an ardent race, exceptionally sensitive, and much less ruled by reasoning than by imagination? The crime of Allen, Larkin and Gould had not a political character, according to some organs of the English press. Just so: it was not a political but a national crime, not so heinous on that account.

The day before the execution I read an *Appeal to England*, by A. C. Swinburne, a young poet of great genius. I remember the following lines:

"Lo, how fair from afar,
Taintless of tyranny, stands
Thy mighty daughter, for years,
Who trode the wine-press of war;
Shines with immaculate hands;
Slays not a foe, neither fears;
Stains not peace with a scar."

RISTORI AS MARIE ANTOINETTE.

WROTE Mercier, during the French Revolution: "They say that a Russian poet is manufacturing tragedies out of all the royalty that ever was dethroned: it requires three thousand years or leagues of distance to exalt and render affecting that which, passing before our eyes, inspires but light and transitory emotions." Mercier was right. While the Russian poet saw in Marie Antoinette a heroine worthy of immortality, France proclaimed her "a scourge" and "a leech," a "new Agrippina," an "arch-tigresse," a "profligate dripping with French blood." "She is an Austrian wolf," cried one; "*Une chienne d'Autriche*," cried another. Marat dipped his pen in gall and branded "Madame Veto," alias "Madame Deficit," with every vice known to criminal records; while that just republican, Prud'homme, made haste to write, "All the crimes committed before and after the Revolution are the work of Marie Antoinette. Her impure blood will not suffice to wash out all her wickedness. But the French people have at least taught a great lesson. They have given a great example of justice, that sooner or later must find imitators in neighboring nations. There must come the fine day when all despots of both sexes, like unto Capet and his widow, will leave their heads upon the scaffold." Verily was the French Revolution "a truth clad in hell-fire," and the father of all lies was at the bottom of it. Mercier was twice right. The sublime dignity that the Russian poet discerned hundreds of leagues away now bursts upon the world at the end, not of three thousand, but of seventy-four years, and Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette stand side by side with the purest of earth's martyrs. Their cause was not the best, but royalty could not have had a nobler death.

And now, while the Empress Eugenie performs a loving and a pious duty by

collecting the relics of Marie Antoinette at *Le Petit Trianon*; while Louisa Mühlbach repeats the sad story in a slipshod historical romance, the only virtue of which lies in an occasional glimpse of truth; while Sainte-Beuve and Von Arneth devote their best talents to a vindication of the Martyr Queen; while Feuillet de Conches and Von Sybel argue over the authenticity of certain letters attributed to her; and Monsieur Geffroy revives her memory in his writings of revolutionary France, Ristori comes to America and wears the crown of thorns that once glorified the brows of "the King Maria Theresa's" daughter. She is worthy of it. Marie Antoinette lives and dies again.

Strange that France and England should be indebted to an Italian dramatist for the only portraits of Marie Antoinette and Elizabeth now exhibited on the stage! In fact, France has never dared to touch the epoch of 1789, and England has made but one attempt in this direction. In 1794, George M. Hunter essayed a tragedy baptized "Louis and Antoinette," which was, however, never acted, nor is anything good about it known. Queen Elizabeth has been more popular with playwrights, there being recorded no less than five plays founded on the life or times of the Virgin Queen. First comes the anonymous tragedy of "Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire; or, The Troubles of Queen Elizabeth," never dated and never acted.

The year 1606 sees the birth of Thomas Heywood's marvelous play, in two parts, of "If you Know not Me, you Know Nobody; or, The Troubles of Queen Elizabeth," the second part containing the building of the Royal Exchange and the famous victory of 1588. Then follows Banks' "puling tragedy" of "The Unhappy Favorite; or, The Earl of Essex," wherein Mrs. Barry is said to have represented Elizabeth so truthfully that the people of her time learned more of

their former sovereign from her personation than from history. Banks is also responsible for the tragedy of "The Island Queens; or, The Death of Mary, Queen of Scots," written in 1684, and finally produced upon the stage by gracious permission of Queen Anne. This tragedy was reprinted in 1704, under the name of "The Albion Queens," with Wilks, Booth, Mrs. Oldfield and Mrs. Porter in the cast. It is related of Mrs. Porter, who, although lame, assumed the rôle of Elizabeth, that, after signing Mary Stuart's death-warrant, she expressed such characteristic vehemence in the manner in which she struck the stage with her cane, that the audience became wild with delight.

Still later, Henry Brooke acknowledges the paternity of "The Earl of Essex," a tragedy acted at Drury Lane between the years 1761 and 1778. We are told that it is characterized by spirited and energetic language, and succeeded in banishing its rivals from the stage. Nothing daunted, however, Edmund John Eyre, in 1799, brings forth a three-act historical play, entitled "The Discarded Secretary; or, The Mysterious Chorus," the scene of which is laid in the time of Queen Elizabeth. In revenge for being deprived of office, Secretary Davison is supposed to connect himself with a party of Catholic priests and to attempt the murder of Elizabeth at Tilbury Fort. The Mysterious Chorus proceeds from a subterranean apartment, wherein Mass is being celebrated contrary to law. The dénouement is purely fanciful, Davison reforming after being pardoned. "Altogether, a poor performance," declares Baker in his *Biographia Dramatica*.

Therefore, although we can reckon up one tragedy touching upon Marie Antoinette, that died before it was born, and five plays inspired by the Elizabethan age, not one of which had sufficient vitality to attain its majority, we can honestly turn to Giacommetti and honor him for being the first to successfully develop the "rich possibilities" of wonderfully fine dramatic material. To deny his exceeding cleverness as a playwright

is unfair, for any writer who can make history live again, while surrounding it with such possible, if not probable, incidents as to produce the amount of dramatic effect necessary for theatrical representation, is entitled to very great respect. Dramatists are of many kinds. There is the poet *sang pur*, like Robert Browning, who can be read in the closet with delight, but who would be seen on the stage with dismay. There are the half poets and half dramatists, like Voltaire, Corneille, Racine, Alfieri and Schiller, who depend upon the genius of their interpreters for sufferance within the theatre. There is the whole poet and whole dramatist—Shakespeare—who is master of the human heart, whether it beat in solitude or in unison with a multitude. There is the dramatist, like Boucicault, who deals almost entirely in sensation. Finally, there is the dramatist who seeks to place thrilling facts upon the stage, and instruct while he entertains. Of this last class there are very few; among these few Giacommetti's name should be enrolled. To assert, because the Italian's dramas are nothing to literature, that they are not good plays, is palpably untrue. The first requisite of a play is to be playable. If, in addition, it be a fine poem, so much the better; but as there is nothing in the world more difficult to write than a truly *great* play, we no more expect a second Shakespeare than we expect a second Michael Angelo or Beethoven. Compared with his contemporaries, Giacommetti is a dramatist of unusual ability. Possessing an excellent idea of stage effect, he commands attentive interest from the first act to the last. Aiming more at the delineation of character than at plot, he conscientiously works out the former in a series of pictures so true to nature that the disregard of the unities is not felt to be a fault. His dialogue is clever and to the point, and his climaxes are artistic. To have succeeded in drawing such vivid likenesses of Elizabeth, Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. as to make history a present reality, and to give thought an impetus in the direction of these

characters, is no small task. The power to do this thing is even rare; else why are there not other Giacommettis? To award all glory to Ristori for her creation of these two queens, and to accord nothing to the dramatist, is an injustice of which we do not care to be guilty. He fashions the clay into human form: she endows it with a soul. A soul without a body avails little in this world. Surely, then, the latter is not to be despised.

Of the two dramas, Elizabeth and Marie Antoinette, the former is undoubtedly the better work of art, notwithstanding that it takes greater liberties with facts and makes a dandy of Lord Bacon. The material gives Giacommetti a better opportunity for light and shade, and admits of a gradual *crescendo*, culminating in a death-scene, in which the artist takes infinite delight, for the reason that Elizabeth appeals in no way to sympathy. Consequently the head can enjoy without laceration of the heart. Pure admiration is the feeling excited by the agonies of the Virgin Queen. No one sheds tears over her death. Marie Antoinette, on the contrary, appeals directly to one's sensibilities; and, far from enjoying her misfortunes, the audience suffer with her, and leave the theatre oppressed with horror. Much truer to history than Elizabeth, a wonderfully faithful transcript not only of persons, but of the times, portions of the dialogue being taken verbatim from history, light and shade and gradual increase of interest become an impossibility. Marie Antoinette is a monochrome, because it cannot be anything else and remain true to its name. If the excitement of the play ebb and flow as did the Revolution itself, leaving Marie Antoinette alone in her misery in the final scene of all, surely Giacommetti is not to blame. What we desire is the story of this unfortunate Queen, and in order to that we must accept unending tragedy and saddest of tears. Correct in the essential points of his drama, Giacommetti takes certain liberties which perhaps it would have been as well to avoid. To introduce Lafayette at court in the uniform of the United States as

late as the year 1786, while he is in command of the Royal Dragoons, is a ministering to the popular applause of America to which it was not worth while to descend. Nor is the somewhat boasting language of the Marquis throughout the play exactly in keeping with his known character; and to make him in love with Marie Antoinette, in accordance with a faint tradition to which little credence is given, takes away from the dignity of a man who is very dear to American history. Equally unnecessary was it to make Louis, and not his Queen, the advocate of Mirabeau, when it is well known that Marie Antoinette was the first to appreciate Mirabeau's intellect and to sympathize with his consolidation plans. Her interview with him, therefore, loses in interest, for her noble salutation to her former enemy finds no place in the drama. "With a foe of ordinary capacity," said the Queen—"with an everyday enemy—I should now be guilty of a very foolish, a very injudicious step; but with a Mirabeau!" By this speech we understand Mirabeau's enthusiasm for the daughter of Maria Theresa, and why Mirabeau kissed her hand as he took his departure from the garden of St. Cloud, exclaiming, "Madame, the monarchy is saved!" Marie Antoinette did not hesitate to tell Madame Campan that she was delighted with Mirabeau; yet in the drama her disgust is ill-concealed, notwithstanding which he too is supposed to be enamored of her. It is as well that this scene has not been played since the first night in New York.

Marie Antoinette's protestations of friendship for America from the beginning of our Revolution are hardly in accordance with fact, though later she did crown Franklin with flowers, and finally wrote of Lafayette, copying the lines from an old play—

"Why talk of youth,
When all the ripe experience of the old
Dwells with him? * * * * *
* * * * * Still before my eyes
I place his bright example, for I love
His lofty courage and his prudent thought:
Gifted like him, a warrior has no age."

Untrue, too, is the supposition that the Queen originated the flight to Va-

rennes, which is made to immediately succeed the signing of the constitution, when really the constitution was not signed until after the flight. The other departures from fact are such as the dramatist is fully entitled to make: for example, the introduction of Malesherbes in the King's room the night previous to his execution, causing him to be the bearer of messages from Louis to his family; bringing Robespierre face to face with Marie Antoinette, and separating the Queen from her son the morning of the King's death, instead of allowing months to pass by,—all this is justifiable; and when it is known that Giacometti wrote this drama in the short space of three months, his fidelity to history becomes the more remarkable.

Opening with a prologue representing the state of the court in 1786, after the "unutterable business of the diamond necklace," Lafayette and brave old Malesherbes are discovered—Malesherbes, who plead for Louis when there were none to do the King reverence, and whose life paid for his loyalty. It is a sensible conversation, theirs, on the condition of France and royalty, interrupted by General-Comptroller Calonne, "Nonpareil Calonne," "truly a man of incredible facility; facile action, facile elocution, facile thought;" who had "the genius for Persuading," says Carlyle; "beyond all things for Borrowing;" who was adored by women, and who flattered instead of instructing the Queen. "If what your Majesty ask is but difficult, it is done: if it is impossible, it *shall* be done;" and thus encouraged, Her Majesty goes onward to ruin. Calonne fears to awake the lioness, and therefore humors her. But here come Madame Elizabeth, that angelic woman whose virtues did not save her from the embraces of Dame Guillotine; the Princess Lamballe, "Oh worthy of worship, thou king-descended, God-descended, and poor sister woman!" victim of diabolic outrage for having been born a Bourbon, and, worse, for having loved the Queen; Caron de Beaumarchais, "The Giant Smuggler," watchmaker, financier, mu-

sician, author, publisher, who wrote the "Marriage of Figaro" and indulged in matrimonomania; faithful Duke de Brissac, who was assassinated at Versailles in 1792, and whose head adorned the gate of the chateau. Lords and ladies follow in goodly number, and, last named though first, there comes the Queen! Surely Ristori is the "counterfeit presentment" of Marie Antoinette. There is the proud Austrian mouth and chin, the aquiline nose, the flashing eyes, the "dark blonde hair," the coiffure "a foot and a half high"—almost; and such a toilette as the Queen ne'er rivaled in her gayest moods. It is Marie Antoinette as she sips for the last time from pleasure's cup. And how beautiful is Ristori's comedy! She is natural, wayward, expansive, careless of etiquette, and sarcastic even; yet, after tormenting Lafayette, she can give her hand to him with an enchanting smile, and a moment later prove her goodness of heart by taking two young officers under her protection. Monsignor the Count of Provence, the Bourbon Cain, enters and throws down the apple of discord. Thoughtless Marie Antoinette! we do not know whether her despair is greatest at being told that the King must popularize the monarchy, or that a suspension of her private theatricals is contemplated. But the King is announced! Unfortunate Louis XVI., who, once called "the Desired," is now "the unhappiest of human solecisms;" who loved France better than his life; "the best King in the world to accomplish an honest revolution"—the worst in the world to follow where sans-culotteism led! Even now he wavers. Marie Antoinette is stronger than he—"the only man in the court," said Mirabeau—and one by one his objections to the representation of Beaumarchais' "Marriage of Figaro" are overcome. She is impulsive, is the Queen, and tears come while she bitterly repels the report of calumnies brought to her by the King. Do what she may, Paris will condemn her; so she despises her maligners and gangs her ain gait, yet weeps when Louis calls her "Poor Marie Antoinette!" and

thanks him with a loving, womanly glance. Louis retires, promising to appear at The Trianon before the play is over; and Marie, left a moment to herself, is overcome with grief at the recollection of the diamond necklace. But quick! there is no time for reflection: the King's comedians surround her, and defiantly she promises superb toilettes and a sumptuous supper, even at the risk of having it called an orgy by the morrow. It is her last defiance, daringly said, with a spirit that makes one shudder for her future. "Ill-advised Marie Antoinette! With a woman's vehemence, not with a sovereign's foresight—so natural, yet so unwise." "To The Trianon!" she cries, and rushes on to her doom.

Three years of toil and trouble—of royal vacillation and sans-culotte frenzy—transpire ere the curtain rises upon the dawn of October 5th, 1789—that memorable day never to be forgotten by Versailles. There, in the balcony chamber where Louis XIV. died, sits Marie Antoinette, surrounded by the Dauphin, Madame Royale and Madame Campan, that faithful friend who lived to write the memoirs of her royal mistress. It is a charming picture, this, full of domestic love and beauty.

"Tell me, my little Dauphin," asks the Queen, "why do you recite your lesson on your knees?"

"Because I can see you better," replies the appreciative and chivalrous grandson of Maria Theresa.

Who would not kneel to gaze into Ristori's noble and beautiful face, made doubly attractive by the exquisite toilette of crimson silk and white satin that, with wig and crimson velvet cap, set off her head and figure to wonderful advantage? Best and handsomest in whatever she does last, we long to paint her in every costume, that the "moonlight of our memory" may never pale with time.

Very loving is this royal family, in spite of that "ugly lady, Madame Etiquette, who has no heart," Madame Royale declares. We have seen few prettier scenes than when Marie Antoi-

nette is embraced by her children, who call her "mother" for the first time. But Madame Elizabeth enters, and the little ones are sent to play upon the terrace that the Queen regards with superstitious awe; for was it not there that the people defiled before her at the birth of the first Dauphin? and amid the gay throng were there not gravediggers bearing funeral emblems, and did not women carry a man's heart in the middle of a bouquet of white pinks? Did that heart presage the death of the Queen's first-born? or was it the dead heart of monarchy? Who knows? Three years have wrought a change in Marie Antoinette. "I am no longer frivolous and vain, but the daughter of Maria Theresa." Ristori looks the words she utters. She starts with surprise as drums announce Louis' unexpected return from the hunt: her fears are realized when, left alone with his Queen, the King upbraids her for having fraternized with the Flemish Guards at the recent supper at The Trianon. "It would be better did the Queen of France forget Vienna," he mutters bitterly. Cut to the quick, poor Marie replies, "Sire, then you too believe with the rest that I am—Austrian?" No; Louis fears the slanders of Marat on her account only, and, forgetting the King, becomes the husband in the expression of a love that brings tears to Marie's eyes.

Alas! royalty has no time to be human. Malesherbes awaits an interview, and it is granted; but brave Malesherbes, bent with the weight of seventy years, talks to little purpose. He would have Necker retained. "What, Necker!" cries the Queen, starting up as though she had been stung by an asp; "Necker, creator of the States General! he who has slaughtered monarchy?" It is useless. Faithful Malesherbes is wiser than his masters, and sadly takes his leave.

"Necker shall not remain: rather Mirabeau," says the King.

"Mirabeau?" protests Marie Antoinette, with astonishment and indignation. "He whose soul is pocked worse than his face?" That queenly ire gradually

subsides, however, as Mirabeau's latest deeds in favor of monarchy are recounted, and there is even gratified vanity and much satisfaction expressed on her countenance when Mirabeau's praise of her intellect and courage is repeated by Louis. Aye, the proud Queen forgets his former sarcasms, and with insinuating address proposes that she, rather than the King, should meet the man whose "art of daring" makes him the supreme power of the Revolution. He was a marquis, too—"pas populacière"—and could be tolerated.

No more of Mirabeau. Here comes the Count of Provence, much flustered because the "Friend of the People," that he holds in his hands, contains a vile attack upon his august sister. "Let me see it," she says; and would seize the lying journal, but Louis interposes. Provence is felt to be a traitor, perhaps the instigator of the lie. "Leave me," says the King, with right royal dignity, and then dares to show the agitation of a man and husband as he repeats Marat's scandalous report of Marie's innocent appearance at the Guards' supper. Outraged virtue, indignation, terror overcome the Queen, who gasps forth, "But you, Sire—you do not believe Marat?"

"I? no; but the *people* believe him."

Frantically, Marie asks if there be no longer protection from assassins. "The descendant of Henry IV. should know how to mount his horse and brandish the sword of his ancestors," she declares with tremendous energy.

"Look at Charles First," replies the King, seizing her hand and pointing to Vandyke's portrait of that unhappy monarch. "Do you know where he urged his horses? To the scaffold of Whitehall." Ah, this is too much. Marie Antoinette's courage is no more. "In God's name be silent!" she murmurs, and, terror-stricken, gazes at the painted warning. It is a great picture, this of the agonized king and queen. But hark! the sound of many voices is heard. Nearer and nearer it approaches. Can it be the 14th of July, 1786, over again? Malesherbes returns in consternation. They are coming! Santerre,

"the sonorous brewer from the faubourg St. Antoine," leading thousands upon thousands of sans-culottes and fish-women. The Count de Provence, Duke de Brissac, guards and courtiers flock around the royal pair. "My children! where are my children?" is the Queen's oft-repeated and frenzied cry. They come at last, and clasping them to her bosom, she falls into a chair, overcome with emotion. There are groans under the terrace-window: confusion worse confounded reigns within and without. "I will show myself to my people," shouts the King. "Impossible!" shouts the Queen, rushing toward her husband. Drums beat, subterranean noise is heard; the Dauphin faints, and in the midst of a thrilling tableau, Lafayette enters to protect the throne. "Bread!" "Death!" "The Austrian! the Austrian!" shout the mob. "Show yourself to them," says Lafayette. "I will answer for the consequences with my head." Seizing her children, Marie Antoinette goes to the terrace, and the King would follow, but is held back by main force. "Away with the children!" cry the sans-culottes. With horror the Queen hides her treasures; then, with magnificent courage, bares her breast to the bloodthirsty mob, exclaiming, "Frenchmen, kill the mother of the Dauphin!" "No, Frenchmen, do not dishonor yourselves," cries Lafayette, throwing the tri-color about the Queen's neck. "Long live the Queen!"

"Long live the Queen! long live the Dauphin!" respond the sans-culottes. The children rise. Holding the Dauphin on her knee, Marie Antoinette returns the deafening salutations of the population with an exaltation of expression that no pen can describe, and the curtain falls on one of the most exciting and most life-like tableaux ever witnessed on the stage.

Two years later, and Act 2d gives us a glimpse of the year 1791 and of life at The Tuileries; prisoners of state, with Lafayette as jailor. Louis and Lafayette hold parley in the Grand Saloon, when Ristori enters in still another exquisite toilette, the rich embroidered

overdress being a fac simile of one worn by the real Queen. Lafayette has learned of Marie's interview with Mirabeau. The Queen is paralyzed. Left alone with the King, she does not conceal her despair. She would have saved the monarchy. Orleans has played the spy and discovered the plot. She is a fated woman, stung by those she cherishes. As the King repels all Mirabeau's propositions, she suggests flight. "Impossible for a King, but possible for the Queen," replies Louis, who urges his wife to join her sister Caroline at Naples. Then the noble Marie Antoinette makes answer, "The daughter of Marie Theresa—the Austrian—will be more magnanimous than the wife of Charles First. *She* fled at the approach of misfortune. *I* shall remain." Then gazing with horror at Vandyke's portrait that pursues them like a fate, the Queen throws herself into Louis' arms. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and the humanity of this royal couple goes to the heart of the most rampant republican. She will fly, but only with him, and he gives his word that they will escape together or not at all. Ah, and *à propos*, here comes the Count of Provence with his conspiracy of flight, the treachery of which, however, the King comprehends. Quickly returns Lafayette, who has discovered the plot of Peronne, and discloses it forthwith. The villainy of De Provence is unveiled in all its enormity. Louis brands him with all the indignation of his honest nature, and, horror-stricken at thought of being implicated in so deep a conspiracy, leaves the room. Provence, forsooth! would demand Lafayette's sword. "My sword!" exclaims the commander of the National Guard, who draws it for defence. "What! in the presence of the Queen?" says Marie Antoinette, with majestic indignation, and Lafayette and Provence retire to settle their separate accounts as best they can.

Poor Marie Antoinette! there is no place for her on earth. Fear succeeds fear, and now Madame Royale enters, followed by Madame Elizabeth and the Dauphin, asking for the King, who has

been torn away from his family and gone, Heaven knows where. Another drop in the abyss of grief: suspense is not long, however, for, lo! Louis appears, pale and agitated. He has been to the Assembly, and, sadly taking the Queen's hands, murmurs, "All is lost!" Why lost? Because to disprove the accusation of high treason he has accepted the constitution. 'Tis the death-knell of the Bourbons, and the Queen's wail shows it; but there is still hope. Rather than perjure himself at Notre Dame, where the oath of allegiance will be administered, they will all fly! How Marie Antoinette clutches at this frail straw! Her joy knows no bounds: "The King will save us all!" she cries, with her arm upon his neck and her radiant face upturned to heaven, while sister and children kneel at Louis' feet, and he, poor tempest-tossed man, firm only in his religious faith and in his belief in monarchy, implores Heaven to hear their prayer. It is a touching picture, worthy of canvas; but whither leads that prayer? To Varennes and back again to Paris, amid the jeers and insults of sans-culottes. Who can think of this unfortunate family and not believe in predestination? The sins of the fathers were visited upon the third and fourth generations.

Act 3d, and we are again in the Tuileries; but a year has gone by, and it is now the tenth of August, 1792. Robespierre "the incorruptible" is plotting—he who two years before proposed the abolition of the death-penalty, and who now thirsts for blood. Little does the faithful Princess Marie de Lamballe dream of the dreadful fate in store for her when she returns to a court gloomy with its own sorrows and in mourning for the death of Leopold, Emperor of Austria. How glad the royal family are to greet their once-more "angel!" and Marie Antoinette, so changed within a year, would have her sit near, very near, and yet would, if possible, have her far distant, away from France; for "I am doomed," says the Queen; "I poison with kisses. All who love me die. I

have seen the heads of Deshuttés and Varicourt carried before me on pikes;" and wretched Marie Antoinette hides her worn face in Lamballe's bosom. But Lamballe brings good news. She has Francis Second's word of honor that he and Prussia will re-establish the monarchy of Henry IV., the legitimate heritage of the Dauphin. The Queen starts up, a ray of hope illuminating her countenance, but quickly yields to despondency. It is too late. Would have her smile as of old, Lamballe? "I know not how to smile," replies Marie Antoinette, her tired head falling upon Lamballe's shoulder. Do not be surprised at these gray hairs; they are souvenirs of Varennes. "I have lived through many outrages," says the Queen, with superstitious awe, "because I am destined to a longer and more horrible death."

What! General Lafayette in Paris? Yes; he comes to call the Assembly to account for the horrors of June 20th, and rushes to the palace to warn its inmates of the despatch just received announcing the Austro-Prussian alliance against revolutionary France. Ah! Marie Antoinette breathes freely for one moment. Her joy is frenzied. "The justice of God begins!" she exclaims, with exultation. "Come, ye exterminating angels! A little air, liberty and revenge!" she cries, with vehement gesticulation, thanking Lamballe, and not Lafayette, for the intelligence. Lay not this comfort to your soul, short-sighted Queen; the sans-culottes are marching; Barbaroux and his five hundred men, drunk with the passion of Roger de Lisle's hymn, are advancing, and there is no help near; for even Lafayette's head is no longer safe, and he leaves in haste for the frontier army. The tocsin sounds; the court gather around their Queen, who, clutching her children, calls for the King. The sounds grow more and more distinct. Duke de Brissac and his guards enter; the doors are barricaded, and, with pikes pointed, the faithful few await the coming of the populace. Louder and louder is the swell of voices, until the shouts become distinct. "We want Madame

Veto! the Austrian! the Messalina!" "They are coming!" cries their victim, with the strength of desperation. "Let them batter the door down. Surround me, I command you, and sheathe your swords!" The unwilling guards obey. There, seated with her family about her, the guards behind her, Marie Antoinette awaits her doom. It comes. Hurly-burly, oaths and blows, and the door is burst open by the dear lovers of freedom. "Where is she?" shouts Santerre. "Where is she?" echo the sans-culottes, and Lamballe rushes forward to receive the death-blow. "No! I am the Queen," replies Marie Antoinette, so magnificent in her fearless beauty that those blood-thirsty sans-culottes unconsciously retreat. You may take your fill of insults, Santerre; you may laugh and grimace to your hearts' content, brave populace; but you will not wring a tear or a complaint from that helpless woman so long as you wreak your vengeance on her alone. It is not until a sans-culotte seizes the Dauphin that Marie Antoinette, the mother, loses her self-control. Even Santerre cannot steel himself against the anguish of that face, and restores the Dauphin; for he too has a son! Then follows the most touching appeal ever made to a mob. Such intonation never came but from a broken heart; and well may those sans-culottes weep repentantly, for there is not a dry eye within sound of that magic voice. They silently steal away, these brave *popolani*, yet are scarce gone when more knocking is heard, and the Legislative Assembly enter, followed by the King. He never was very joyous, this poor King, but now, alas! he is bent with grief. There is no hope for the son of St. Louis. A sop must be thrown to the devouring hydra, and that sop is the King's abdication. "Great God! dare you propose this before the mother of the Dauphin?" shrieks Marie Antoinette. Yes, Vergniaud dares; and e'en declares that if the royal family do not seek refuge in the Assembly, their heads will pay the forfeit. All is lost. The tocsin peals forth warningly; a funeral march is heard; for are not the Bour-

bons digging their own grave? Louis looks his last on that fateful picture of Charles First; the scaffold of Whitehall rises before him, and he gives the signal for departure. Slowly they wend their way; the King, the court, the Assembly, Marie Antoinette, Madame Elizabeth, Madame Royale, Lamballe—Santerre bearing the Dauphin. There never was more beautiful and pathetic pantomime than that of the Queen. "God help us!" she murmurs; and God will help them—in another world. Sad, sad, yet not saddest of all, is this moving tableau.

Another year elapses, and Act 4th ushers in the evening of January 20th, 1793. There are no more palaces and fine clothes. We are in the tower of the Temple, and this is the King's room. Very clever and characteristic of those times is the dialogue between Santerre and Simon, the latter of whom is an epitome of all the barbarity inspired by the Revolution. "*C'était la rancune du coin de rue contre le palais*," says Beauchefne, referring to this monster, who yet was not vile enough to escape Dame Guillotine. His turn came, but not until he had killed the Dauphin, body and almost soul.

"Louis Capet" enters, leaning on faithful Malesherbes' arm. On with your caps, guards; sit down, insolent Simon, and puff your bad tobacco under Capet's nose, for it is brave and truly republican to kick a man after he is down; and such a man! Louis XVI. prosperous was a man like many another; Louis Capet in the Temple is great and noble almost without precedent. He would eat, he would share his last meal with Malesherbes and his devoted servant, Cléry, but it must be without knives and forks, for the republic fears that royalty will deprive Dame Guillotine of a head. What cares Simon for Capet? Does he not sing "The Carmagnole," and would he not dance that "whirl-blast of rags" if he felt so inclined? "Long live the nation!" he shouts, thinking to stab Capet to the heart; but the King loves France, for-

gives his murderers, and drinks to the salvation of his country.

Here comes Minister Garat. Three days' delay in the execution? Of course not. Has not Marat voted death in twenty-four hours? To-morrow morning at eight it must be; but Capet may see his family before he dies, and alone, too, with guards to watch him through glass doors. And he may have a confessor. Behold him! the Abbé Edgeworth de Firmont!

Now comes the terrible moment for Louis XVI. His family are approaching. How his broken heart beats! Courage, man! your last hold on life is to be presently torn away. Ah, he has need of courage, for what a terrible picture is this! Three wretched women and a beautiful boy clinging to him with sobs that would rend all hearts but the republic's. Terribly real is this family group—Marie Antoinette still lovely, but her blonde hair streaming about her face in *gray curls*. How that unhappy King endeavors to console the loved ones, to conceal the horrible truth. It is useless. The children discover the Abbé in the oratory and know the worst, and Marie Antoinette falls rigidly upon the sofa. It is a dream, she thinks, upon returning to her senses. No, there is the Abbé, and in perfect desperation she flings her arms around her husband's neck and bids God first strike the regicides! "Your words should be those of pardon," says the Abbé, gently, and Marie Antoinette forgets her thirst for vengeance, humbly bowing her head.

The last interview between the King and Queen is unequalled for pathos. The love, the regret for past delinquencies, are indeed *too* real; and that one moment when Marie Antoinette lays her head upon Louis' breast, murmuring, "It does me so much good to weep upon your breast," is the most exquisite expression of wifely feeling we ever witnessed.

Time flies. The children must also receive parting counsel, and the family group is again complete. Nobler, more Christian words than those of Louis could not come from human lips. "Re-

member that your father has forgiven, as Christ once forgave," and he rises to bless them all. "Ah! human nature can endure no more," exclaims poor Louis. "To-morrow I will see you again; adieu, adieu," and, tearing himself from those eight arms that clasp him with frenzy, the King escapes to the oratory and bolts the door behind him. "Pity!" "Open!" "Papa!" Marie Antoinette rushes to the door; she would tear it asunder with her hands. It does not yield, and there she stands in agony, her children and Madame Elizabeth at her feet, while, without, Simon dares to sing "The Carmagnole." "This is not the theatre," we say, as the curtain falls. "It is France in 1793."

Act 5th.—It is the morning of January 21st, 1793, and we are again in the Temple, but the scene is different, for the Queen's apartment is now before us. They have passed a woeful night, these unfortunates, and now all but the Queen await the King's coming. She feels that she has gazed her last upon him. Fever burns her up, and Madame Royale starts terrified in her sleep, thinking to have seen her father dead, and awakes in tears. A noise! The King? Oh no. It is only Simon come to torture them, to prove that there be devils in this world if there be none in the next. And while he tells of the King's last moments in prison, drums are heard. "Long live the nation!" he shouts, twirling his cap in the face of death, and rushing out to enjoy the murder. Drums and a dirge! their hearts' blood freezes. Down, down on their knees before God, their only stay. "God of goodness!" murmurs Marie Antoinette, but her torn heart can find no other words. Sobs are her only prayer, and while the dirge is heard, while Louis advances to the guillotine, Madame Royale implores the mercy of Heaven.

In the midst of this fearful agony—fearful for spectator as well as for actor—Malesherbes brings the last words and testament of the martyr king, and Santerre enters, first to seize Malesherbes,

and then to obtain the Queen's signature to a paper approving of all the past actions of the republic. The expression of Marie Antoinette's face as she listens to the reading of this document surpasses language. Her denunciation of her husband's murderers is the passion of majesty itself; and when Simon appears as the Dauphin's future guardian, her one indignant "Thou!" is a whirlwind of contempt. Yes, Simon will make an excellent guardian. He will teach little Capet all manner of fine things, "The Carmagnole," for example. "Come," he says, and goes to the bed where the Dauphin lies. Oh! was there ever anything grander than the terrible rage of Marie Antoinette at this moment? "Infamous reptile, away! My muscles are steel. . . . My mouth is bathed with the bloody foam of the wounded tiger. Before your hands, before your impure breath shall profane this angel, I will rend you limb from limb—vile! vile! vile!" It is a tiger defending its young. Wonderful power! wonderful art!

Can Simon be defied? Alas! no. Is he not the republic? Pleading even will do no good. "The child," demands Simon. "Death first!" replies Marie Antoinette. "Death be it," threatens the jailor, and raises his sword to strike the Dauphin. Too much. Marie Antoinette must yield as she has ever done, only let her have time. "An hour,—a half hour,—quarter of an hour,—five minutes," she gasps, pressing the child to her heart. "We have waited long enough," answers the brute. On her knees the wretched Queen pleads that her angel may be treated tenderly. One kiss more! one more! No; the Dauphin is snatched from her—has disappeared. "My son!" shrieks Marie Antoinette; she rises, falls, rises again,—the door is closed upon her. Gone for ever; and, seized with catalepsy, the Queen stands motionless with her hands in her hair, a living statue of such horrible despair as Michael Angelo alone could convey to marble.

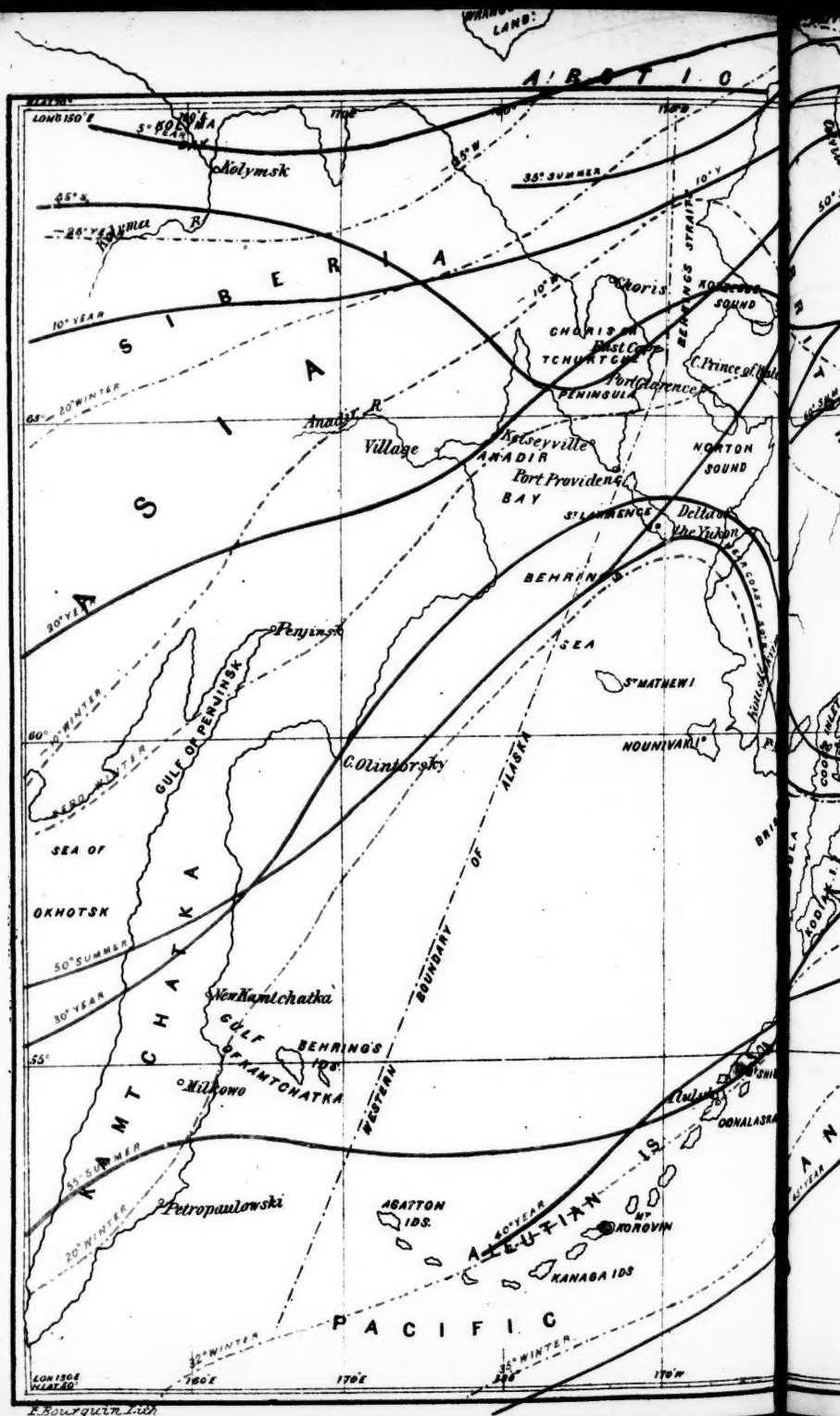
Last scene of all—the Epilogue. The

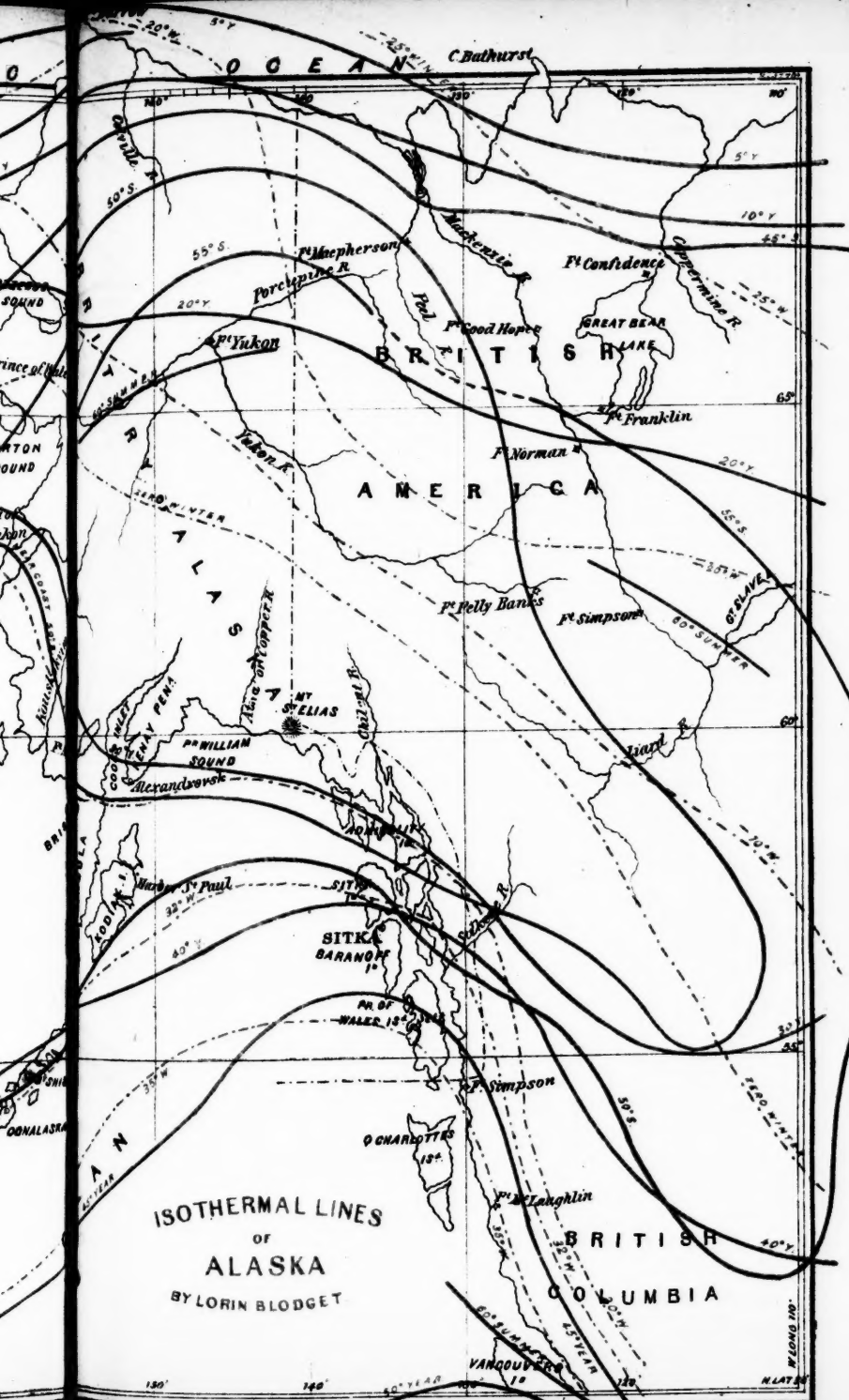
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Temple would be a luxury on this morning of October 16, 1793, when even the Conciergerie is thought too good for Marie Antoinette. Well may Rosalie Lamorlière and good Lebeau lament over the fate of their royal charge, for here she comes, dressed in common white cloth, haggard, feeble, an old woman at thirty-eight! Insults still are heaped upon her: she may not even disrobe without knowing that men's eyes are upon her; and see! an officer dares doubt her virtue while death stares her in the face! All humanity even in 1793 is not brutal, thank Heaven! Marie Antoinette can turn to Rosalie and Lebeau for sympathy—aye, for aid even. They promise to fulfill her last requests and find her paper on which to write that historic letter to Madame Elizabeth. The Queen is glad to die, for she knows that Simon has corrupted the Dauphin's heart; she knows that her angel has signed that terrible accusation against herself; she does *not* know that the poor boy was stupefied with liquor at the time. "I appeal to the secret cry of nature, to every living mother—let them say if it be possible!" exclaims the royal mother, with a pose ever to be remembered. What? Lebeau undecieves her with regard to the Dauphin, and on her knees, almost frantic with joy, Marie Antoinette kisses the good man's hands in very gratitude. The Dauphin loves her. It is enough; and with a lighter heart she sits down to write. In almost breathless

fear and agitation the letter is finished, and, with the cherished medal, is handed hurriedly to Lebeau. But is not Marie Antoinette doomed? "Give them to me," cries an official spy. What good to start, to complain, daughter of the Cæsars? You thank Santerre when he enters bearing your death-warrant: you refuse the proffer of one of Robespierre's priests; you almost faint at sight of the red-hooded executioner, Samson, and recoil with horror when your hands are bound. Louis XVI. was spared this insult. Submit; 'tis God's will. One more agony and you will be worthy of immortality. Your beautiful hair, white as the driven snow, lies at your feet. Gaze at it sadly, O Queen! Then on your knees in prayer, defiant of man, trusting in God, go to your grave as the bravest, most unfortunate, most beautiful woman that ever ascended a throne.

It is over; all are dead save one. A repentant nation seeks to ease its guilty conscience by granting Madame Royale freedom and *two trunks of clothes!* "O Liberty! what crimes are perpetrated in thy name!"

We have written of this drama as if it were real. It *is* real. We have hardly mentioned Ristori, because Ristori is Marie Antoinette. Never have we seen a drama so splendidly acted from beginning to end, and with heart and head we thank Italy for such a picture of the French Revolution as we ne'er shall look upon again.

ALASKA—WHAT IS IT WORTH?

THIS is now the foremost question of its kind "before the House and the country," as the Member from Blank has said, or will say, and it is proper to aid in elucidating it if we can furnish or suggest material for this purpose. It is popularly supposed that a train of purchases, of which St. Thomas, the Bay of Samana and the Sandwich Islands are but the beginning, will follow the pur-

chase of Alaska, and many persons will doubtless form their conclusions as to the propriety of paying for this continental tract by their fears that the precedent may lead to bargains in volcanic islands, the very existence of which may not be depended upon. We propose to look at this case on its merits, however, and to give the reader some facts that we believe are new.

From letters just received from the enterprising Captain Long, of the American whaleship *Nile*, it appears that he sailed through Behring Strait northward in a summer unusually favorable; and, going farther north-westward than usual, came upon a new coast, along which he sailed many days, and which he found sloping gently to the sea in tracts covered with abundant vegetation. Its lowest point he places in latitude $78^{\circ} 40'$ North, and longitude $178^{\circ} 30'$ East; while he sailed north-eastward for some hundreds of miles, to latitude $73^{\circ} 30'$, before parting with his new-found continent. In grateful remembrance of the Russian navigator and scholar who gave many years to the development of the knowledge of the North Pacific, Captain Hall called his discovery *WRANGELL'S LAND*; but we cannot believe that, when Captain Long's narrative appears in full, we shall fail to find in it that he landed, raised the flag of his country, and took possession in the great name of the United States of America. Assuming this, as we have a right to do, we call this a new continent of our own. We claim its seal-fisheries and its whaling-grounds, its broad tracts of breeding-grounds for water-fowl, its white foxes and sea otters, its Kutchin and Eskimo, whether few or many. And it lends additional interest to the attainment of title to Russian America, that the gateway to the new continent, where none yet dispute our rights, lies through narrow seas and straits where the range of modern cannon could sink our heaviest iron-clads in going to and from Wrangell's Land.

But Alaska deserves comparison with something more tangible than this new mirage of the Arctic seas. The true character of the North Pacific is only slowly being revealed to us. It has been known to the enterprise of enlightened nations only for a few years; and until California was occupied by us, the whole coast, from San Francisco northward, was but a line of hunting and trading posts, neither England nor Russia seeking to put it to other uses. And for the last twenty years British occupancy, beyond the immediate surroundings of the

few gold mines of Frazer's River, has carefully been restricted to the cultivation of the fur trade, and to encouraging the growth of fur-bearing wild animals and their savage hunters. It has been the interest of all these parties to prevent colonization, and we might, for half a century longer, remain without knowledge of the capacity of this coast to sustain the occupancy of enlightened nations but for the invitation of Russia to examine the country, and buy it, if we like.

In the first place, the North Pacific is an ocean in which the waters circulate from tropical to polar latitudes and back again, as they do in the Atlantic Ocean. Along the coast of China and Japan a strong current, the equivalent of the Gulf Stream off our own coast, bears north-eastward, past the great peninsula of Kamtchatka, and is lost in the direction of Behring Strait. On the coast of California, particularly, the return of this great current gives a peculiar chill to the air near the sea, causing a strong, cold draught through the mid-hours of every summer day, and making overcoats acceptable at San Francisco in July and August. This cold current could only flow down in consequence of the flow of at least as much—really much more—warm water northward; and to this warm northward current Captain Long was indebted for power to spend the summer just passed in coasting along the new Wrangell's Land.

In short, the warm waters of the Pacific bathe the north-western shores of America as the Gulf Stream does the north-western shores of Europe; and the consequence is that this long line of coast and its great islands are all habitable, as the British Islands and Norway are. A warm and humid atmosphere constantly sweeps over them from a sea in which no ice drifts southward to wreck vessels in dense Newfoundland fogs. The harbors of the coast are always open, and at Sitka, latitude 57° North, ice never forms in its landlocked anchorage, and the snows dissolve in water almost as they fall. Even the island of Sitka, better named Baranoff, after its most honored Russian governor,

does not afford ice-ponds from which the San Francisco market can be supplied. An attempt to erect such ponds, ten or twelve years ago, was a failure, the ice sometimes forming, but being always "brash," soft and rotten, and they were speedily abandoned, the company going to Kodiak Island, two or three hundred miles north-westward, and there obtaining the ice sent to San Francisco since that time.

There is no ice along the coast, therefore, from latitude $54^{\circ} 40'$ to a point beyond Sitka, at least—probably to the fifty-eighth parallel. To express this fact in terms or measures of the Atlantic coast, would be to say that no ice would be found on the coast from Maine to the northern extremity of Labrador—an Atlantic impossibility. But on the west of Europe we find the same conditions: the west of the British Islands has no harbors covered with ice in winter, and the west of Norway is free quite up to the limit of settlement, and almost to Hammerfest and Havøe. These two points on the extreme north of Norway, and looking toward Spitzbergen there, as Kotzebue Sound looks out toward Wrangell's Land, have the winter temperature of Eastport, Maine. Again, Port Providence, just south-west of the entrance of Behring Strait, latitude $64^{\circ} 14'$ North, has the mean winter temperature of Fredericton, New Brunswick, of Halifax, and nearly of Montreal. It cannot, therefore, be so cold at Behring Strait as we supposed. The thermometer readings at Port Clarence, the depôt of the Telegraph Company recently operating in Russian America, nearer to the strait than Port Providence, and at latitude $65^{\circ} 45'$ North, gave for two months of the winter of 1851-'2 an average nearly at zero, which undoubtedly closed navigation at that point for the season. This is colder than on the prairies of Northern Minnesota, where the average winter temperature is 10° above zero, as observed for a period of years at Fort Ripley. At Sitka, and on the great islands of the vicinity, the softening influence of the warm-water currents of the Pacific in winter is most striking. The great Wran-

gell observed the thermometer carefully at Sitka for ten years, from 1833 to 1842, and the average for the winter was recorded by him at 35° —a degree warmer than Washington City. But in 1842 the Russian government established an observatory at Sitka, observations of the thermometer having been recorded hourly from that time to the advent there of General Rousseau and the United States land and naval forces. From a careful summary of this remarkable series of observations, we find the winter temperature 33° , or almost exactly the same as at Philadelphia. And it is also very equable—the changes not so great as here, the snow, when it falls, always soft, and the bitter winter frosts of New York and New England wholly unknown.

At this well-appointed scientific observatory every form of observation in physical science was also maintained from 1842 forward, the observations being printed at length in many stately volumes published by the Russian government. Among these the quantities of snow and rain have been recorded, and we find a profusion of rain, with relatively very little snow. The average rain-fall is eighty-three inches, most of which falls in August and the fall and winter months, the spring and early summer not having an excess of rain. In August last nearly twenty inches fell—an immense quantity, as it was thought—at Sitka, and about two inches in excess of the quantity falling in the same month at Philadelphia. But it is only fair to state that we had a large excess above the average on this side of the continent for that month. The quantity of snow, carefully measured at each fall, averaged fifteen inches for each winter month, and ten inches each for March, April and November. None fell in May or in October. Frequently whole months of winter elapsed with no snow, and very little usually fell in November. Clearly there is little reliance on sleighing at Sitka, and we learn that some persons detest such wet winters as they there experience. But in the valleys of the mainland the climate is reported by residents there, attachés of the Telegraph

Company, to the present writer, to be delightfully free from excess of rain in summer and of snow in winter.

As a consequence of the humid atmosphere and equable temperature of this long coast, the forest growths of the North Pacific are magnificent. Pines and deciduous trees flourish equally over all these islands and peninsulas, extending to the interior until the rising peaks of the coast mountains or the high plateaux crowning the Rocky Mountain range reduce forest trees to shrubs. But of the lowlands there are 50,000 to 75,000 square miles so covered in Russian America, most of it equal to the best forests of Vancouver's Island and of Washington Territory. This resource for timber and lumber will be of incalculable value to the naked plains of California for centuries to come. Sir John Richardson speaks of the forests of Sitka as follows: "On the island of Sitka, lying in 57° to 58° N. latitude, the forest, nourished by a comparatively high mean temperature and a very moist atmosphere, is equal to the richest woodlands of the United States."*

"Yet corn does not grow," adds the same writer, in the same paragraph. Probably it does not; yet in the interior, at Fort Simpson, and undoubtedly on Prince of Wales' Island, there are arable lands and a climate soft enough to ripen wheat. Barley will grow even in the Yukon River valley, far north, and in the interior of the broad, continental area of

Alaska, latitude 66° North. If England, with a summer temperature of 58° , can ripen wheat, the same warmth will ripen it on the Pacific coast. On Prince of Wales', Queen Charlotte's, and Vancouver's Islands we have the climate of England almost exactly reproduced, and the first-named, in the limits of Alaska, is a spacious, habitable tract, a hundred miles or more southward of Sitka. Lancashire, the cool, humid, yet rich, north-west of England, is reproduced in Prince of Wales' Island; and experience has proved that people can live and thrive by many employments in Lancashire.

Away to the north, however, stretch mountains and plains that geographies of even the modern sort have not described; and having bought and got possession of them, we are curious to know with what they are filled. Going north, by way of the Chilcat River, we come abruptly, and almost at the very coast, upon glaciers like those of the Alps. The mountains rise so near the sea that the ice formed on them works downward in regular glaciers—ice so clear and blue as to prove its purity and solidity beyond doubt, and to resist the moderate summer temperature, though surrounded with vegetation and animal life. A portion of this coast, here running westward for two hundred miles, is quite rough and forbidding, but beyond Prince William's Sound, on the Kenay Peninsula, and particularly south-westward a little distance, at Kodiak Island, the capacity for occupation improves, and access to the interior is facilitated. Still more strikingly further west, and where the great river Yukon enters the sea, the region of profuse animal and vegetable life for the summer begins. The valley of the Yukon stretches nearly a thousand miles east and west, the river rising near the 135th meridian, in the Rocky Mountains, and emptying its waters in Behring's Sea, at the 166th meridian—thirty-one degrees of longitude being traversed by it. Writers describe this valley as the meeting-ground of the nations of the North for trade every summer; and that it is mild enough in climate for summer travel is proved by the thermometric

* This magnificent forest-growth is more fully described by the same author (Arctic Searching Expedition for Sir John Franklin, by Sir John Richardson, p. 418, Amer. ed.) as follows: "With the physiognomy of the vegetation on the Rocky Mountains and west of that range I have no personal acquaintance, and borrow the following notice of the vegetation of Sitka from Bongard: Sitka is situated at the entrance of Norfolk Sound, on the fifty-seventh parallel, near an extinct volcano named Mount Edgcombe, which marks the entrance of the sound. The most remarkable mountain in the immediate vicinity of the settlement is Westerwol, which is three thousand Parisian feet in height, and is clothed to its summit by a dense forest of pines and spruces, some of which acquire a diameter of seven feet, and the prodigious length of one hundred and sixty feet. The hollow trunk of one of these trees, formed into a canoe, is able to contain thirty men, with all their household effects. The climate of Sitka is very much milder than that of Europe on the same parallel."

record at Fort Yukon, latitude 66° North, where the mean summer heat is 60°, or equal very nearly to that of London, 60° 3'; Stockholm, 60° 4'; and St. Petersburg, 60° 6'. Still, we do not yet infer that an abrupt transfer of the seats of Eastern empire will be made to the valley of the Yukon, whatever the Kutchin, the Eskimo and the Dog-Rib Indians may for centuries past have done on that memorable tract. Again, Sir John Richardson is our authority for the report of summer heat at Fort Yukon; and for the month of July the mean was 65½°, or equal to the summer heat of the north shore of Lake Ontario.

We have spoken of the nations who meet and trade on the Great River Yukon: there are four of these, of whom we have some partial description. First, the *Kutchin*, the central resident nation of the Yukon Valley, numbering a thousand warriors at least, according to Mr. Murray, a gentleman long residing at Fort Yukon as the agent of the Hudson's Bay Company. Mr. Murray describes them as "of the average height of Europeans, well formed, with regular features, high foreheads and light complexions. The wife of one of the chiefs was so handsome that she would be considered a fine woman in any country. . . . The principal men of the Kutchin possess two or three wives each," and Mr. Murray "knew one old leader who had five. Poor men, whose abilities as hunters were small, remained bachelors." Enough of the Kutchin, personally, most persons will exclaim, yet Mr. Murray goes on to describe them as "a lively, cheerful people, excelling in dancing, singing, and athletic exercises." Their currency, or medium of exchange is well maintained, being exclusively of a variety of beads brought from Italy. Neither expansion nor contraction is complained of, and the only infringement they submit to is to reckon their accounts at the trading posts in "beavers." Allied to the Kutchin proper are many smaller nations of the southern coast: the *Kenaiyer*, of Cook's Inlet; the *Kolushes*, who build wooden houses about Prince

William's Sound; the *Atnaer*, who work in iron and copper, and several other tribes—in all numbering many thousands of active and energetic people.

The next great nation is the *Kuskutchewak*, living on the Lower Yukon, and on the Kouskokvim river, southward of the Yukon. They dwell in winter in regular villages, and in summer travel inland to obtain provisions, and to trade at the great markets of the Yukon Valley. They are very generous and public-spirited: they erect a spacious building for public purposes in every village, and "they are passionately fond of the vapor bath, and often use it three or four times a day." "They indicate time with accuracy, and can distinguish stars and planets." Baron Wrangell writes much in praise of the *Kuskutchewak*; but no man has numbered or estimated them: there are certainly many thousands.

Next are the *Inuit*—"ceux qui miaux,"* or Esquimaux, as they are generally called. They are the well-known occupants of nearly all the northern and eastern coasts, and they find their western limit where the nations meet on the Yukon. The fourth nation is the *Tinnè*, or Chepewyans, coming from the interior on the south to the same great rendezvous. Of these Tinnè many bad traits are related; but one singular merit is universally accorded to them—"the singular characteristic of strict honesty: no precautions for the safety of property are necessary when among them." They are not, we regret to say, residents of Alaska: they only visit certain portions of its borders annually to trade.

We should also name the great nation *Tchuktche*, of Behring Strait, the islands of Behring's Sea, and Asia on the west. They are numerous and powerful: they occupy the Aleutian Islands, and constitute an intelligent body of traders from the Asiatic to the American coast. In Siberia they are nomads, maintaining herds of reindeer, and trav-

* "Ceux qui miaux," those who mew or shout in a peculiar tone, from the habit of these people to surround a ship with their boats, and to shout or call in a peculiar tone to trade with them.

eling great distances to the interior fairs of the remote East.

All the first-named nations, as we have said, resort annually to the valley of the Yukon to trade; the western nations, accompanied by a few Russians, sweeping slowly up that broad valley, and meeting the *Inuit* and *Tinnè* of the east at about the 140th meridian, or some distance east of Fort Yukon. In the mild summer climate of this valley the festivals and fairs of this long unknown North are held, and the handsome resident merchants of the *Kutchin* race are the arbiters and hold the balance between the east and the west. Mr. Isbistus' eulogy of these people is so rose-colored that we cannot refrain from quoting it, notwithstanding the praises previously recorded of them: "An athletic, fine-looking race, considerably above the average stature, most of them being above six feet in height, and remarkably well-proportioned; . . . with black hair, fine sparkling eyes, regular and well-set teeth and a fair complexion, . . . with countenances handsome and pleasing, and capable of great expression." We wait impatiently for a nearer acquaintance with this people, and for admission to their society. And all this, bear in mind, transpires on our own territory, the far-rolling Yukon, at the 67th parallel of North latitude, in a country not so much as known to us to exist until very recently.

But it is possible that the *Kutchin*, the *Tchuktche*, the *Inuit* and the *Tinnè* have not yet ratified this transfer. The discussion in the public halls of the *Kuskutchewak* may be pending as we write. Stipulations may be required quite beyond our power to comply with. Shall we send an embassy and a suitable escort? Can we not persuade them to assimilate their institutions to ours? and, as there are certainly fifty thousand of them, can they not go into an election at once, and apply through one member of the House and the proper number of Senators for Congressional mileage, and other proofs of identity with our fortunes to all future time? The contingency that some court might

pronounce them "Indians not taxed," could be removed by taxing them forthwith.

Altogether, this new country of the North-west increases in interest as we examine it. Its value is much beyond our expectations. It has a climate singularly favorable for its latitude, and it has a productive capacity of very ample proportions, although peculiar to itself. Bongard pronounces it warmer than the same latitudes of the west of Europe, but we find it almost exactly the same. If New York City is habitable in winter, we can live at Sitka; for the last-named place is the warmer of the two at that season. It is magnificently timbered, and deep landlocked harbors remain free from ice through the year, affording opportunities for ship-building superior to those of the rivers and bays of Maine. It is inhabited by native tribes more numerous, intelligent and capable than most of those we have known in lower latitudes. It swarms with animal life: the water-fowl of the whole continent crowd to their breeding grounds there in summer; herds of deer of every variety; fur-bearing animals without number; and a profusion of animal life strikingly greater than equal areas of any part of the continent at the south afford. Such is the universal testimony of intelligent explorers, at the head of whom we reckon Sir John Richardson. It is singular that nearly all the migratory singing and woodland birds of the United States go to this far northland and breed there in the short summer.

Clearly we can occupy the coast first, and, building towns there, can trade peacefully with the nations of the interior, if it is found too costly to attempt at once to exterminate them. Many alternatives will doubtless open with the mere lapse of time; and now, with our debt on our hands and on our heads, it will be better to make friends with such nations as the *Kutchin* than to enter on possession of their country against their will, and at the risk of prolonged war.

The Pacific coast of this continent is a vast field for the occupancy of enlight-

ened nations, the precise value of which it would be preposterous to attempt now to calculate. Let us enter with courage and confidence on the possessions that fall to us; and if for the present we look doubtfully on the vista of Wrangell's Land, just opened to us through Behring Strait, hesitating at the suggestion to establish ourselves there, let us stop at nothing short of that strait. We can, at least, go where the winters are not colder than those of New York Harbor;

and the ship-builders of Maine would not hesitate at fastening upon a coast where ice even closes the harbors for two or three months of winter. There will be uses in the near future, if there are not uses now, for the abundant and cheap natural supplies of Sitka and the adjacent islands in the maintenance of the great commerce of the Pacific, which the rapid succession of events is developing in our hands, and in our hands almost alone.

THE OLD SLATE-ROOF HOUSE.*

II.

IN 1697, William Penn had held an interesting interview with the young Czar of Russia, then working as a carpenter in the ship-yards in England.

Two years later, Penn made his second voyage to America, arriving at Philadelphia in December, 1699, where we found him residing in the Slate-roof

House, surrounded with all the comforts, and many of the rarest luxuries, to be found anywhere in the world at that period.

Thus five years, at least, before the foundations of the imperial city of St. Petersburg were laid by his friend Peter the Great, the Quaker proprietor had re-

* Besides the authorities cited in Part I. of this paper, I am indebted for information to the following sources, among a number of others too numerous to mention:

Original letter of William Penn, a copy from the document discovered in the Carte Collection in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, by John P. Prendergast, Esq., of Dublin.

Original letters of Wm. Penn, in possession of the author of this paper.

Extracts from the Norris manuscripts, furnished by Dr. George W. Norris, of Philadelphia.

The Van Rensselaer manuscripts.

The Rensselaerwyck documents.

The Read manuscripts.

The State of the Palatines For Fifty Years Past to this Present Time (illustrated with rough wood-cuts). London: Printed for J. Baker, at the Black-Boy in Pater-Noster Row, 1710.

The Peirage of Ireland. London, 1768.

Sermon Preached at the Funeral of the Right Honorable Lady Cornbury, August 13, 1706, by John Sharp, A. M., Chaplain to the Queen's Forces in the Province of New York. London, 1706.

Voyage of Geo. Clarke, Esq., to America, with Introduction and Notes by E. B. O'Callaghan. Albany: J. Munsell, 1867. Edition only 100 copies.

Biographical Sketch of Isaac Norris, Speaker of Pennsylvania Assembly, which accompanies his *Journal of a Trip to Albany in 1745*, edited and printed on a private press by his descendant, J. P.

Norris. Of this exquisite specimen of typography only 80 copies were printed, as gifts.

Analytical Index to Col. Docs. of New Jersey. By Henry Stevens: edited, with valuable notes and references, by William A. Whitehead. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Trenton Gazette, February, 1849.

History of Presbyterian Church of Trenton, New Jersey. By John Hall, D. D. New York: A. D. F. Randolph.

Trenton Newspapers, 1840.

Dr. O'Callaghan's History of New Netherland.

Dr. John Romeyn Brodhead's History of New York.

Discourse by Hon. Daniel D. Barnard.

New York Historical Society's Collections.

Moulton's History of New York.

Smith's History of New York.

Pennsylvania Historical Society's Collections.

Unpublished MSS. of Mr. Watson, in possession of Pennsylvania Historical Society.

Holgate's American Genealogy.

Burke's Peerage and Baronetage. Burke's Dormant and Extinct Peerages. Burke's Commoners.

Acknowledgments are also due to the following gentlemen:

Marshall Woods, Providence, R. I.; John Carter Brown, Providence, R. I.; John Brown Francis, Spring Green, R. I.; Philemon Dickinson and S. Meredith Dickinson, Trenton, New Jersey, and John Stockton Littell.

turned to his province, and found its capital a fair city of twenty years' growth and standing—a growth, too, which did not represent the slow access of population in European countries, but was an early and favorable type of that rapid increase and development which have since made "American Progress" the wonder of older civilizations.

Governor Penn often had opportunities for comparing the prosperity of his own settlement with the material resources of the other colonies. He was fond of horses, having carried with him on his first visit to his new home three blood mares, a white horse of good quality, and several inferior animals for labor; and on his second arrival he brought with him the magnificent colt Tamerlane, by the celebrated Godolphin Barb, to which the best horses in England trace their pedigree.

He made his excursions from town to his manor of Pennsbury in his barge, but he journeyed to New York and to Maryland on horseback.

On one of these occasions he writes from New York, whither he had gone to attend a conference of colonial governors: "My dear love to Friends in general, and particularly tell Hannah Delaval that to be one of her witnesses [at her approaching nuptials with Captain Richard Hill] is not the least motive to hasten me."

John Richardson, in his journal, gives an account of a yearly meeting at Treddahaven, in Maryland, upon the Eastern Shore, to which meeting for worship came William Penn and Lord and Lady Baltimore.

But it was late when they arrived, "and the strength and glory of the heavenly power of the Lord was going off from the meeting; so the lady was much disappointed." For she told Penn, "she did not want to hear him, and such as he, for he was a scholar and a wise man; and she did not question but he could preach; but she wanted to hear some of our mechanics preach; as husbandmen, shoemakers, and such like rustics; for she thought they could not preach to any purpose."

William Penn, however, replied, good-humoredly, "That some of these were rather the best preachers we had among us."

In the spring of the year 1701, Penn traveled into the interior of his province, as appears from a letter of Isaac Norris, himself a man of distinction and wealth in the colony: "I am just come home from Susquehannah, where I have been to meet the Governor. We had a roundabout journey, having pretty well traversed the wilderness. We lived nobly at the King's palace at Conostoga, from thence crossed it to the Schoolkil."

New light is cast upon the goodness and purity of Penn through a letter written by him to his friend the Duke of Ormond, dated "Philadelphia, 9th 11mo., 1683." This document was found at Oxford during the last summer, and a copy forwarded to me by my friend, John P. Prendergast, Esq., of Dublin, the distinguished author of "The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland," who, jointly with the Rev. Dr. Russell, President of Maynooth, has been commissioned by the English Government to select from the Carte Collection, at the Bodleian Library, state papers for transcription and publication.

It will be remembered that the Duke of Ormond, to whom this paper is addressed, was then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and Penn had formed his acquaintance by being sent over to his court in 1665—some say to escape the plague, then prevalent in London; others, more correctly, because his father, the admiral, desired to separate him from his Quaker associates.

His conduct was of a most exemplary kind in the midst of a society both gay and dissipated. One instance, mentioned in Carte's *Life of Ormond*, affords a glimpse of the character of the times.

It appears that it was the custom, during the sitting of Parliament in Dublin, to keep the viceroy's wine-cellars always open of an evening for the members; and some young bloods sending up in their gayety to the duke for chairs, he returned answer that he did not think it became the gravity of his place to en-

courage gentlemen to drink longer than they could stand!

It seems that Penn never lost the religious impression made on his mind by a sudden illumination he received in youth; so there is the less wonder that the pleasures of the vice-regal court failed to undermine his regular habits and consistent morals.

Nearly twenty years after he had passed unscathed through these glittering temptations, he wrote to the Duke of Ormond: "I wish Thee length of days, health and true felicity, begging by ye old freedom and friendship that I have had with Thee, that thy moderation may be known to all men, in all things, because God our Judge is at the door; who will have the first Inspection of all our actions, at that great and general Assize of the world where nothing can be dissembled or escape that we have done."

Having shown his constant sense of the pervading presence of the Almighty, Penn then proceeds to plead on behalf of those in Great Britain who are dissenters; and his argument, though couched in forms of speech now somewhat unfamiliar, does credit to his head and heart: "This is a lesson y^t affects all, but of all, Magistrates, and of thos, Supream, who have not only their own, but the peoples sins to answeare for, if by example and punishment they labour not teaching, and deter the people from impiety; and the reason is plaine, for justice and sobriety are the end of Govern^t and the reason of y^t extraordinary powr not to vex men for their beliefe and modest practise of y^t faith with respect to y^e other world, into which Promise and Sovereignty, temporall Powr reaches not, from its very nature and end—*honesté vivere, alteram non cadere, et jus suum cuique tribuere* (pardon my exten) are the Magistrates mark."

"To take care of the worship of God, was a peculiar commission to y^e Jewish Potentates, whos entire modell, in every ceremonious part thereof, came from God, and w^{ch} stood in externall Rites, for the most part. But the religion and Kingdome of X^t [Christ] are not of this

world, more mentall, inward, and spirit-uall; neither at the mountane, nor at Jerusalem, the Rites of neither place, but saies our blessed Saviour, in spirit and in truth, with as little shew and pomp as may be, this is y^e worship christian, not calculated to our senses, but our souls. This comes from heaven, overcomes and prevales by conviction; no fire from heaven to make conforme, much less from the earth. Christ Jesus, to whom all power is given, is sufficient for y^t part. As to him only it is appointed of the father. But let vice be punisht—corporall ills have corporall sufferings, and corrections, y^t the Magistrate may be a terror to evil doers, not mistaken believers about tother world—much less peaceable livers and worshipers."

Having thus grandly stated his propositions, Penn appeals directly to the Duke himself: "Of all that falls under thy administration, in the love of God and the sincere affection of a Friend, lett me prevale with thee to avoide troubling conscientious and quiet liveing dissenters; they are best for the country and not y^e worst for y^e church, since if religion be at heart in our great churchmen, they will love the example of such vertue, and make it a spurr to mend the pace of thos y^t they conceive of sounder principles in their own communion."

"For my part, I franckly declare y^t I cannot think y^t God will damn any man for the errors of his judgment, and God forbid that we should think y^t all or y^e most part of y^e world err willingly in understanding; and if both be allow'd, y^e conclusion is short, that there are but two churches in the world and they contain all y^e good and bad people in it; of which Christ and Satan are the Heads. Soe that damnation and salvation goe not by names, but natures and qualifications, according to y^e unquestionable doctrine of St. Peter and St. Paul, y^t God is no respecter of persons, but those y^t in all nations feare him and work righteousness shall be accepted."

"Men must reap w^h they sow, and his servants people are, whom they obey. Thus X^t overthrew y^e Jews' great pretensions to Abraham, Moses, y^e prophets,

the Law, Temple and Rites—if you committ sinn, you are y^e servants of sin—sighting their conceits of heirship and sonship by succession and peculiar tradition, a snare too powerful upon a great part of the world.”

“Lett then the tares grow with y^e wheat, errors of judgm^t remain till removed by y^e powr of light and conviction. A Religion without it is inhuman, since reason only makes humanity. Should men supercede that, to be conformists, which makes them essentially better than beasts, to witt, understanding? To conclude men by authority is coercive, to conclude by conviction is manly and Christian.”

“Lett it not, Noble Sir, be uneasy to thee that I am thus long and perticular. Tis a troublesome time in those parts of the world [England and Ireland], and good and peaceable men may suffer by y^e follis of other pretenders. We hear of a Presbyterian Plott, and the severity y^t is exercised against our Friends in divers parts on y^t occasion, tho to the astonishment of our prosecutors there be none of y^m found in y^e list. Tis what I ever told both the King and Duke and that at parting; if God should suffer men to be so farr infatuated as to raise commotion in y^e kingdom, he would never find any of y^t party among y^m, at least of note or credit. The Lord Hyde was by, now Earl of Rochester, [when I spoke]; their designe being no more but to enjoy their conscience and follow their vocations peaceably, y^t the labour of y^e week may not be y^e price of their Sabbath—I mean worship—and y^t I believed he would live to be convinced y^t we never carried y^e matter higher; lett others answear for themselves.”

“This makes me press the more upon thee in favour of our ——— in Ireland, because upon their address to the King (in which they pleaded their innocence and declared their abhorrence of plotts, and prayed) to be relieved in their sufferings, the King gave them thanks, and said he believed them, and promised to take care to redress them.”

We are reminded by these passages that William Penn elsewhere records

King James as having told him, soon after the accession, that now he meant “to go to mass above board;” upon which Penn quaintly and promptly remarked, “that he hoped his majesty would grant to others the liberty he so loved himself, and let all go where they pleased.” But listen to these remaining words of sincerity and truth, which deserve to be written in letters of gold:

*“I plead against my interests, for y^e severitys of those parts encrease the plantation and improvement of these. But I am for y^e just and mercifull thing, whoever gets or looses by it—as ought all men of truth, honour and conscience to be.”**

I have given extracts at length from this wonderful letter, for they furnish striking and, hitherto, unpublished examples of Penn's true nobility of soul. It may be interesting to the reader to learn that the collection in which the original document was discovered, consists principally of the State Papers and Correspondence of James, Duke of Ormond, who was concerned in the government of Ireland, from the breaking out of the great Irish Rebellion, in 1641, to his death in 1688. These papers were taken by Thomas Carte from Kilkenny Castle, the Duke's chief mansion, in 1734, when he was employed by the Earl of Arran, the Duke's grandson, to write his grandfather's life. In his preface to the first volume, published in 1736, Carte says: “I found in the evidence-room, at Kilkenny, about fourteen wicker bins—each large enough to hold an hogshead of wine in bottles—covered with unwieldy books of stewards' accounts; but which upon examination appeared to be full of papers. . . . There being no book-binder in Kilkenny, I was forced to transport these on three Irish cars to Dublin, where I was continually employed for several months in digesting them, in order to have them bound up like the others,” viz.: twenty-seven large books containing a series of letters and papers, the greater part extending only to the end of 1651, and some to the beginning of the following

* The italics are my own.

year, which had been previously given to Carte by Lord Arran. The whole collection was subsequently deposited in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford; "and consists," says Mr. Prendergast, "of more than 200 folio volumes."

I have thus particularized, inasmuch as the *Carte Collection* has another association of interest, at least to Philadelphians. For Lord Romilly, Master of the Rolls, has officially declared, that the *Manuscript Memoirs of the Marquis of Clanricarde*, 1641-1643, recently restored by the Library Company of Philadelphia to her Britannic Majesty's Government, have in reality filled the gap in this series of documents which Mr. Hardy, in his able report on the *Carte Papers*, had previously deeply deplored.

But it is time to return to William Penn, concerning whose experiences in the Slate-roof House, I have still a few words to say.

It was his custom while residing there, as Governor, to receive formal deputations of Indians; and after the solemn conference, and the more exhilarating feast which followed, he used to adjourn with them to the grounds in the rear of the mansion to witness and enjoy their "canto," or dance.

A story which a traveler picked up some years afterwards in Philadelphia may have had its origin at one of these festivals.

An old Indian, in whom liquor had apparently got the better of his head, was boasting to a Friend of the extent and variety of his knowledge. Whereupon the Friend desired leave to ask him whether he knew who was first circumcised? The old savage at once replied: "Father Abraham!" Then, immediately begging leave in an equally polite manner, he put the question: "Who was the first Quaker?" The Friend said it was uncertain, that some took one person for it, and some another.

"You are mistaken, sir," rejoined the cunning old fellow. "*Mordecai* was the first Quaker, for he would not take off his hat to Haman!"

Notwithstanding Governor Penn's evi-

dently strong personal inclinations for the pleasures of town and country life in his own Province, public interests of vital importance soon demanded his presence in England. His friends there began to continually urge his return, and in order that he might appear before Parliament in behalf of his government.

In a letter written at this time to James Logan, he says: "I cannot prevail on my wife to stay, still less Tishe: I know not what to do; Samuel Carpenter seems to excuse her in it."

From the whole tenor of this letter, which I have carefully read, it seems evident that he contemplated making but a short stay in England.

It is well known, however, to all, that William Penn sailed out of the Delaware on the 3d of November, 1701, and never again set foot on the soil of Pennsylvania.*

* * * * *

In the summer of 1702, the Slate-roof House was once more the scene of great activity. Governor Penn on his departure had left James Logan in charge of his affairs, as Agent and Secretary of the Province; and Lord Cornbury, Governor of New York and New Jersey, having announced his intention to visit Philadelphia, Logan had given orders to prepare a grand entertainment in his honor at the Slate House, then used as a government building.

In the court-yard, in the rear of the mansion, servants were busily engaged in preparing various kinds of meat and game. And soon, two or three little crooked-legged dogs, which were running about the premises, were caught up and placed in the wheels on the kitchen-wall, and the spits began to turn merrily before the fires, as the little creatures got fairly at work in their tread-mills.

The folding-doors communicating with the two principal rooms, on either side

* A very curious copy of Admiral Penn's Monument, with the inscription, in St. Mary's Radcliff, Bristol, done by the process of photo-lithography, will be found at p. lx. of the Camden Society's very elegant publication for 1866, entitled "History from Marble, compiled in reign of Charles II., by Thomas Dingley, gent., edited by John Gough Nichols, F. S. A.;" which work is worthy of a better index.

of the hall, were also thrown back, thus forming a very large apartment, running the entire width of the mansion, and here the tables were spread for the banquet, and were elaborately decorated with a choice variety of flowers, arranged under the direction of some of the principal young ladies of the city.

These details were scarcely completed when the sound of the approaching cavalcade was heard, and all the inhabitants in that part of the town gathered in the street to catch a glimpse of so rare a sight.

At the head of the procession rode Lord Cornbury and Colonel Andrew Hamilton, Deputy Governor of Pennsylvania, with Samuel Carpenter, Edward Shippen, Judge Guest, Captain Samuel Finney, Thomas Story, William Clark, Caleb Pusey, Phineas Pemberton, members of the Council; and Isaac Norris, Griffith Jones, Judge Thomas Masters, Captain Richard Hill, David Lloyd, Joseph Growdon, Anthony Morris, John Swift, Nicholas Waln, Joseph Fisher, Daniel Pastorius, John Bewly, Collector of the Port, and Edward Penington, brother-in-law of William Penn and Surveyor-General of the Province—and many other gentlemen of this and neighboring colonies.

Lord Cornbury and his retinue having dismounted, were received and appropriately welcomed to the Slate-roof House by James Logan; and, after some preliminary conversation, the assembled company sat down, "and were dined," says Lord Cornbury, "equal to anything I have seen in America."

At night the Governor of New York and his suite adjourned, by invitation, to Edward Shippen's mansion, where they lodged, and dined the next day.

Mr. Shippen was the first Mayor of the city, and the ancestor of the Shippen family, whose fortunes are so agreeably traced by Mr. Thomas Balch in the "Letters and Papers Relating to the Provincial History of Pennsylvania." His house was at this time delightfully situated, on a small eminence toward the south, overlooking the rising city, and having in front a beautiful green lawn

gently sloping to the then pleasant Dock creek, commanding, in fact, an unobstructed view of the Delaware river and the Jersey shore. As early as 1698, Gabriel Thomas had mentioned its "very famous and pleasant summer-house," erected in the midst of "extraordinary fine and large gardens, abounding with tulips, pinks, carnations, roses and lilies."

Lord Cornbury, it is easy to imagine, was greatly gratified with his experiences; for after enjoying the hospitalities of the capital, he was despatched to Pennsbury in the Governor's barge, with an escort of fifty persons in four large boats, and was again banqueted by James Logan, at the Proprietor's Manor House.

Oldmixon says: "The Lord Cornbury was extremely well pleased with the house, gardens, and orchards; the latter produced excellent Pearmain and Golden Pippins."

Of this interesting historical "progress" very little remains to be told. It is indeed all contained in the incident of the old woman, who had learned that Cornbury was a lord and a queen's cousin, and accordingly eyed him with great attention; but, to her utter astonishment, she could discover no difference between him and other men, save that he wore leather stockings!

It must always remain a subject of regret that this worthy old dame, who turns up on several occasions in the early history of Philadelphia, was not present at some time in New York, when the "loose lord" was disporting himself about the Fort, where he lived, clad in female apparel. The scene would have afforded an opportunity for refreshing remarks upon the despicable conduct of one who was to become the third Earl of Clarendon—a worthy successor, forsooth! to his grandfather, the Lord Chancellor.

Lady Cornbury, it appears, did not accompany her husband on this tour, although she visited Philadelphia with him in the following year.

She was the daughter of Lord O'Brien, eldest son of the Earl of Thomond; and at the death of her mother, Katharine

Stuart, sole sister and heir of Charles, Duke of Richmond and Lenox, she became Baroness Clifton. She seems to have been a woman superior in all respects to her husband. She died at New York in 1706, greatly lamented, and was buried in a vault in Trinity Church, in which were deposited, some years afterward, the remains of a relative of Lord Cornbury, Mrs. George Clarke, wife of the Lieutenant Governor of New York.

Owing to the somewhat prominent, although not always creditable, part which Viscount Cornbury assumed to play, as an adviser, in the public affairs of Pennsylvania, but especially because he was a guest of the Slate-roof House, and was associated, through several members of his family, with a former occupant of that old mansion—William Penn—it may not be uninteresting to glance for an instant at his character and connections.

His grandfather, Edward Hyde, first Earl of Clarendon, the "great Chancellor," had several sons and daughters. The eldest, Henry Hyde, succeeded his father as second Earl of Clarendon, and marrying a daughter of the first Lord Capel, had an only son, Edward Hyde, Viscount Cornbury, Governor of New York and New Jersey—of whom we have been writing;—whose uncle, Lawrence Hyde, second son of the Chancellor, was created Earl of Rochester, November 29, 1682. It was this Lord Rochester, widely celebrated as a wise and incorruptible statesman—and not the profligate, though witty, John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, who died in 1680, and was of an entirely different family—who became at an early day the friend and correspondent of Penn. His sister, the aunt of Lord Cornbury, married the Duke of York, afterwards King James II., and had two daughters: Mary, who married Prince William of Orange and became Queen of England, and Anne, who ascended the throne on the 24th April, 1702. Thus Cornbury and Queen Anne were first cousins; and it was to his relationship to the royal family that he owed his appointment as Governor of New York. Singularly enough, Cornbury's

cousin, Anne Hyde, daughter of William Penn's friend, Lawrence Hyde, first Earl of Rochester, married James, second Duke of Ormond, the grandson of another of Penn's friends, the first Duke of Ormond, to whom was addressed the letter which we have recently noticed. History, indeed, offers many such interesting coincidences to one well versed in her lore. The discovery of the sometimes almost invisible threads which connect apparently unrelated facts or personages is one of the pleasurable rewards which are sure to wait upon the enthusiastic and diligent inquirer.

Lord Cornbury succeeded the Earl of Bellomont as Governor of New York a few weeks prior to his visit to the Slate-roof House—Smith says, May 2, 1702—William Smith, Abraham De Peyster, President of the Council, and Lieutenant Governor John Nanfan, having administered the government *ad interim*. He was superseded by Lord Lovelace in December, 1708, and was immediately placed in prison in New York by his creditors, where he remained until the fall of the following year, when, by the death of his father, he became third Earl of Clarendon, and, returning to England, died there in 1723, leaving no male issue; and his honors devolved upon his cousin, Henry Hyde, second Earl of Rochester and fourth Earl of Clarendon. This nobleman had no sons, and both titles were consequently extinguished: he left, however, two daughters. The youngest of these ladies became the celebrated Duchess of Queensberry, the patroness of the poet Gray, who very naturally made Stoke Park, the seat of the Penn family, the scene of his "Long Story." The church and graveyard which inspired his "Elegy" were likewise in the neighborhood of the Penn mansion.

The eldest daughter of Henry Hyde, last Earl of Rochester and Clarendon, married Lord Essex; and her daughter, having married the Hon. Thomas Villiers, the title of Earl of Clarendon was revived in his favor, and from them the present peer descends.

Lord Cornbury himself left one daughter, Theodosia Hyde, who espoused John

Bligh, Esq., M. P., afterwards Earl of Darnley; and from this marriage the present Earl of Darnley descends; who enjoys also the English barony of Clifton, through his ancestress, Lady Cornbury, and her daughter, Lady Darnley.

A single fact will suffice to show the public character of Lord Cornbury.

Though war was declared by England on the 4th May, 1702, against France and Spain, the treaty of neutrality between the "Five Nations" and the French in Canada prevented New York from being harassed on her borders. Cornbury, however, continued his solicitations for money; and finally, after many urgent appeals from the Governor, the Legislature, which had already expended £22,000 during the late peace, made an appropriation of £1500 for fortifying the approaches to the city of New York. Whereupon Cornbury coolly put the whole amount in his own pocket! The Legislature, finding that they had been deceived, and that the money had been thus misapplied, eventually took the precaution of appointing a Treasurer, Colonel Abraham De Peyster, late President of the Council, who, by the way, was an ancestor of James De Peyster, recently President of the New York Historical Society. From this time down to the Revolution, New York had two financial officers: one being the Receiver General of the Crown, who collected the quit-rents and duties levied in virtue of British trade acts; whilst the other, the Colonial Treasurer, became the custodian of moneys raised and paid out by virtue of the Provincial laws.

The vote on the ways and means to raise the above £1500, which Cornbury at once so gracefully appropriated to his own uses, is amusing, and becomes of interest in these days of taxes. Fortunately for us, several of the items taxed have disappeared with the progress of events; and there can be no great danger, except for single men, in the publication of the remainder, as the other cases are fairly reached already, at least by our worthy national lawgivers:

"Every member of the Council to pay

a poll-tax of 40 shillings; an Assemblyman, 20 shillings; a lawyer in practice, 20 shillings; every man wearing a perwig, 5 shillings and 6 pence; *a bachelor of 25 years and upwards, 2 shillings and 3 pence*; every freeman between 16 and 60, 9 pence; the owners of slaves, for each, 1 shilling."

James Logan continued to reside in the Slate-roof House until 1704, when he removed to William Clark's mansion on Chestnut street. Here he kept "bachelor's hall" with William Penn, Jr., who had recently arrived from England without his wife, and Governor Evans, and Judge Mompesson.

His own propriety of conduct is well known, but he could not control the disorderly behavior of young Penn and his dissolute companion, Evans, the youthful Governor, who was only twenty-six years of age.

The proprietor's son kept a kennel of hounds, was lavish of expense, and fond of display and good living. Many scandalous stories are told of him; and it was so generally known that he was too marked in his attentions, among others, to a young lady in Bucks county, that the moderate Logan did not hesitate to write to his father: "'Tis a pity his wife came not with him, for her presence would have confined him within bounds he was not too regular in observing."

In his letter to his secretary, Penn had said, when his son was about embarking for America: "Be discreet. He has wit, kept the top company, and must be handled with much love and wisdom; and urging the weakness and folly of some behaviours, and the necessity of another conduct from interest and reputation, will go far. And get Samuel Carpenter, Edward Shippen, Isaac Norris, Phineas Pemberton, Thomas Masters, and such persons to be soft, and kind, and teaching; it will do wonders with him, and he is conquered that way."

Alas! all these means were tried by the father's friends, but utterly failed; for young Penn and Governor Evans, being late one night at a public house, became involved in a disgraceful affray

with the watch. In the midst of the affair young Penn called for pistols; but, the lights being extinguished, one of his antagonists gave him a sound beating; and Alderman Wilcox availed himself of the darkness to feign ignorance of the presence of the chief magistrate, to whom he gave a severe drubbing, redoubling his blows upon him as a slanderer when he disclosed his quality.*

The allowance of money received from Logan not being sufficient to support this prodigal son, he sold, in order to raise funds to get out of the country, his manor called Williamstadt, to Isaac Norris and William Trent for £850. It consisted of 7000 acres, and is now Norristown, or Norriton township, Montgomery county, Pennsylvania.

In the fall of 1703, Trent had also purchased the Slate-roof House from Samuel Carpenter, for £850, and it became his residence the year following.

From Judge Field's interesting book, the "Provincial Courts of New Jersey," we learn that William Trent was a native of Inverness, Scotland. He emigrated at an early day to Philadelphia, where he became an extensive and successful merchant, and also Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and Speaker of the Assembly of that Province.

In 1714 he purchased Mahlon Stacey's plantation of eight hundred acres, lying upon both sides of the Assanpink, in New Jersey. To this place he removed some years later, and in the year 1721 represented the county of Burlington in the Assembly. In 1723 he was elected Speaker of the House, and shortly after was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. He, did not, however, long survive the latter honor, but died suddenly, of apoplexy, at his mansion called Bloomsbury Court, on Christmas Day, 1724, universally beloved and lamented.

Several years before his death a town was laid out on his estate, which in his honor was called Trent's Town—now Trenton, capital of the State of New Jersey.

* Janney's Penn. Watson. The Friend, xviii., No. 46.

Judge Field is, however, in error in thinking that none of the descendants remain. Chief Justice Trent married Mary Burge, daughter of Samuel Eckley, an eminent merchant of Philadelphia. From them, in the female line, descend the Rossell family, of Trenton. Nathan Beakes, Esquire, of Trenton, having married Mary Trent—the daughter of Major William Trent, son of the Chief Justice—their daughter, Lydia Beakes, married Gen. Zachariah Rossell, whose three children, now living—Mrs. Higbee, widow of the late William P. Higbee, Esquire; Miss Anna Rossell, and Mr. Wm. H. Rossell—are great-great-grandchildren of Chief Justice Trent. Their brother, Major Nathan Beakes Rossell, U. S. A., who was breveted and honored by a vote of the Legislature of New Jersey for his gallant conduct in Mexico, was finally killed at the battle of "Gaines' Mills," on the 27th of June, 1863.

Dr. John Trent, the youngest child of Major Trent, was for many years a distinguished physician at Camden, South Carolina, where he died in 1809, leaving five children. One of the sons, Dr. William Trent, was living in Tennessee a few years ago.

The only daughter of Chief Justice Trent married a Mr. French, resident in one of the West India Islands. It is not known whether any of her descendants survive.

These few lines may be the means of restoring the lost links in the scattered chain of the descendants of this former owner of the Slate-roof House.

Logan, in a letter to Penn in 1709, says: "William Trent, designing for England, is about selling his house (that he bought of Samuel Carpenter), which thou lived in, with the improvement of a beautiful garden. I wish it could be made thine, as nothing in this town is so well fitting a governor. His price is £900 of our money, which it is hard thou canst not spare. I would give £20 to £30 out of my own pocket that it were thine—nobody's but thine."

The Slate House was, however, bought shortly after by Isaac Norris, the elder,

for the above-mentioned sum, £900. His family resided there till he removed to his country-seat, called Fair Hill, in 1717.

In the mean time the original owner and builder of the mansion, Samuel Carpenter, died and was buried, with universal expressions of sorrow and regret on the part of all classes of people.

In a letter written after his death to his daughter Hannah Fishbourne, he is thus noticed by Thomas Story, a distinguished preacher of that day: "The Lord hath gathered my dear friend to himself. . . . I am fully satisfied he has attained the state of the just, and is praising his God and our God in the heavens, in joy unspeakable, which never changeth."

James Logan, in a letter to William Penn, writes: "That worthy and valuable man, Samuel Carpenter, is to be interred to-morrow, after about two weeks' illness. A fever and cough, with rheumatic pains, carried him off. As I always loved him, and his generous and benevolent disposition, so I find at his exit few men could have left a greater degree of concern on my thoughts. I need say nothing to thee on the loss of such a man, but a sense of it was seen in the faces of hundreds. I am satisfied his humble and just soul is at rest."

The following is extracted from the Friends' Memorial, written shortly after his decease: "He was a pattern of humility, patience and self-denial; a man fearing God and hating covetousness; much given to hospitality and good works. He was a loving, affectionate husband, tender father and a faithful friend and brother. . . . He was ever ready to help the poor and such as were in distress. . . . His memory is precious to the living and renowned among the just. And though he is dead, yet he speaketh, and his name shall be recorded among the faithful for generations to come."

The historian Proud thus characterizes him: "He held for many years some of the greatest offices of the government, and through a great variety of business preserved the love and esteem of a large and extensive acquaintance. His great

abilities, activity and benevolent disposition of mind, in divers capacities, but more particularly among his friends, the Quakers, are said to have rendered and distinguished him as a very useful and valuable member not only of that religious society, but also of the community in general."

Samuel Carpenter, on the 12th December, 1684, married Hannah Hardiman, a native of Haverford West, in South Wales, a distinguished minister of the gospel among Friends.

From this marriage are descended the Carpenter family of New Jersey; and, in the female line, the Whartons, Fishbournes, Merediths, Clymers, and Reads of Philadelphia.

Mr. Carpenter died on the 10th of April, 1714, in the 64th year of his age, at his original mansion in King, now Water, street, then the *Court end* of the town, afterwards occupied by his son Samuel, who married the daughter of the eminent Samuel Preston; and not at his Sepviva plantation, as erroneously stated by Watson.

As appears by his will, dated April 6th, 1714, he left a large amount of property, although he had before met with serious reverses. He had been, indeed, with exception of the Founder, the wealthiest man in the Province. In 1705 he had written to Jonathan Dickinson, offering for sale a portion of his estate: "I would sell my house and granary on the wharf, where I lived last, and the wharves and warehouses; also the Globe and long vault adjacent. I have three-sixteenths of 5000 acres of land, and a mine, called Pickering's mine. I have sold my house [the Slate-roof], over against David Lloyd's [the site of the Bank of Pennsylvania], to William Trent, and the Scales to Henry Babcock, and the Coffee-House [at or near Walnut and Front streets] to Captain Finney; also my half of Darby mills to John Bethell; and a half of Chester mills to Caleb Pusey." Besides, he was known to own the estate called Bristol mills, worth £5000; the country-seat and mulberry orchard, and islands of 350 acres opposite Burlington; 380

acres at Fair Hill; and 5000 acres at Poquessing Creek, fifteen miles from Philadelphia.

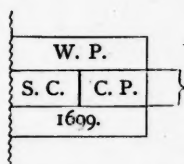
He also had property in Market street. The three-story building at the S. E. corner of Front and Market was erected by him. He gave to the Society of Friends the ground near Second street—which they have since sold—on which the old Market Street Meeting-House formerly stood. To the school corporation of Friends—of which he was one of the Trustees by original appointment from William Penn—he gave the ground on which the Fourth Street Academy lately stood, with lots extending from Walnut street to Market street. His lands upon Timber Creek, in New Jersey, lay on the south branch of that stream, and extended to the Delaware River, and were purchased by him in 1634, from Samuel Jennings. His Elsinborough tract, consisting of 1100 acres, was purchased in 1684 and 1686. It lies upon the Delaware river, in Salem county, New Jersey, near the site of the fort which was erected by the Swedes in 1631.

About a mile and a half north-west from Chester, Pennsylvania, on the left bank of Chester Creek, there stood, several years since—and I believe it still exists—an humble cottage built of stone. This is the original dwelling erected by Richard Townsend for the accommodation of his family while he was tending the first mill erected in the Province. The mill itself, which stood about forty rods above the cottage, has entirely disappeared, but the rocks in the vicinity bear traces of its former existence; and, I am told, the log platform still remains under water, at the spot where the ford used to be on the road to Philadelphia. The partners in this mill were William Penn, Samuel Carpenter and Caleb Pusey, and in that lowly cottage those good men often, doubtless, met to count their honest gains and to devise plans for the future development of the resources of Pennsylvania.

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Within the last half century some slight additions have been made to the dwelling.

Mr. John F. Watson, while visiting these interesting remains a number of years ago, found the original vane on the mill, which he presented to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, in whose hall it is still to be seen. It is of iron, curiously wrought, and so formed as to exhibit the initial letters of the owners' names, thus:



Before turning from the original owner and builder of the Slate-roof House to pursue the history of the subsequent occupants, we must be allowed to quote the language of Mr. Watson, to whom Philadelphians are indebted for two very interesting volumes:

"The name of Samuel Carpenter is connected with everything of a public nature in the early annals of Philadelphia. I have seen his name at every turn in searching the old records. He was the Stephen Girard of his day in wealth, and the William Sansom in the improvements he suggested and the edifices which he built."

An original portrait of Samuel Carpenter was for a long time in the possession of his great-grand-daughter, the late Mrs. Isaac C. Jones. An admirable copy, by Sully, still exists in the hands of one of his descendants, Samuel Carpenter, Esq., of Salem, New Jersey.

Duplicates of this should be possessed by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania and the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce, whose new and magnificent building will soon stand upon the site of the historical mansion of this "great improver of the city of Philadelphia."

THE NATIONAL FINANCES.

THE people of the United States have now arrived at that point at which it is quite indispensable that a sound financial policy should be determined upon and permanently established. The war, with its terrible necessities, has been closed successfully, the delirious excitement incident to the return of peace has passed by, and the nation is now to enter upon the natural development of its trade and industry in a state of peace. What that development shall be must depend entirely upon the wisdom of the people, for their wishes will determine the action of their representatives. The misfortune in the case is, that owing to the happy exemption from a public debt and burdensome imposts which the country enjoyed until within the last few years, the people have had little occasion to interest themselves at all in financial affairs. So light has been the national taxation, and so indirectly has it been assessed, that the masses have been quite unconscious of being taxed at all. Hence it is no matter of surprise that they should have hitherto been quite indifferent to all questions appertaining to taxation and finance; and that, notwithstanding their great intelligence, as compared with other communities, in regard to matters of general interest, upon economical questions they should be profoundly ignorant.

There is another reason. Political Economy has rarely been a study in any of our lower seminaries of learning, and even in our colleges little attention has been given to it. Practically, it has been ignored, as a *science*, as anything essential to the student. It might be superficially studied, or omitted altogether; and yet, if it be a science (and that is no longer disputed), it is *the* science which of all others should receive the most careful and critical attention of an American student, because he is to hold the ballot, and his opinions will influence the legislation of the country.

When the late contest burst upon the country, and the million of men who nobly came forward to defend the government were to be armed, clothed, equipped and supplied with all the material of war, where was the needful intelligence the exigency required? Was it to be found in Congress? Was it in the Cabinet? The condition of the country to-day furnishes the best answer to these questions. Every measure adopted was experimental, every thing done was tentative; hence mistakes, losses, immense sacrifices, disordered finances, and the present enormous debt. Loans, currency, taxation—in short, a system of finance was to be inaugurated upon the most gigantic scale the world ever saw, by a government and people to whom the science of finance was comparatively unknown. The immense productive power of the country and the devoted loyalty of its citizens were equal to the occasion, and, despite all official blundering, the war was triumphantly concluded.

The present state of things in regard to financial matters confirms the truth of what we have said. Within the last few weeks we have had letters, speeches and public documents from different gentlemen high in official position in relation to our national finances; and what do we learn from all these? Do we find them in general harmony with each other, and only differing in unessential details? Do we find them all acknowledging certain fundamental principles as underlying their theories of financial reconstruction? Quite the reverse of all this. No two, we believe, agree upon the measures which should be adopted, and, with one marked exception, none of them base their propositions upon any well-defined and generally acknowledged principles. The exception referred to is the Annual Report of the Secretary of the Treasury—a State Paper of importance, as well from its timely application of the immutable laws

of finance, as from the long experience and acknowledged ability of its writer.

After referring to the operations of the Department for the past year, Mr. McCulloch proceeds directly to the great questions before the country, and meets them calmly and fearlessly, planting himself upon certain great principles which underlie the whole economy of finance.

To the popular demand for "More money," so loudly raised in different parts of the country at the present moment, especially at the West, the Secretary replies :

Money by no means becomes abundant by an increase, or scarce by a diminution, of its volume. The reverse is more likely to be true, especially when, as is generally the case, high prices are speculative prices, and prevent activity in exchanges. Money is in demand at the present time, not so much to move crops as to hold them—not to bring them at reasonable prices within the reach of consumers, but to withhold them from market until a large advance of prices can be established. Let the great staples of the country come forward and be sold at market prices, at such prices as, while the producer is fairly remunerated, will increase consumption and exports—let capitalists be assured that progress towards a stable basis is to be uninterrupted—and money, now considered scarce, will be found to be abundant. The actual legitimate business of the country is not larger than it was in 1860, when three hundred millions of coin and bank notes were an ample circulating medium, and when an addition of fifty millions would have made it excessive. Throughout a considerable portion of the best grain-growing sections of the United States there has been, during the past year, great complaint of a scarcity of money, and yet no single article of agricultural product, except wool, was to be sold there for which there was not a purchaser at more than remunerating, if not exorbitant, prices. There was no lack of money in these sections, but a lack of products to exchange for it. The hard times complained of were the consequence of short crops, and not of deficient circulation. To the farmer, who had little to sell and much to buy, an increase of the circulation would have been an injury ; a curtailment of it a benefit. And yet, by men in such circumstances, the policy of contraction has met with a condemnation second only to that which it has received at the hands of speculators in stocks.

It is needless to quote further from a report which is presumed to be familiar to the reader ; but in the clear light which it throws upon the whole subject we see with distinctness the terrible absurdity of many of the propositions which others have presented to the public. With the laws of currency so plainly laid down, the inevitable effects of an inconvertible one, and the insane folly of expanding it so fully described, how does the proposed issue of a thousand millions more in greenbacks strike the mind of any reflecting person ? How the proposition to have three hundred millions of *rotary* bonds convertible into greenbacks, and reconvertible into bonds at the option of the holder ?

What can we think of the project of selling \$250,000,000 of bonds in a foreign market, and importing that amount of gold to redeem greenbacks ? How would the latter measure, even if it were possible to be carried out, secure the desired object, the resumption of specie payments, when the whole currency, greenbacks, bank circulation and deposits, all due on demand ; will amount to \$1,200,000,000 ?

But this proposition for importing gold is so fascinating, and, at a superficial glance, so feasible, that we must give it a brief examination.

In the first place, such a quantity of gold is not to be had for any consideration whatever. The Bank of England holds of coin and bullion on an average, usually, ten or twelve millions sterling : the amount has sometimes been reduced as low as one and a half millions ; at others, has stood as high as twenty-two millions. Although the amount now held is large, the withdrawal of ten millions (fifty million dollars) would derange the whole commerce of the empire. How with the Bank of France ? Could it furnish fifty million dollars—two hundred and fifty million francs ? Certainly not. It has as much as it can well do to sustain itself under the failure of the Credit Mobilier and the threatening condition of European affairs. Can Germany furnish a large part of the sum required ? She could not spare a fifth part of it, for

she has no more specie than the necessities of her six hundred banks require; and as to Russia and Austria, they are, like ourselves, cursed with irredeemable paper, and nearly destitute of gold. We think, if the honorable gentleman who proposes the measure were entrusted with the negotiation of the loan, he would find it a hopeless undertaking. But, waiving all this for the moment, what would the gold cost, provided it could be had? At the present value of our bonds abroad, it would require \$350,000,000 to purchase \$250,000,000 in gold. Here would be a loss of \$100,000,000 to commence with, upon the whole of which the interest must be paid in gold, and eventually the principal itself. Rather a severe operation; for the Government will have exchanged its notes that pay no interest into bonds that have a specie interest, and this at a loss of \$100,000,000.

Lastly, if the gold could be had even on these disadvantageous terms, what would be the result? It is brought here, and with it, together with what gold there is in the Treasury, the ex-Secretary proposes that the greenbacks and the fractional currency shall be paid off. The National banks are to resume specie payments at the same time; but we must recollect they have no specie of any importance of their own (in all but about ten millions), yet have immediate cash liabilities amounting to \$900,000,000.

They nevertheless resume, and there will then be a currency of \$1,200,000,000, all equal to gold!

The financial millennium will have arrived, trade will surely revive, and every department of industry be found in a flourishing condition! Before we come to this agreeable conclusion, let us examine the effects of this convertible currency, now nearly or quite three times greater than its natural volume; that is, so much greater than it was before the war. As soon as this consummation has been reached, the foreign manufacturer will be ready to take advantage of the new state of things. Hitherto he has been obliged, after selling his wares in

the United States, to pay 40 per cent. exchange, more or less, for gold, in order to get his returns; but that heavy drawback is now removed. He can sell his commodities at as high prices as ever, since the currency will be as much expanded as before the resumption, and take his pay in notes which he can exchange for gold without discount. Of course he will not be slow to avail himself of this favorable state of things, and foreign merchandise—not only manufactures, but every other article, some kinds of agricultural products even—will be thrown into the country in the greatest profusion. The tariff will not stop them: no tariff but one equivalent to entire prohibition would do it. How, then, will it fare with the home manufacturer of cottons, woollens, iron, or any other article in the production of which there is a competition from abroad? The restored currency will be worth no more to him than the previous inconvertible one, while to the foreigner it is worth 40 per cent. more—that is, the difference of the former gold premium—all of which he will gain, and of course be just so much more able to compete with the American producer, who, under such disadvantages, must be driven out of the market, and the gold be driven out of the country as fast as it can be carried off in payment for foreign goods.

But in the mean time, how will this state of trade affect the currency? Very evidently, as soon as the drain of specie commences, the banks will see the imperative necessity of commencing contraction; because, as they owe many times more on demand than they have of immediate resources, they must call in their circulation or in the end stop payment. They will therefore, as fast as their notes are paid in by their customers, lay them by, and not reissue them until the danger is passed. In this way the circulation will be diminished, until it gets down to its normal amount of \$200,000,000 to \$250,000,000. With this contraction of course will come a fall of prices to the specie standard, and the country be finally brought to a healthy condition. All this must take

place, because it is impossible to keep within the country any greater amount of *real money* than the share that naturally belongs to it as its proportion of the whole specie and bullion of the world. This great law of value cannot be evaded, and should not be ignored.

If this be so—and no one will attempt to show the contrary—then we shall not have avoided contraction by borrowing \$250,000,000 of foreign gold, but shall have lost the gold, together with the high premium we paid for it; and besides, have done irreparable injury to our own industrial interests. We shall have brought about a contraction indeed, but in the worst and most expensive manner possible.

But it may be asked, Why notice such impracticable projects? We answer because the men who bring them forward are representative men: they give utterance to crude and visionary ideas already existing in the public mind. No speech on financial matters ever produced a greater impression, perhaps, than that of General Butler. His proposals were so agreeable, his arguments so plausible, his manner so confident, that the popular mind has been carried away with it. Everywhere we meet men who ask, "What do you think of Gen. Butler's speech?" and they do this in such a tone and manner as shows most plainly that the inquirer has been greatly captivated by it, and hopes you will reply, "I am delighted with it." So of all the different schemes presented: each has its advocates and admirers. We cannot, therefore, regard the refutation of them a waste of labor: on the other hand, we think it should be the earnest purpose of every one to do his utmost to disabuse the public mind in regard to all such wild and senseless schemes.

When Congress enacted that the notes of the Government should be a legal tender, it suspended the operation of the laws of value, and the effects of that measure are seen in the present expanded condition of the currency. There can be but one remedy, viz.: the repeal of that law. But this cannot be done until the currency has been contracted

to that point at which it will be on a par with gold. Every attempt to evade this is as idle as it is pernicious. The thing is impossible. It may be accomplished gradually and slowly, but it must be done. Nothing can be substituted for it. Delay will never bring it about. The country will never "grow to it," as some persons are foolish enough to assume, though we shall grow *from it*, and at a rapid rate, until we change our policy.

Contraction of course will cause pain to those who hold property that must decline in price, but that cannot be avoided. Expansion made many fortunes by the rise of prices—contraction will diminish them; but expansion created no values, and contraction will destroy none. Commodities will maintain the same relation to each other after contraction as before. A bushel of wheat will exchange for as many pounds of tea, sugar, or coffee, though the prices of each may be greatly altered.

The idea so often insisted upon, that the wealth of the country is to be diminished by the withdrawal of the surplus currency, or that the labor of the country will be oppressed thereby, is entirely false. In fact, so far as the interests of labor are concerned, wages will be increased about 25 per cent.; not in nominal rates, but in the quantity of commodities for which they may be exchanged. Every interest will be promoted—none will be injured, always saving and except that of the monopolist or speculator. Mr. McCulloch well says that the surplus currency is used, not "to *move* the crops, but to prevent their being moved"—to hold them from the consumer until raised to the highest possible price. The business of forestalling and speculation, therefore, will doubtless be greatly interfered with by contraction, but as that is not an occupation that produces wealth, that makes a country rich, it would not be a matter of general regret.

How long resumption shall be delayed, and how slow the process by which it is attained, are questions to be

determined by the wisdom of Congress. There can be no doubt, in the minds of those who appreciate the condition of the country, that the work should be commenced without delay, and, though carried on gradually, should be completed as soon as practicable. It certainly ought not to be extended beyond two or three years at most, because there will be no wholesome business until it is fully accomplished. Trade will not be sound, manufactures will not flourish, laborers will not be well paid, until the great object has been fully attained.

The cry is raised at the present time that money is scarce, and business greatly depressed in consequence; and, under the influence of this insane clamor, Congress has initiated measures to prevent any further contraction by the Secretary of the Treasury. But money is not absolutely scarce, since we have triple the quantity we ever had in our most prosperous days anterior to the rebellion. It is the *quality* of the currency that is deficient—not the *quantity*. Few, unfortunately, see this, yet here lies the chief difficulty. It takes two dollars of our present circulation to transfer as much value—as many commodities—as one dollar would formerly do. To issue more currency of the same kind will make the quality of the whole still worse, and money still more inefficient, and, of course, more scarce. This is true not only as a philosophical conclusion, but has hitherto always proved true as a practical fact.

Money will be *scarce* if we retain our present circulation; if we increase it, the demand for it will increase faster than the supply, and it will be still *more scarce*. Money can be made more plenty only by restoring its quality to the proper standard. Then it will be abundant, and every department of industry will return to a healthy and prosperous condition, because it will then be on a par with the currency of the world, the currency of commerce. We may struggle ever so much to ward off the consequences of contraction, but come they must, sooner or later.

To justify the call for more greenbacks, it is often asserted that we need more currency now than we did six or seven years ago—that we have a much larger production than then, and, of course, need more money. Now, this, to a great extent, must be erroneous. We cannot, of course, speak from actual statistics obtained by any census taken at the present time, but every well-informed man knows that real production has increased but very little, if at all. Prices have advanced, and therefore we estimate every article at enhanced rates; but commodities—actual values—have increased but slightly. As an illustration of this fact, we refer to the statistics of Massachusetts. By her census of 1865, we find that the total value of all the grain—that is, Indian corn, wheat, rye, barley, oats—together with the hay and potatoes raised in that year, amounted to \$19,995,171, while in 1855 they amounted to but \$15,593,951, making an apparent gain to the State of \$4,401,220. By looking at the *quantities* of these articles, we find the result as follows:

Of grain in 1855 there were,	
bushels,	4,048,002
Of grain in 1865 there were,	
bushels,	3,129,102
Less in 1865 than in 1855,	
bushels,	918,900

The grain crop thus fell off 23 per cent. The potato crop also fell off 2½ per cent., while the hay crop increased only 1 per cent.; yet the *value* of the whole was increased 25 per cent.!

Mr. Wells, Special Commissioner of the Revenue, in his report for 1866, concludes that there has been “no material increase in the aggregate value of products in Massachusetts since 1860.”

Could we have correct invoices of all the productions of all the States for the year 1867, so that we could compare them with the census of 1860, we should find, unquestionably, that there had been “no material increase” in the quantities. In regard to the most important of all our products—cotton—we know that in 1860 we had a crop of over 4,600,000 bales, while the crop for 1867 is esti-

mated at about 2,500,000 bales. Besides, the production of other articles in the Southern States is greatly diminished. This being so, why do we need more money now than seven years ago?

To those who have never had occasion to examine the subject, it would be a matter of great surprise to be shown how little money is actually needed to do the business of the country—how large a part is accomplished by bills of exchange and other evidences of debt. In a normal condition of things, when the currency consists of real money, a very limited amount is necessary to *move* the crops and make the transfers required by trade and commerce. It would be equally a matter of surprise to know how much is necessary to *hold* the crops and interpose between the consumer and producer, so as to leave the largest possible amount in the hands of middlemen; yet these two lessons the people must learn before they will understand the true nature and uses of money. Did they understand this, they would never ask for an expansion, which can only be made at their expense and increase their sufferings; nor would they wish, even, that Mr. McCulloch should be prevented from effecting, as soon as practicable, that gradual contraction which he knows the best interests of the country demand.

We will add one more consideration. Contraction, when accomplished, will settle all other difficulties. We will have no need of schemes for evading the payment of the bonds, principal and interest, in coin. Mr. McCulloch's plan for consolidation will then be perfectly feasible, and we shall have disposed of the vexed question of taxing the national bonds.

It is well known that the Secretary desired authority to contract the currency at the rate of eight millions per month, but Congress cut him down to four, and grudged him even that. Had his views been heartily sustained, we should by this time have got half-way back to resumption. The resources of the nation are abundant, and, although the taxation of the country will be necessarily heavy, it need not be so great as to oppress the people, injure production,

or retard a most rapid progress in opulence and power.

No honorable and honest mind will contemplate for a moment any form or degree of repudiation; but, if it were to be attempted at all, the more unequivocally it were done the better. Let Congress resolve that not a bond of the United States, principal or interest, shall ever be paid. In that case, there will be loss to no one, except to those directly or indirectly interested in the national securities. No other class will suffer; on the other hand, the entire public (bond-holders included, so far as they are tax-payers) will gain a release from all the obligations the bonds impose upon them. The National banks would lose their entire capital, because they hold an amount of these bonds equal to the whole of it; and, as their notes of \$300,000,000 in circulation are guaranteed by the government, the National Treasury must pay them, if the banks fail to do so, as they would be very likely to do under such circumstances.

The Savings banks, also would lose a large part of their property, since they have heavy investments in U. S. bonds; and as they also own largely of National bank stocks, they would suffer in that way likewise.

Thus repudiation would strike every class, high and low, rich or poor; but then it would be only to the extent of their interest in the national stocks.

But it would be far worse if it were attempted to pay these bonds in greenbacks, for the latter would at once decline to such an extent as to be nearly worthless.

Until all indebtedness was paid off, they would have some value, because, being lawful tender, all obligations to pay money, all notes, bonds and mortgages could be discharged with them, but nobody would take them for any kind of property at a fair value. Merchants would not part with their goods in exchange for them; holders of real estate would not sell it for greenbacks. The doctor and the lawyer, the mechanic and the common laborer, would alike refuse to receive them in exchange for their services.

The injury thus inflicted upon the trade and industry of the country in the mean time, the robbery and wrong done to individuals, would far exceed that which would be suffered from direct repudiation, while the national credit would be as fully annihilated in the one case as the other. Such a measure, fully carried out, would amount to little less than expunging or wiping out all indebtedness, public and private.

There is, and can be, but one honest way to the resumption of specie payment and the restoration of the finances. All attempts and contrivances to evade the contraction of the currency will be utterly futile; and it is a great misfortune that the public mind is distracted with so many schemes, which, though presented in good faith and with the best intentions, can only postpone relief, and involve the country in still greater embarrassments. The Secretary of the Treasury presents to the nation in his last Report the policy by which alone the desired end can be achieved in a manner advantageous to the business interests of the country and consistent with national honor. We cannot afford to impair the national credit, even if we

were so lost to all sense of self-respect as to be willing to do so. Claiming, as we do, to be one of the first nations of the earth, to have greater natural resources than any other, and a population which for intelligence and capacity is unsurpassed, can we for a moment indulge a thought of repudiation in any form or degree whatever? Can we be so regardless of the future exigencies of the nation as to be willing to forfeit all claim to the confidence of capitalists, at home and abroad? If we cannot and will not do all this, then we must restore our currency, and maintain such a system of taxation as shall enable us to meet the necessary expenditures of the government, and at least pay the interest upon our debt.

Whenever we establish such a policy upon a firm foundation, we shall not only be able to meet all our engagements, but shall at the same time secure an economical administration of our finances. While nothing is paid, but all is done upon credit, no attention will be given to economy. This is true in individual life—it is equally true in national affairs. When we begin to pay we shall begin to save, not before.

REMINISCENCES OF FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

WHEN a Harp ceases to vibrate, it is the chosen melody, and not the reiterated strain, that lingers in the heart; when a Life closes, it is its character, and not its pervasion, that hallows its remembrance; when a Poet dies, it is the quality, and not the quantity, of his Song that endears his name. Even the most prolific bards live rather in their few popular than their many creditable effusions. Wordsworth, Coleridge and Shelley are thus chiefly vital to-day; Sir Henry Wotton, Sir Walter Scott and Helen Maria Williams are familiar to the devotional multitude through a single sacred lyric; Mrs. Hemans and Proctor

are not so much read as repeated by virtue of those favorite heart-songs that have survived a less winsome group; Goldsmith's two brief heroic poems are more freshly impressive than Pope's voluminous rhymes; a verbal felicity of Poe's and a tender appeal of Hood's float around us, while the rest of their clever productions often repose on the library shelf; Wolfe, Gray, Spencer, and our own Pinckney and Wilde, are remembered by a single short poem. Emotional verse, in its very nature, is limited. The mosaic-worker, by patient application, can create many pictures; but few and far between are the gems

which the art of the lapidary renders worthy of the monarch's crown.

Fitz Greene Halleck gave to the world but few poems, but each is a household word: better thus than to have marred his reputation and profaned his muse by willful and uninspired expression; thirty recognized and real poems are preferable to three hundred unregarded and semi-true. Those who knew and loved Halleck find his integrity certified by the reticence of his minstrelsy—his nature adequately represented in his verse:—what Friendship was to him, in his lament for Drake; how the Romance of England's Past and the utilitarianism of her Present impressed him, in "Alnwick Castle;" what a Poet's nature, life and fame were to his consciousness, in "Burns;" Martyrdom for Country, in "Marco Bozzaris;" the pensiveness of nightfall, in "Twilight;" the associations of his birthplace, in "Connecticut," and the comedy of metropolitan life, in "Fanny." The heroic aspirations, the humane sympathies, the love of nature, the tenderness and the comic relish of the man, are herein embodied and embalmed; the alternate humor and pathos of his mood and talk are herein written in music; the glow of passion, the grace of sentiment, the sparkle of wit, the essential and characteristic elements of his being, are herein harmoniously vitalized; he thus bequeaths himself in enduring personality and with melodious emphasis; the story of his life is told in no evanescent shape, but through the intense lyrical overflow of brain and heart, whereby immortal song records a fleeting existence, and wafts from the dark portals of the tomb an undying requiem; for the great test of time has been applied to Halleck: during a quarter of a century he lived withdrawn from active and social life, dwelling in the most frugal isolation in a quiet village; but thither the echoes of his youthful fame ever followed him. Though his contemporaries, for the most part, have left the scene of their mutual activity, a new generation responded to the award of the old; the most spontaneous recognition sought him in retirement, and his

verse is gratefully enshrined in his "land's language:" it is too familiar to require description or analysis. Halleck the Poet is known and lamented; but to Halleck the Man—now he is taken from us—a tribute is due: let us attempt to revive his image and honor his memory.

Full as seems the record to friendly musing, Halleck's life was remarkably uneventful: born in Guilford, Connecticut, in August, 1796, and dying there Nov. 19th, 1867—his mother a descendant of the revered Elliot, who translated the Bible for the aborigines—he came to New York in 1813 as book-keeper in the counting-house of Jacob Barker; subsequently became a clerk to John Jacob Astor; and twenty years ago retired to his native town to live in seclusion with his maiden sister, visiting the city, from time to time, to collect his little dividends, greet his old friends, recall the past, survey the present, and then return to his books and rural walks. His first effusion appeared in 1809, when he was fourteen; his next in Holt's "Columbian," in 1813, and was signed "A Connecticut Farmer's Boy;" in 1823 he visited Europe. Such are the only external incidents that serve as landmarks of his career; but in lyrical fame and social estimation the interest, influence and memory of Halleck are widely endeared and permanently cherished.

Sentiment was obvious in his eyes. Satire informed the lines of his mouth—the square, firmly-set jaw giving a look of decision to the face, which, however, was so animated as to be constantly in a transition state of expressive earnestness or glee, with which alternate moods the tones of the voice strictly sympathized. In outline and color his physiognomy was easy to delineate, but those who best knew him are hard to please as to expression. Four generations of artists have painted Halleck, and all have preserved some characteristic trait: Jarvis, Inman, Hicks and Elliot, among others, have given us his "counterfeit presentment,"—the latter's is the best as he appeared of late years: there is a fine outline drawing of him by Greenough. "Make me look like a gentleman,"

he used laughingly to say to the limners—"that's all I ask."

A curious memorial of New York society half a century ago has lately drifted into notice, like a waif from the oblivious sea of the past, in the shape of an Interior View of the Old Park Theatre, with one of those audiences that Matthews, in his palmy days, so readily convened. It is a water-colored picture on a somewhat diminutive scale, and its authenticity is manifest from the crowd of "familiar faces" in pit and boxes—familiar, that is, to our elder citizens, and, through portraits and social traditions, to a later generation. There, in the ample cravats and high coat-collars, and short waists, ringlets and turbans of the time, are to be seen the hospitable merchant, the agreeable physician, the gallant officer, the political hero, the gentleman, the admired matron and the young *belles* of that day. This unique social diagram has been photographed, and, to construct a "key" thereto, the now venerable survivors of that era have been consulted to identify faces and figures; and if the favorite poet of the time could but hear the zestful reminiscences his name and presence in the charmed circle of the "Old Park" has awakened in every *spirituelle* woman and kindly old gentleman, he would feel an honest glow of pride and affection. Halleck, in those days, realized the idea of a poet in the best modern acceptance of the title—the social nucleus and inspiration, by whose side fair enthusiasts loved to walk, and whose vicinity at the social board was dear to clever men; whose wit circulated to enliven the monotony of fashion, and whose verse celebrated the victories, loves and picturesqueness of the times, satirized its follies, and, with melodious irony, laid bare pretension. Like Præd, a poet of society, airy and casual if occasion served, yet capable of as chivalric strains as those of Campbell and a tenderness like that of Burns; mingling sympathetically in the life of the town; wandering, with no less delight, by river and seashore; apt and faithful, meanwhile, as a clerk in the heart of traffic and rentals,—Halleck touched the whole

circle of experience, was practically versed in the world and poetically allied to the ideal—not a professed *littérateur*, but a native wit and a spontaneous bard. His example, as well as his taste, revived the association of Queen Anne's day and subsequent epochs of social literature in England: Steele would have fraternized with Halleck at once; Dryden would have quoted heroics with him by the hour, and Charles Lamb been conscious of no "imperfect sympathy" with his humor and pathos; while he would have cheered saturnine Hazlitt, and reveled over old English poets with Leigh Hunt.

With all this breadth of intellectual sympathy, Halleck's social creed and sentiment were singularly chivalric: that is the best word I can summon to express that rare "heart of courtesy" he possessed—manliness coalesced with good fellowship therein. I recall the severe judgment he passed on the complaints of some gifted but perverse child of song, who had become a social outcast: "If a man," he said, "chooses to violate the canons of social life—if he sets at defiance the laws and customs that prevail—let him take the consequences like a man, accept patiently the situation, retire from the sphere to which he voluntarily refused to conform, and do it without whining: society is right to respect itself and guard its privileges and prestige: one can be independent of both, but it is weak to complain when they are justly forfeited." A venerable and life-long friend of the poet told me, with much feeling, that, at the time of the Croaker effusions, one hit him rather hard: thirty years after, Halleck called on him to disclaim the authorship. "I knew you gave me the credit of the satire," he said; "and it pained me that you should think me capable of wounding the feelings of an old friend; but I bore the imputation silently till to-day, when, for the first time, I felt at liberty to right myself with you: the author of that squib is just dead!"

When John Jacob Astor died, he left his old poet-clerk five thousand dollars. Some editorial wiseacre descanted on the

smallness of the sum, and took upon himself to indicate the scale of generosity appropriate on the part of a Croesus towards a Bard. Halleck was indignant at this impertinence. "Mr. Astor," said he, "treated me like a gentleman: for years he remunerated me handsomely for my services, and now he pays me the compliment of remembering me as a friend in his will by a trusteeship and a bequest, I have only feelings of gratitude."

It was the fear of annoying his friends by the deafness which afflicted him in his later years that induced retirement; but he exaggerated this possibility in his consideration for others. As a correspondent, his courtesy and tact were extreme: his most casual notes are models of neatness and epigrammatic English, not seldom elaborated into charming epistles. His skill in compliment belonged to a past age; it had an old-world flavor and a graceful kindness, which few have the time—to say nothing of the heart—to fashion now into agreeable phrases.

Twenty years ago there was a French *café* in Warren street, the appointments and aspect of which closely resembled similar places of rendezvous and refreshment in the provincial old towns, where retired officers, village notaries and political quidnuncs, year in and year out, hold impromptu *soirées* over snuff, dominoes and their *demi-tasse*. The old marble tables, and antique cordial-bottles behind the counter, the garrulous and courteous host in a faded velvet jacket, and his buxom wife with cap and pen in alternate motion, with the somewhat anomalous fact that nothing garish or gaudy was resorted to to attract custom, and that the *café* had its regular *habitués* and was rarely the least crowded or noisy, increased the European provincial air to which we have alluded. In the more or less fashionable boarding-houses of the vicinity, smoking was deemed objectionable, and, therefore, many gentlemen visited the *café* with diurnal regularity, to puff, prose or prophesy, according to the mood. Among them was a Canadian who had been a great traveler; a lawyer whose ambition was to illus-

trate jurisprudence by belles-lettres; an old native of Holland who wrote Dutch verses and had been decorated by his king; Fenno Hoffman, the staunchest of literary Knickerbockers, fond of descanting, by the hour, upon the scenery, the old society, the bivalves, beauties and legendary lore of his native State; Henry Inman, fresh from his easel, and the most genial of speculative raconteurs. More unconventional, vivacious and suggestive colloquies than found vent among these and other comrades of the *café* it would be difficult to imagine; there was an *abandon* on the one hand and a self-respect on the other, a divergence of opinion and a hearty personal appreciation, great contrasts of taste and temperament, with genuine sympathy of tone and sentiment, which combined to create and maintain the essential conditions of *conversation* in the best sense of the word. Hither it was Halleck's "custom of an afternoon" to adjourn, when his daily clerical duties were over, and here I first knew and often met him: it was exactly the kind of neutral ground whereon most favorably to encounter his special wit and worth; for he had then, in a great measure, cut loose from general society, and, though scrupulous in his *devoirs* to fashionable friends, there was a certain formality in his fulfillment thereof which precluded much of the old familiar zest; partly, indeed, from want of opportunity, but in a measure, also, because as the area of New York society had widened, and new and strange elements mingled therewith, like many others whose hair had begun to silver, the "favored guest" of the mothers was too much in relation with the past, and too little in personal sympathy with the present, to find satisfaction in the sphere of their daughters, where his own presence and prestige had become a tradition. Not, however, that there was a lack of interest or recognition. At "the bridal and the bier," and not infrequently at the baptismal font, the poet-friend was often seen; summoned, for "auld lang syne," to the family fête or funeral, a most welcome presence there; and coming thence with

a fresh vein of cordial or pensive reminiscence, awakened by such crises of domestic life; yet invariably declining any intimate renewal of an intercourse which changed circumstances and associations rendered no longer practicable, though none the less "honored in the breach" and dear in the retrospect. Accordingly it was in such casual and cosy social nooks as our *café*, and among genial companions, that Halleck then sought and gave social entertainment. There, when the mood was on him, he would give free vent to his enthusiasm and his satire, discuss the English poets with rare acumen and infinite relish, quote them with melodious emphasis and a voice tremulous with sympathetic admiration, so that many a couplet and stanza was thus set to music in my memory for ever. At other times character was the theme of delineation and criticism, and here came forth, with marvelous force and freshness, his store of literary and historical anecdote, applied, with singular tact and original interpretation, to whatever tendency or trait happened to be under consideration. From a very wide and desultory range of reading, and a social experience rendered vivid by quickness of sensibility and alacrity of insight—fused, as it were, in the alembic of a mind of active intuitions—these gleanings from life and lore had with him a certain vitality and significance which made them impressive. There was no display or pedantry in the process; the effect was exactly the reverse of that we so often experience at a so-called literary dinner, when "cut-and-dried" quotations and illustrations are produced like patterns from a shelf—suggestive of college cramming. Halleck's mind, at such times, was like a bubbling spring, when the crystal water played forth spontaneously, bringing now grains of gold and now a flower's leaf to the surface. It was this natural richness and spontaneity that made his talk so charming: he did not play the oracle; he had no "Orphic sayings;" his words were not measured and meted by aphoristic limitations: he did not give you the idea of

a man who desired to impress you or assert himself, whose consciousness never slept, who, entrenched in self-esteem, sent forth bullets to stun or rockets to dazzle you; but the prevailing feeling you had was a fellow-feeling, a sense of human as well as intellectual communion—of a *man* first, a *poet* afterwards, a *brother* always: not discourse, disputation or dictation, but *conversation* was his function and delight—the mutual coalescing of ideas and feeling until they gushed, in refreshing inspiration or exultant reciprocity.

And yet, when it came to questions, not of taste and personalities, but of principles and opinions, you found yourself suddenly far away from this congenial comrade—that is, your creed, whether political or religious, may have received such an absolute defiance as to seemingly preclude all chance of assimilation; while the human magnetism of the man, the laughter in his eye, the sympathetic ring of his voice, made you, to your own subsequent astonishment, not only tolerant of, but half acquiescent in, dogmas and doctrines wholly antagonistic to your normal professions and practice; and you realized the fact that total conformity in a prig is not so tolerable as entire opposition in a poet; that is, that the pedantic dictum of a selfish thinker, however logical, seems barren, compared to the paradoxical overflow of a candid and soulful nature. Halleck would not allow himself to be "dragged along" in the procession of modern progress, like Lamb; he left it, and stood, in silent protest, a spectator thereof; not without recognition of the good sought and achieved, or sympathy with the humane aspirations and scientific triumphs thereof, but planted firmly on the original instinctive and essential needs and traits of humanity, which he deemed too often overlaid, ignored and profaned in the rush and presumption bred of material success and arrogant intellectual pretension. He pleaded for the sanctions and the safety of Authority as an element indispensable to the peace and prosperity of the world; of Reverence as a sentiment without which the beauty of human life was des-

ecrated; of Individuality—as to rights, development and self-respect—constantly invaded by encroachments of what are called popular principles, but which are too often social despotisms. In his isolation, as the champion of such conservative convictions, he would, with a kind of grim jest, overshoot the mark, and startle by extreme statement. “I believe,” he once said to me, in the heat of such discussions, “in what is called Providence in History; but twice, since the world began, that benign vigilance has slept on its post—once when Printing was invented, and again at the Reformation.” He was wont to declare himself a Romanist, though not, we believe, a member of that communion; for he worshiped and was buried according to the rites of the Episcopal Church; it was not any ritualistic prejudice that induced this declaration of faith, but a way of embodying his conviction of the need and the auspicious influence of a Church in the old sense of the term—a *Spiritual Power* organized and established on fixed canons for the conversion, the solace, discipline, guidance and repose of erring, afflicted, wayward and weary Humanity. And so of the Press: one who was so largely indebted for the most innocent delights of his youth and the most reliable consolations of his age, to books, would naturally be the last person in the world to underrate the benefactions of the great civilizer; but his own high sense of honor and humanity made him recoil, with disgust and dismay, at the license of the Press. “Tell me not,” he would indignantly exclaim, “of the blessings of a free country, where any unprincipled blackguard, with money enough to buy types and paper, can blacken my reputation and ruin my fortune, and I have no redress or adequate remedy!” In like manner Halleck has been called a monarchist; and naturally so, as he used eloquently to descant on the solecisms in manners, the vulgar assumptions, the official ignorance and social incongruities born of, or identified with, democratic rule: hundreds of blatant republicans feel and think the same. Halleck uttered, without reserve, his keen

perception of, and protest against, the disgusting and degrading aspects of our American civilization; but, withal, a more fervent lover of his country never breathed; and a better specimen of a Democrat—in the sense of a citizen who honors our common nature, respects the rights of others, and cordially fraternizes with his fellow-creatures on human grounds and without reference to conventional distinctions—it is impossible to find.

Facile in address, and heartily recognizing the claims of others, gentle and simple, wise and ignorant, the right kind of pride lent its dignity to one whose genial frankness, in convivial or intellectual association, was balanced by a kind of noble individuality, not inappropriate to his political creed. No man could be more keenly satirical as to all pseudo aristocracy; *apropos* to which I remember a piquant illustration. There was a select club, many years ago, in New York, the members of which dined together at stated intervals at the old City Hotel on Broadway: the utmost freedom of intercourse and good faith marked their prandial converse; and, one day, when a sudden silence followed the entrance of the host, it was proposed to elect him to the fraternity, that they might talk freely in his presence, which was frequent and indispensable. He “kept a hotel” after the old *régime*, was a gentleman in his feelings, an honest and intelligent fellow, who prided himself upon his method of serving up roast pig—in which viand his superiority was such that the gentle Elia, had he ever dined with the club, would have mentioned him with honor in the essay on that crispy and succulent dish. The proposition was opposed by only one individual—a clever man, who had made a fortune by buying up all the hogs’ bristles at Odessa, thus securing a monopoly which enabled him to vend the article to the brush-makers at an enormous profit. His objection to Boniface was that he was famous for nothing but roasting a pig, and no fit associate for gentlemen. “Your aristocratic standard is untenable,” said Halleck, “for what

essential difference is there between spurs won from roasting a porker or by selling his bristles?" and amid the laugh of his *confrères* "mine host" was elected. There were two anecdotes Halleck was fond of citing—the one to show the contrast between popular renown and conventional patronage, and the other to claim that genius should be honored by its peers and not abandoned to the tender mercies of the unappreciative: Kean's answer to his wife's query after his memorable *début* at Drury Lane—"What did Lord Essex say?" "D—n Lord Essex! *the pit rose to me*;" and the last request of poor dying Burns to his brother-in-arms, "Don't let the awkward squad fire over me." The gusto and aptness with which these and similar anecdotes were recited can only be imagined by those who have heard them.

Halleck had the genuine martial instinct in his blood: heroism was honored by him as in the old knightly days; he thoroughly believed in the glory of self-sacrifice; his Marco Bozzaris sprang warm from his heart. I shall never forget his earnestness and thrilling tones when, after reading a lyrical hymn of Peace, he turned to me and said, "This is well expressed; it is a pretty poem; but how as to the truth of its prediction and plea? If the time ever comes when a large number of men, in any community, will not cheerfully stand up to be shot at for 'an idea dearer than self,' civilization will then be on the wane, manhood dying out, national life sapped, and individual, self-forgetting courage extinguished: given, a righteous cause, a just and needful object, to repel invasion, to maintain truth and justice—

"Give that! and welcome War to brace
Her drums and rend heaven's reeking space!
The colors planted face to face,
The charging cheer,
Though Death's pale horse led on the chase,
Shall still be dear."

One of his earliest lyrics was devoted to the "Iron Grays," of which he was a member. "Scots' Wha ha" and Byron's "Waterloo," and especially Campbell's stirring odes of battle, were familiar to his lips and breathed forth with em-

phatic zest. It is a curious fact that he composed the poem by which he is most widely known—the favorite elocutionary exercise of the school-boy and the intuitive watchword of patriotic appeal—with that unconsciousness of its superior merit that seems characteristic of real poetic genius. Among his fellow-clerks in Jacob Barker's counting-house was a young man of literary culture and disciplined taste,* to whom he used to confide his effusions, to be read over night and reported on at the first interval of leisure the next day. One evening, having missed the usual opportunity of quietly slipping into his friend's hand the latest "copy of verses," he left them at his lodgings, with "*Will this do?*" written on the margin: the poem was Marco Bozzaris, and the fortunate owner of the unique and precious autograph related the incident as he showed me the original manuscript.

The traits we have mentioned explain much that was characteristic in Halleck: as a conversationalist he loved to espouse the unpopular side of a question, partly from the chivalric disposition that impels to the defence of weakness, and partly as a shrewd device to elicit the strongest argument and the most animated discussion. That kind of conservatism which is born of sentiment, that form of belief that appeals to the sense of awe, are natural to the poetic organization; old-school manners and the ancient Catholic ceremonial were nearer to the sympathies of one whose ardor of temperament and imaginative tendencies made the flippancy and conventionalism of modern society and the baldness of Puritanic worship repulsive. In social affinities also, if as a poet he was alive to the traditional, and too independent to bow to mere artificial pretensions, the same instinct made him honor the nobility of Nature with unwonted emphasis, whether peasant-bard, aboriginal brave, or rustic beauty: it was his joy "to speak the best we may of human kind;" he loved the music to which "the common pulse of man keeps time"—"the language of the heart." It was his respect for the

* The late Daniel Embury, of Brooklyn, L. I.

art which made him chary of his utterance as a bard; true feeling is apt to be fastidious: he was more soulful than subtle: that exquisite elaboration of the sentiment and the philosophy of Bereavement in which Tennyson has so daintily sculptured, in the Cathedral of Memory, his friend's *Elegy*, does not express simple, natural and absolute sorrow more emphatically than the few verses wherein, with, as it were, repressed sobs, Halleck mourns his friend. The pleasant and prolonged refrain of *Hiawatha*, with all its metrical ingenuity and legendary charm, does not more distinctly define an aboriginal portrait than Halleck's "*Red Jacket*." "My own green land for ever!" was a heartfelt greeting, despite the irony of his verse, aimed at patent national defects; and I remember the inexpressible sadness of his expressive features when he spoke of the war for the Union as one too sternly sad to inspire a native minstrel. "A necessary war, waged," he said, "to put down a base mutiny."

Scrupulous to a fault in speaking of others, his reminiscent talk had a vivid charm, from the freshness of his memory and the keenness of his observation. Those who have heard him descant on his acquaintance with members of the Bonaparte family, on Tom Moore's brief sojourn in this country, on England at the height of Byron's fame, on the stars of the old theatrical world, and the wits, worthies and belles of New York when Bond street was the fashionable limit of the metropolis, can well imagine what a delectable book of "*Recollections*" he had it in his power to write. The peculiar features of such a work would have been, aside from its incidents and characters, a rare contrast between the Romance and Reality of life in this age: no one felt this more keenly than Halleck, or illustrated it with such amusing zest. That "ours are the days of fact, not fable," was a text that awakened his wit and pensiveness to the last; few have loved the poetry of the Past more truly, or perceived the disenchantments of the Present more keenly.

His love of Nature was not less than

his love of Society: during his long clerkship, his favorite recreation was to cross the river and wander about Weehawken or Fort Lee; and, in the summer, he used to roam the shores of the Sound near his Connecticut home, and take daily strolls in the fields and woods. His discriminating enjoyment of the stage was equal to that of Leslie; in dramatic and histrionic anecdote he was rich, and in reminiscences of Kean, Kemble, and the clever actresses of their day, copious and enthusiastic. Identified, in youth, with our earliest literary development—the companion of Irving, Cooper, Paulding, Hillhouse, Dana, Verplanck, Sands and Bryant, in their first triumphs—the poetical taste and literary affinities of Halleck were unmodified by later exemplars. He was utterly opposed to the mystical in verse: he had no sympathy with vague sentimentalism or transcendental obscurity. He believed that the genius of the Anglo-Saxon tongue is essentially direct, simple, clear and emphatic; not merely rhetorical, like French, or vaguely suggestive, like much of German verse, but emphatic through feeling, passion, tenderness and truth. He thought much of current verse was the offspring of ingenuity rather than inspiration—that sentiment often lost its wholesome fervor in diluted or perverse utterance. He was impatient at the involved, affected, merely clever and imitative, in the so-called poetry of the day, and loved the naïve sincerity and native music of Burns, the eloquent descriptions of Byron, and the glowing and brave melody of Campbell: in his view, there is in these and other old-school bards a manly truth, a crystal brightness and a genuine feeling, expressed with and inspired by natural passion or tenderness, compared to which the more labored and subtle compositions in vogue are unreal and ineffective. His most elaborate local satire, "*Fanny*," though originally popular because of personal allusions no longer significant, obtained a permanent hold upon lovers of clever rhymes because of its melodious versification and felicitous use of the Don Juan stanza, and also because the main theme is as

suggestive now as it was fifty years ago—"the emergence of a belle from low birth and fortune to an elysium of fashionable prosperity, when the bubble broke in bankruptcy." Entirely local as are the hits in the "Croakers," and originally intended as nothing more than newspaper rhymed satires, aimed at municipal and other social anomalies, the Knickerbocker instinct still holds them dear as pleasant tokens of "good old times;" and, within a few years, they have been carefully gathered, revised, annotated and privately printed, in beautiful style, by the Bradford Club. In these sprightly rhymes, Cobbett and Manager Simpson, Dr. Mitchell and the Tammany politicians, the editors, aldermen, and "small theatrical characters" of that day, are neatly impaled, like so many curious insects; and the handsome book which is now their casket is like the prized little entomological cabinet of a veteran social collector. It was by these "occasional verses," never directly acknowledged, but always ascribed to Halleck, Drake, or some other choice spirit of "that ilk," that the poet won the heart of the town, and the spell was confirmed and extended by his magnetic companionship; for his vivacity was perennial: one scarcely ever had a passing greeting with Halleck without some jest or repartee. Finding me absent one day when he called, and being without the indispensable conventional pasteboard, he wrote his name on a scrap of paper, adding, "*in bridal phrase, 'no cards.'*" Catching sight of him from the car window at the Guildford Station one summer morning, when he was buying a New York paper, I hailed him, and with his cordial greeting came a couplet of Pope's precisely adapted to the occasion, but not likely to have occurred to another; and, pointing to his newly-grown white beard, he exclaimed, as the cars dashed off, "*To avoid the draft,*" and his eye twinkled with fun at the joke of a man past seventy resorting to so superfluous an expedient. Halleck's eyes, indeed, like his temperament, were characteristic of a poet: they would sparkle with mirth and grow humid with sympathy on the slight-

est provocation. Often, in talking with him, I was reminded of the expressive lines of Leigh Hunt:

"And so much easy dignity there lies
In the frank lifting of his cordial eyes."

It is the benign prerogative of poetical genius to associate itself with our best experience. When the delights of foreign travel first kindle the musings of the young American as he looks upon a picturesque baronial abode, venerable with time and embosomed in the fertile nooks of his fatherland, he follows the muse of Halleck as he recalls, under ancient trees,

"Tales of the peasant and the peer,
Tales of the bridal and the bier,
The welcome and farewell,
Since on their boughs the startled bird
First in twilight's slumber heard
The Norman's curfew bell."

And descending both from the castle and his imaginative height to the bustling "station" or smoky manufacturing town, the reaction of the bard's mood follows him, as he instinctively repeats—

"But noble name and cultured land,
Palace and park and vassal band
Are powerless to the notes of hand
Of Rothschild or the Barings."

And if, perchance, he returns to his inn somewhat discomfited, it may be that, like the same genial poet, he may recognize the law of compensation in

"A chambermaid whose lip and eye,
And cheek, and brown hair, bright and curling,
Speak Nature's aristocracy."

It is but yesterday, as it were, though in the retrospect it seems a decade, that thousands of American hearts echoed the patriotic appeal—

"Strike till the last armed foe expires!
Strike for your altars and your fires!
Strike for the green graves of your sires!
God and your native land!"

And, with heads bowed in reverent sadness, and eyes gleaming through tears, with proud resignation, bereaved souls breathed to each other, over the maimed clay of their loved ones, his apostrophe to Death—

"But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle of the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be."

Amid the discouragements of that bloody struggle, and the political chicanery and disloyalty that still refuses to harvest the precious fruits of national triumph and trust, what hope for the true American was or is there but the domestic faith and personal virtue of the people? Here, again, we look with Halleck,

"At home where all their wealth and pride is placed,
And there their hospitable fires burn clear;
And there the lowliest farmhouse hearth is graced
With manly hearts in piety sincere.
Faithful in love, in honor, stern and chaste,
In friendship warm and true, in danger brave,
Beloved in life and sainted in the grave."

Gazing on an aboriginal chief, at his games or in council, in our summer excursion to distant prairies or border mountain, we think of the same vivid minstrel's description—

"With look like patient Job's, eschewing evil,
With motions graceful as a bird in air,
Thou art, in sober truth, the veriest devil
That ere clenched fingers in a captive's hair."

Nor can we wander along the woods in June, or look up to the hills at eventide, and not respond to his praise of

and for the natural beauty of our native land—

"Her clear, warm heaven at noon, the mist that shrouds
Her twilight hills, her cool and starry eves,
The glorious splendor of her sunset clouds,
The rainbow beauty of her forest leaves."

Or, turning from speculative controversy to instructive fact, from the Reformer to the Poet, how refreshing to revert to the normal idea, the genuine sentiment of Woman—

"With that word
Life's dearest hopes and memories come,
Truth, Beauty, Love in her adored,
*And earth's lost Paradise restored,
In the green bower of home."*

Even at his burial-place we cannot more truly or melodiously utter the thought it inspires, and the fond recollection it awakens, than in his own household strains—

"Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines—
Shrines to no code or creed confined:
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days:
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

THE ORANGE TREE.

The man lies darkling in the boy,
The Future dimly marks its morn;
Flushed with strange ripeness, Fear and Joy,
Which fit our later life, are born.

The boy springs brightening in the man,
Frolics, at times, as years before,
Runs gay and wild, as once he ran,
Breathes the free life of days of yore.

Happy the boy in manlike thought,
Happy the man in boylike play;
Heart unto heart for ever wrought,
Our earliest and our latest day!

Thus dark-bright trees by tropic floods
Mingle the coming with the old;
The deep-hued fruitage shades the buds—
The bud lies white amid the gold.

ECHOES OF MELANCHOLY.

I.

The loves and joys of earth are brief;
 The fairest flowers the first decay;
 In Pleasure's footsteps follows Grief;
 Too soon we mourn the fallen leaf
 And life's departed May.
 We yearn, perplexed, and stung with pain,
 Our long-lost Aidenn to regain:
 Oh, is it far away?
 Hark! from the caverns of the heart,
 Faint echoes, phantom-voices, start:
 "Far, far away!"
 And, sounding from beyond the sky,
 Melodious, solemn strains reply:
 "Far, far away!"

II.

The soul is pained with vain regret;
 We pine for what no years restore;
 And sorrows we would fain forget,
 With clasped hands and eyelids wet,
 Haunt us for evermore.
 Grows there no balm in grove or field,
 No plant that may nepenthe yield?
 Ah, is there no reprieve?
 List! from the grove low murmurs flow,
 As though sad sprites bewailed their woe:
 "No, no reprieve!"
 And, from the field, with mournful sigh,
 The withering flowers and grass reply:
 "No, no reprieve!"

III.

A 'wilder maze is life, in sooth;
 And flickering hopes, as false as bright,
 Illusive, lure our trusting youth,
 And with their glamour hide the truth
 Until our hairs are white.
 O World! O Time! can ye not give
 Somewhat to make it sweet to live?
 Must joys, loves, all depart?
 The World responds with scornful laugh,
 Pointing to many an epitaph,
 "All, all depart!"
 And, as he sweeps, remorseless, by,
 The knell-like tones of Time reply,
 "All, all depart!"

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE University of Pennsylvania has made a radical change in the course of study pursued in its Collegiate Department. Following the example set by many of the best-known colleges in the country, it has adopted what is called the "elective system" of studies, by which is meant a system offering to a student the choice between the time-honored classical course, and one in which instruction is given on many subjects supposed to be more in harmony with the practical needs of American life than those included in the old *curriculum*. Whatever may be the abstract merits of the two systems, there can be no doubt that, at the present day, a college which strives to fulfill one of the main purposes of its existence—namely, the harmonizing of its own life with the popular life which surrounds it—must, at least, afford an opportunity for study and instruction to those who may prefer what is modern and practical to what is ancient and classical. The authorities of the University, the Trustees and the Faculty of Arts, have entered upon the experiment with entire faith in the soundness of the plan, and so far the most gratifying success has attended their efforts. A wise conservatism is never so wise as when it hastens to accommodate itself to the real life around it. The University, with a spirit which has not, perhaps, been common in Philadelphia, but which, we rejoice to say, seems just now likely to pervade every department of public enterprise, has not hesitated to adopt new methods to meet new needs. It has felt that it should do its part in aiding in the general plans now urged with so much zeal by the best minds in this community, which seek to secure for Philadelphia a more decidedly metropolitan character than she has hitherto held. These plans embrace a great variety of public improvements, from great parks to suitable edifices for the accommodation of those institutions

among us devoted to the interests of Science and Art. But it is well to remember, perhaps, that the most pressing want of a community like our own is a great university, amply endowed and widely comprehensive in its system of instruction; for upon the educated class, nurtured and trained by such an institution, must dependence be had, at last, for the taste to conceive, the zeal to execute, and the liberality to maintain everything which tends to dignify and adorn our modern life.

. . . In an interesting history, by Mr. Edward Shippen, of the Public Schools of Philadelphia, the fact is pointed out that Americans often evince less interest in the progress of education than foreigners. "Appeals come over the great waters, from all lands and peoples, for American experience, for American plans and systems, for American statistics and practical results: even the oldest and most enlightened nations of the world are sending their commissioned agents, from time to time, to watch the progress of our institutions, and to glean and gather." Almost the first thing which an intelligent foreigner inquires about, on his arrival in the United States, is our public school system—an appreciation of its merits which, while highly gratifying, ought to stimulate us to make it far more thorough than it is at present.

. . . The *Revue de Quinzaine*, of October last, has a paper on Harvard University and Yale College, which shows a considerable knowledge of the subject. The writer says, that while the system and the division of the studies are, in the main, the same as those of the English universities, yet important improvements have been introduced from time to time; and he truly remarks, that, while Harvard has a certain aristocratic tone, in Yale the forms and the prevailing ideas are democratic.

The proposition recently made in

Congress to tax the use of armorial bearings on carriages and household furniture is an eminently proper one, though it may perhaps cause some amusement at our expense in monarchical countries. If enacted into a law, the impost ought to yield a handsome return from New England, if one may judge from the fact that the *Heraldic Journal*, published by Wiggin & Lunt, Boston, has completed its third volume. A similar periodical in England, *The Herald and Genealogist*, edited by John Gough Nichols, has also just completed its third volume, in the course of which there are five articles on "Anglo-American genealogy and coat-armor." The *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* has just issued its twenty-first volume, having started in 1847; and it is a curious fact that the New England Historic-Genealogical Society is the first one, particularly devoted to the pedigrees of families, ever formed. The interest which Americans take in this subject is also evinced by the increasing number of family histories which are issuing from the press. Heretofore these works were mainly confined to New England and New York, which were settled before Pennsylvania and the Western States; but they are now appearing in other parts of the Union. Histories of the Sharpless, Darlington, Levering, Du Bois, Cope, Montgomery, Shippen, Wolfe, Coleman and Hill families have been printed in this State, and those of the Buchanan and Sill families in Ohio. We hear that the pedigree of the Wentworth family is about to be published in Chicago; and that Mr. D. Williams Patterson, of Pittston, Pa., has in preparation the genealogy of the Grant family, which will include the pedigree of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant. It appears that his ancestor was Matthew Grant, whose name first occurs on the town records of Dorchester, Massachusetts, April 3, 1633. Noah, the grandfather of the General, born in Connecticut, June 20, 1748, and the sixth generation in descent from the Dorchester emigrant, came from Coventry, Conn., to Pennsylvania after the

Revolutionary War, and settled here. The Rev. Mr. Headley's statement, that the ancestor of Grant settled in Pennsylvania on his arrival in this country, is therefore erroneous. Although very frequently indeed these pedigrees are fit subjects of ridicule, some link in a chain being assumed without proof, or some sign of vanity being exhibited by the degenerate offspring of worthy sires; yet at the bottom of all there is, on the whole, a healthy family pride which benefits society, and to which no one who comes of virtuous and honorable parentage is insensible. Besides, almost all genealogical works furnish materials more or less important for the history of the United States. In regard to the use of coats-of-arms and crests by Americans, it is to be noted that those who have the best right to them generally care the least to parade them before the world.

In a recent official communication, the French Academy speaks as follows concerning General John Meredith Read, Jr., of Albany:

"The Academy, which was not a stranger to the literary works of the distinguished author, has welcomed with lively interest his historical researches concerning 'Henry Hudson;' and it has recommended to the attention of its members the study of the precious volume."

... Edwin P. Whipple, the distinguished New England essayist, whose recent articles on the "Early English Dramatists" have attracted so much attention, is now engaged upon a Life of the late Governor Andrew. Some idea of the labor it involves may be derived from the fact that the late Governor's private correspondence, during the five last years of his life, fills twenty volumes, and his public papers make in addition one hundred large quarto volumes.

... Frederic Kidder, an eminent historical scholar of Boston, is writing the "*History of the First New Hampshire Regiment* during the Revolution, from its Organization in April, 1775, to its Dissolution in January, 1784." This regiment was commanded, at different times,

by John Stark, Joseph Cilley, A. Scammel, and Henry Dearborn.

. . . Mr. George Catlin is preparing a work, to be entitled *The Lifted and Subsided Rocks of America*, based on his personal examination of the geology of North and South America, and especially of the Lesser Antilles, as well as upon the traditions of the Indian tribes. The latter everywhere point distinctly to at least one deluge, and, among the central and southern tribes, to two such catastrophes, in which their race was nearly destroyed. Mr. Catlin takes the view that the second cataclysm caused a subsidence of a large tract of country, extending to the coast of Venezuela, and including the whole range of the Greater and Lesser Antilles, the promontory of Yucatan, the eastern and lower parts of Mexico, and Honduras. He is of opinion that "what is now the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico were, in the days of Uxmal and Palenque, vast and fertile plains, through which the Rio Grande del Norte and the Mississippi wended their long and serpentine ways, and, uniting their waters near the base of the mountains, debouched into the ocean between Cuba and the Bahama Islands." Mr. Catlin is satisfied that the ruins of Palenque, etc. were once under water (as he doubts not other ruins still are), and have been revealed by the general upheaval which exposed the summits of the Lesser Antilles. There is no doubt that volcanic action displayed itself on an immense scale, in Central America and the West Indies during historic periods and the recent earthquakes in that quarter show that it has not yet spent its force.

. . . The Historical Society of Pennsylvania have in preparation two volumes of the Correspondence of William Penn and Family with James Logan, between 1700 and 1750, which will throw a good deal of light on the early history of Pennsylvania. They will be edited by Mr. Edward Armstrong, an antiquarian in every way suited to the task, and will be accompanied by a history of the Penn family by another hand. The Penn family papers in England have

never been properly examined, though it is understood that the late Mr. Granville John Penn found therein new and absolute proofs that Macaulay's main charges against the founder of Pennsylvania were based upon a misapprehension. The Penne who was implicated in the Taunton affair was not William, but another person entirely. Mr. G. J. Penn had a work in preparation upon this subject when he was overtaken by death.

. . . Messrs. E. H. Butler & Co. have in press a unique little work, to be entitled *Rhymes of the Poets*, by Felix Ago, in which will be pointed out the indications which appear in the earlier English poetry of a difference between the former and the present pronunciation of words. From the rhymes which the author quotes, he infers that the word *seat*, for example, was formerly pronounced (as now, by the Irish) *sate*, and *home*, as now in New England, *hum*. *Join* was *jine*; *spoil*, *spile*; and *soil*, *sile*; *joy* is made, by Tighe, to rhyme with *sigh*, and *Rome*, by Butler and others, with *doom*. The author might have added that this latter pronunciation still survives in the name Roumelia, the country around Constantinople or the New Rome, as well as in Roumania, which was settled by the ancient Romans. We have ourselves heard the Eternal City called *Room* by the late Granville John Penn; and *Notes and Queries* says that such was the pronunciation of Lord Holland and Lord Lansdowne. Felix Ago has rather an eccentric turn, for, in the midst of his more serious studies, he takes occasion to bring in, *apropos* of nothing, the following passage:

"According to another Sunday-school specimen—

It is a sin
To steal a pin;
Much more to steal
A greater thing—

(as a nutmeg grater), the rhyme of which did not satisfy the uncorrupted ear of the pupils, who accordingly improved it somewhat thus—

It is a sin	It is a sin
To steal a pin;	To steal a pin;
A nutmeg grate 'r	It is a greater
Sweet potater—	To steal a 'tater—

or,

It is a venial sin
To steal a menial pin ;
It is a sin more mortal
To steal a snappin'-tortle."

This frivolity is very reprehensible, and the author will please everybody except the Philistines by indulging in it freely.

... The sale of the Duke of Roxburgh's collection of books, in the last century, might be made almost the starting-point in the history of English bibliography, as the Hegira is used in the annals of Mohammedanism. It has given a name to a peculiar style of binding—that preferred by the fastidious collector of "ancient copies," in which only the top edge is trimmed and gilt, while the front and bottom sides of the leaves are left in their rough state. It was also the date and the occasion of the formation of the Roxburgh Club, whose publications are among the choicest possessions of the "privately-printed" or "small-number" collector. This club was the parent and example of all similar enterprises. It is fitting, therefore, that Mr. W. C. Hazlitt should have given the name of the "Roxburgh Library" to the collection of volumes which he proposes to print in small number for those who see fit to subscribe for them. Mr. Hazlitt's competence as an editor of English literature he has already shown in several volumes of Russell Smith's *Collection of Old English Authors*. Among the works enumerated in the prospectus he has issued, the following will be specially interesting to American collectors: A reprint of the life of Charlemagne, by Caxton, from the only copy known, in an edition of two hundred copies, one hundred and seventy in small quarto, and thirty in quarto; A collection of popular ballads, not later than 1600; A collection of early jest-books, of dates between 1607 and 1638. The increasing demand for the republication of these specimens of a bygone popular taste, which were despised in an age of pretentious learning, is a sign of the democratic tendencies of the times, and indicates a conviction that

only from a study of the people's life and modes of thought can the knowledge of a nation's development and progress be acquired. We need not wonder, then, that this demand should be even more general here than in England.

... Mr. Hepworth Dixon, whose descriptions of the Bible Communists, Tunkers, Female Seers and other fanatics were nearly as much a revelation to American as to European readers, is now engaged upon a somewhat similar subject. He has been visiting Königsberg, Eastern Prussia, to study there a remarkable religious phenomenon which is beginning to attract attention. The new work on which he is engaged, and which will be based on these investigations, is expected to be of extraordinary interest.

... A new grand opera is in preparation in Paris, founded on Shakespeare's play of Hamlet. Of all his dramas, this one would seem to be the least adapted to the musician's purpose. The first scene, it is said, will be a gorgeous representation of the guilty bridal of the hero's mother, and, later, the scene with the players is to be carefully wrought out.

An event in the literary world is the recent death, in the eighty-seventh year of his age, of Jacques Charles Brunet, a writer who was emphatically "A man of one book." More fortunate than Macaulay, Prescott, and Buckle, he lived to see his great work, the *Manuel du Libraire*, safely through its fifth and greatly improved edition in six large volumes. For fifty-seven years it has been the leading bibliographical work of the world, containing accurate descriptions of the most important European books published since the invention of printing. In the preface to the last edition, issued in 1865, he says: "I had hardly attained the age of fifteen years when I began the bibliographical studies necessary to prepare me for the profession of a bookseller, for which my father, himself a bookseller, had destined me. Despite the insufficiency of existing aids, I was soon familiarized with the elements of a science for which I felt a strong taste

from the start—a science which became the principal occupation of my entire life.” It is well that somebody feels an interest in the dry work of making catalogues; and the benefits which have been conferred on the lovers of books by such men as Brunet, De Bure, Barbier, Peignot and Quérard in France; Dibdin and Watt in England; and Allibone and Sabin in America, can hardly be overestimated.

... It is not fitting that the death of an excellent Philadelphia printer and of a worthy man like the late Mr. Conger Sherman should go unchronicled in a literary magazine printed in this city. Mr. Sherman was born at New Scotland, near Albany, New York, August 7, 1793. He learned his trade in the office of Barber & Southwick, Albany, and in 1811 moved to Philadelphia, where he established himself as a printer. A thorough master of his art, by strict attention to business, economy, and integrity, he acquired a large fortune. He continued at his post until his death, which took place Nov. 25, 1867. Mr. Sherman is believed to have been the first man in America who printed books on vellum, copies of Prof. Allen's *Life of Philidor*, and Turnbull's *Birds of East Lothian*, having, within a few years, been struck off on that material at the “Caxton Press.”

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., London, have had a fount of hieroglyphical type cast, the first use made of which was to print Birch's Egyptian Dictionary, contained in the recently-published fifth volume of Bunsen's *Egypt*. The Dictionary occupies two hundred and fifty octavo pages, double column, and is the only hieroglyphical dictionary ever printed, except that of Champollion, published in 1841, which contained only a few of the principal words. It is followed by a grammar of the ancient Egyptian language, and selected Egyptian texts, with an interlinear translation. The final result of the patient linguistic studies of the last half century seems to be that the Egyptian language is the earliest deposit of the common speech of

Central Asia, and that it forms a kind of connecting link between the Indo-European and the Semitic tongues.

... Another novelty in the art of printing—and one which might be introduced to advantage in America, in cases where drawings are to be copied—is the process of photo-lithography, by which the Camden Society has lately reproduced, in fac-simile, a curious manuscript volume of the seventeenth century, entitled *History from Marble*. The book contains copies of monumental inscriptions, together with drawings of brasses, mural tablets, and other antiquities. By this method, however, the original is not so clearly reproduced as Domesday Book and other Historical Documents have recently been by the elegant process of photo-zincography.

An interesting indication of the extreme antiquity of man is to be found in some discoveries recently made on our own shores. We are indebted to Prof. Saml. H. Dickson for permission to copy the following statement, which accompanied a photograph received from the Smithsonian Institution. The photograph represents a fragment of matting, and was sent to Professor John C. Draper of New York, together with a specimen of salt taken from the bed in which the matting was found. The memorandum reads as follows:

“From Petit Anse Island, near Vermilion Bay, coast of Louisiana.

“Petit Anse Island is the locality of the remarkable mine of rock salt, discovered during the late rebellion, and from which, for a considerable period of time, the Southern States derived a great part of their supply of this article. The salt is almost chemically pure, and apparently in inexhaustible quantity, occurring in every part of the island (which is about five thousand acres in extent) at a depth below the surface of the soil of fifteen or twenty feet.

“The fragment of matting was found near the surface of the salt, and about two feet above it were remains of tusks and bones of a fossil elephant. The peculiar interest in regard to the specimen is in its occurrence, *in situ*, two feet below the elephant remains, and fourteen feet below the surface of the

soil, thus showing the existence of man on the island prior to the deposit, in the soil, of the fossil elephant. The material consists of the outer bark of the common Southern cane, and has been preserved for so long a period, both by its silicious character and the strongly saline condition of the soil."

. . . Mr. J. P. Lesley has in preparation the first American work treating of the subject of pre-historic man. It will be entitled *Man's Origin and Destiny, Sketched from the Platform of the Sciences*, and will contain the subject of the author's lectures before the Lowell Institute in 1865-'66. The study of Anthropology, or the Science of Man, is one peculiarly proper for Americans, whose instinctive belief in Progress is in harmony with the results attained in this branch of knowledge. Then, too, we see for ourselves the lower varieties of the human family disappearing before the advance of the higher; and we can foresee the time when, as our breed of men has already crossed the Atlantic, so will it cross the Pacific, carrying with it augmented energies and higher conceptions; for, as the people of the United States are on the whole more intelligent and energetic than Europeans, so it is a significant fact that those who live on the Pacific side seem to acquire new elasticity of mind and muscle—a greater rapidity of progression, as it were—by transference to their new locality. Anthropology teaches that this change of type, which amounts to the development of a new and better variety of the human species, is but the latest stride in a career whose first steps were painfully slow and uncertain.

. . . In a lecture delivered lately, at Dusseldorf, by Hermann Schaffhausen, on *The Struggle of Man with Nature*, occurs a passage which is at once so eloquent and so true that we cannot refrain from quoting it. "It must be acknowledged," says the lecturer, "that the growing knowledge of nature is a growing knowledge of God, and that, in this sense, the kingdom of God is constantly expanding, whilst that of the devil is contracting. As man, in a higher state of civilization, recognizes a

prevailing Providence which, in order to preserve the whole, destroys a part, so must he admire that divine wisdom which has so ordained it that nature should never cease calling forth man's force, which, in this struggle and practice, acquires new strength. This labor does not merely steel the body: the mind also is developed in this struggle with resisting nature, and the mind is the greatest force of man: it is only to his spirit that nature bends." Certain it is, that while the fear of God is the first awakening of natural religion, a knowledge of the goodness of God, the perception of the beneficent effects of nature, is a matured fruit of human thought.

A gentleman lately returned from Europe relates that he had by a residence of several months in Florence acquired, as he thought, a tolerable acquaintance with the Italian language. He undertook afterwards to air his accomplishment in a restaurant at Venice. With a majestic wave of the hand, he cried out, in Italian:

"Waiter!"

"Si, Signor."

And still in the same tongue,

"Bring me some roast beef!"

"Si, Signor."

"And some vegetables!"

"Si, Signor."

"And a bottle of red wine!"

"Si, Signor."

"That is all."

"Si, Signor."

"Well, why don't you get them?" still in choice Italian.

"*Sir, I no speak English!*"

Our friend insists that his pure Tuscan pronunciation was alone in fault.

The plan of embodying Notes and Queries in Our Monthly Gossip seems to meet with general approval, if we may judge from the tone of numerous letters which the publication of the first number has brought to the Editor's Table. The following paper is one among several received in reply to the remarks of "Cor-

tez" in our January number on the word *Parquet* :

The American who should ask at the office of a Parisian theatre for a place in the Parquet would find himself in the condition of the Priorioress—

"And French sche spak ful faire and fetyely,
After the scole of Stratford-atte-Bowe,
For French of Parys was to hire unknowe;"

but it does not follow, as might be implied from the communication of your correspondent, F. C., that the word *Parquet* is a homeless vagabond, disowned by etymology, and a mere waif in our theatrical nomenclature.

Here is Worcester's definition, which he copies from Landais: "An enclosure in a theatre between the orchestra and the pit: a name now commonly applied to the whole lower floor of a theatre behind the orchestra."

Your correspondent's sixth definition is "an inlaid floor;" but from this restricted sense the word has acquired the general meaning of *floor*, or *flooring*, and so crept into our theatres as designating places on the *floor* of the house. In Spier's French Dictionary the eighth definition of *Parquet* stands as follows: "(theat.) † *orchestra* (place)." The cross indicates that this usage of the word is an antiquated one; and here is probably the reason F. C. finds it so difficult to trace its origin. The word has gone out of fashion in Paris, and given place to *stalles d'orchestre*; but in the French Provinces one might probably still hear of *Stalles de Parquet*. The term was used in the Royal Theatre at Dresden, precisely as we use it, before the New York Academy of Music was built.

In the Chestnut Street Theatre, built since our Academy of Music, the word *Parquet* is not in use; nor is it known in the Arch Street and Walnut Street Theatres, both of which have been rebuilt within a few years. For *Parquet* in these houses has been substituted the term *Orchestra Stalls*, or *Orchestra*, and this is the proper substitute, because the term is English, readily understood, and its pronunciation determined. To *Parterre* there are two objections: 1st, That, equally with *Parquet*, it is foreign to our language. 2d, That it is not synonymous with *Parquet*.

In the French Provincial Theatres, where *Stalles de Parquet* may still exist, there is also, as in all French theatres, a *Parterre*. The *Parquet* is a place for *reserved seats*. The *Parterre* is a division in the rear of the *Parquet*, or *Orchestra*, where no seats are reserved, and the tickets of admission to which

are put at a low price; it is, in fact, the English "pit," which formerly existed in our theatres at a time when we were more governed by English standards than at present.

The fact is, that in America the best things are for the man who has money; and as the opportunities of gaining wealth are open to all, we have no populace, to keep whom in good humor it is expedient to give up at low prices some of the best places in our theatres.

For *Parquette* there is no authority. It is probably the fancy of some ignorant innovator, led by incorrect pronunciation to endeavor to assimilate *Parquet* in orthography to "etiquette," "coquette," and other similar words of foreign origin, overlooking the more obvious analogy of "bouquet" and the recent "croquet." G.

Here this discussion must close.

The following explanation of the motto on the gold and silver coins of this country is, we believe, entirely new:

MR. EDITOR: Whence is our national motto, *E pluribus unum*, taken? Perhaps in the minds of those who first chose it to express the peculiar character of our government it had no definite origin. It may have been a tag floating vaguely in the recollection, or it may have been manufactured for the occasion. Certain it is, that when it was first used in the report of the Committee of Congress of August 7, 1776 (cited by Hamilton, *History of the Flag*, p. 95), as the epigraph of the public seal, it was a phrase too familiar or too plain to need explanation or authority.

But whether remembered or reinvented on that occasion, almost the exact words occur in a Latin poem called *Moretum*, ascribed to Virgil, but which is not usually included in the collected editions of his works, such as the Delphin. It will be found, however, in the Tauchnitz series. It is a vivid and clear description of an ancient Italian peasant's morning meal, with incidental suggestions of his mode of life generally. The *moretum* is a species of pottage made of herbs and cheese, which, with the help of his servant, he concocts before dawn. He grinds up the various materials in a pestle. Then, says the poet:

It manus in gyrum: paulatim singula vires
Deperdant proprias; color est ð pluribus unum.

This little poem has been seldom noticed; but it is as good a *genre* picture as a Dutch "interior." Take, for instance, this description of the negro "wench," who is the peasant's only servant:

Interdum clamat Cybalen ; erat unica custos
 Afra genus, tota patriam testante figura
 Torta comam, labroque tumens, et fusca colorem ;
 Pectore lata, jacens mammis, compressor alvo
 Cruribus exilis, spatiosa prodiga planta
 Continuis rimis calcanea scissa rigeant.

The Ethiopian characteristics are as sharply marked here as if an anatomical definition were intended, and testify that the race has not changed since the days of Augustus. The woolly hair, swelling lips, dark color, wide, flat chest, pendant bosom, narrow waist, slender legs, huge feet, and heels stiff with cracks, together make up an unmistakable picture. Note, too, this touch, that the writer, being of a dark race himself, merely uses the phrase "*fusca colorem*," a relative expression, he being more struck with the structural differences of the negro, while we of white skins notice always first his blackness, and seldom much beyond.

W.

A tourist writes :

"One of the most interesting works of art in England is a Memorial of the Quaker philanthropist, the late Joseph Sturge, which has lately been erected in Birmingham. The monument consists of a central statue of Mr. Sturge, his right hand resting on a Bible, and the left extended towards a figure symbolical of Peace. A figure on the other side, holding two children, is typical of Charity. At the base of the statue, in front and back, are large basins for ornamental fountains, and at either side are drinking fountains. As I stood admiring the group, a bricklayer passed by, and, seeing I was a stranger, volunteered to explain what the female figures meant. 'Why, you see, sir,' he said, with the air of a man who desired to show off his local knowledge, 'the old gentleman had two wives. That one,' pointing to Charity, 'was his first wife, and he had two children by her. You see she is holding them by the hand. His second wife,' pointing to Peace, 'had no children, but he liked her the best. You see he is holding out his hand to her!' I found afterwards that the man was perfectly correct about Mr. Sturge's family history, and that his explanation of the symbolical group was actually the one accepted by the English of the lower classes."

"Improvisatore" sends the following:

About twenty years ago, more or less, there appeared in some English magazine—or possibly book—a literary *tour de force*, purporting to grow out of a conversation in which one of the speakers offered to wager that he

could make a poem on any given subject, and moreover in any metre and style. The wager was accepted; the subject proposed was the *Dodo Solitaire*, and the poet was called upon to write on the spot a bacchanalian song upon that difficult theme. He instantly sat down to the piano and sung :

"The Dodo once lived, but he doesn't live now ;
 Yet why should dull care overshadow our brow ?
 The Dodo was wise, and no doubt, in his day,
 He delighted, as we do, to moisten his clay.
 Sing Dodo, Dodo, jolly Do—do !
 Hurrah ! in his praise let our cups overflow."

There are several other stanzas, and, if I mistake not, a lyrical ode on the Dodo and some other poetical effusions of an amusing kind. Who can point out where the above song can be found ?

Also, who wrote the following lines ?—

"Mittitur mihi in disco
 Piscis ab archiepiscopo—
 —po non apponatur,
 Quia po—tus non mihi datur."

That is,

"I had sent me a fish
 On a great dish,
 From the Archbishop—
 —hop is not here,
 For he sent me no beer."

Since our January issue we have had the pleasure of seeing and reading the first number of *Putnam's Magazine*, now happily revived after a trance of thirteen years. In its original form it was a credit to American literature, and the vigorous vitality it now shows gives promise of equal ability in the future. Knowing full well the difficulties of the navigation, we exchange friendly signals with "the man at the wheel," and wish *Putnam* a long and prosperous voyage.

Owing to the acquisition of new and interesting matter relating to the "Old Slate-roof House and its occupants," the author has extended his paper, so that instead of two Parts, as announced in the Contents of No. 1 of this Magazine, it will make three: the conclusion will appear in the March number.

The reader will observe attached to the paper on ALASKA, in the present number, an Isothermal Chart, the accepted and significant modern mode of illustrating climate. The isothermal lines, or lines of equal heat, are here first drawn for a new region, embracing

the opposite coasts of the two continents, and the enclosed seas. The result is striking. On the chart will be found lines for the year, from the average temperature of 50°, as at Vancouver's Island, to 5°, as at Kolyma Bay. The gradation northward is regular, except that the climate of the central part of the chart is much warmer than at its sides, the area of Alaska being greatly favored. Next, the averages for the summer fall from 60° at Vancouver's Island to 45° at the northern limit of the chart, the change being much less. And there are also peculiar exceptions, giving as high averages to the valley of the Yukon and the valley of the Mackenzie as are observed at the southern limit. The summer, immediately on the sea, is cool over the whole area of the North Pacific. The summer isothermals are quite involved and irregular, but they can easily be traced. Finally, the winter isothermals present very important features, an interrupted line being adopted to distin-

guish them. They rise to 35° in the south and centre; next, the line of 32° goes to Harbor St. Paul, and a little north of Sitka, but recedes from the continent on each side. The line of 20° goes nearly to the limit of the surface of the sea up to St. Lawrence Island and the mouth of the Yukon, but on the continent is repelled from going far inland. The line of zero, for the winter, rises to Behring Strait, and gets some distance inland on each side, going to Okhotsk on the west, and falling to the 53d parallel in British Columbia, on the high plains of the Rocky Mountains. Beyond this line, to the north, the distinctions are all below zero; first 10° below (—10° on the chart); then 20° below zero, and 25° below zero (—20° and —25°). These are Arctic temperatures truly, but less than the degree of cold experienced at distances of 10° or 15° of longitude to the right and left of the limits of the chart, in the central areas of each continent at the latitude of 70° North.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Hymns. Selected from Frederick William Faber, D.D. Northampton: Bridgman & Childs. 12mo. pp. 196.

The Heavenly Land. From the *De Contemptu Mundi* of Bernard de Morlaix, Monk of Cluny (Twelfth Century), rendered into corresponding English verse by Samuel W. Duffield. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph. 12mo. pp. xv. 19.

The Rev. Dr. Beman, in the preface to his Book of Psalms and Hymns, has thus excellently designated the requisites of sacred lyric poetry: "A hymn, whether it respects God, our fellow-beings, or ourselves, should be the effusion of the heart; and that heart, under proper influences, melted and dissolved by just such emotions as suit the conditions described or the occasion for which the song is intended. The language should be simple; the images striking, but not gaudy; the figures unencumbered; the sentences uninvolved; the structure free from all ambigu-

ity; the whole style and manner chaste, and not loaded with ornament or epithet; and the stanzas, and even lines, expressing, as far as practicable, a complete idea. In one word, it must be poetry—and lyric poetry—or it will chill the native aspirations of song, and defeat the great end of this part of worship."

In compiling a work illustrative of this high conception of his subject, the Doctor must have experienced many difficulties. Although the devotional poetry of the last hundred years might offer rich stores for selection, yet as he drew upward towards the fathers of English hymn-writing, he would find the field growing rapidly more narrow. At a period when the lyric poetry of our language had reached almost its highest development, this important province was occupied mainly, if not entirely, by the crudities of Rouse, the insipidity of Tate and Brady, and the intolerable barbarisms of Sternhold and Hopkins' version of the Psalms. The

reader of this kind of literature occasionally meets with stanzas as fearfully and wonderfully constructed as this :

"The tree of life adorns the board
With rich, immortal fruit,
And ne'er an angry, flaming sword
To guard the passage to 't." (!)

But he would seek in vain for the slightest impress of the inspiration of the Hebrew bards, or for any trace of that magnificent psalmody which ennobled the rites of the Latin Church.

Indeed, a cursory glance at the history of this portion of devotional literature is alone needed to show how wide a gulf lay between the Latin hymnology and the hymns of two or three centuries ago in England. The former had soul and soaring fervor; the latter somehow lacked both. It seemed, apparently, for many years, to be doubted whether lyric poetry could bear the weight of Christian sentiment. The religious longings of Herbert and Vaughan and Milton found utterance in didactic verse of unequalled depth and beauty, but too stately and inflexible to be adapted to general worship. The grand outbursts of sacred song which rose from almost every land in Christendom at the era of the Reformation found no response, no imitation even, in the British Islands; and while Cowley and Waller and Herrick were demonstrating the capacity of the English lyric to express with grace and delicacy every phase of human emotion, the praise of God was sung in strains hardly worthy of Skelton or Taylor.

That this disparity no longer exists we owe more to Dr. Watts than probably to any other hand. It has become the fashion of the time to ridicule Dr. Watts—to smile at the simplicity and occasional awkwardness of his muse. But let us not forget that he was a pioneer in the labor he selected. He had, we may say, no precursor, no pattern. Lighted solely by the lamp of his own genius, he produced works which have outlived every mutation of the general taste, and which are fully equal to the finest religious poems of Addison. Nor would we willingly forget, when thinking of the man himself, that Dr. Samuel Johnson, the highest critical authority of his age, has borne this honorable testimony to his fame: "Few persons have left behind such purity of character, or monuments of more laborious piety."

Devotional fervor, having once found its appropriate expression, did not grow fainter with lapse of years. Upon the path thus opened others followed, whose names are familiar to every Christian tongue—the Wes-

leys, Doddridge, Beddome, Steele, Toplady, Cowper, and Cowper's friend, John Newton. Wherever the Church raises the voice of praise these names enjoy an ever-present immortality. And she adds to them Heber and Keble and Bonar and Neale and Palmer, and many others whose aspirations swept upward on wings of celestial melody.

The Church outgrew Dr. Beman's book, though that was scarcely thirty years in the service; and this advance has led to the formation of the Plymouth Collection—to the revision of the Baptist Psalmody and that of other denominations—to the Episcopalian additions to the songs for sacred service—no less than to various other works specifically sanctioned by no sect, but, as breathing the spirit of Christian brotherhood, used by all alike. Such a collection is the "Songs for the Sanctuary," a rearrangement of a previous volume published by Rev. Chas. Robinson, a Presbyterian clergyman, within a year or so past. In it, better than in any other collection, are seen the extensive additions to the songs of Zion made in the last few years.

The interest which this subject still excites is forcibly shown by the number of works in this department of literature recently issued from the press. The two which we have selected for special notice, differing widely in their aim and character, will serve to indicate the refined and catholic tone of the public taste. The first of these volumes is Faber's hymns, or rather selections from them.

Dr. Faber is a Roman Catholic, and, upon the testimony of his writings, a liberal one. His editor, in this instance, has been fortunate in securing a publisher of taste and judgment, and the whole book is beautiful; nor are the poems within it less so. They have a simple pathos, a fervor, a pure aspiration rarely found even in writings of this character. But Faber can hardly be called a great poet. He does not handle rhythm with ease or originality. He deals, for the most part, in Dr. Watts' "common" and "long" metres, though his ability to employ other arrangements of the stanza is shown in the "Shadow of the Rock," from which we would quote were it not already so well known.

He delights in the paradoxes of Christianity—perpetually dwelling on the mysterious existence of God and his more mysterious expressions of himself. To these his heart goes out with longing and love, and every hymn is more nearly a prayer than a praise. Occasionally he is very striking in

his use of an old idea, as where he says of God :

"Eternity is but a thought
By which we think of Thee."

Or when he writes :

"My Lord, I live always in pain,
My life's sad under-song—
Pain in itself not hard to bear,
But hard to bear so long."

He is also deeply and spiritually thoughtful—thoughtful in the best catholic spirit of Christianity ; as when we read :

"The Church, the sacraments, the faith,
Their up-hill journey take,
Lose here what there they gain, and if
We lean upon them, break."

There is in this certainly the amplest evidence of a gentle and honest toleration. Indeed, the author's life will serve as proof of the same spirit. He is still young in comparison with what he might appear, having been born in England, June 28, 1815. His reception into the Roman Church took place Nov. 17, 1845. After that he joined Dr. Newman in the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, and has, if we mistake not, remained ever since in the same vocation. Our knowledge, however, is more of his hymns than of himself. The best illustration of his devotional nature is the hymn entitled "Jesus, my God, my All," which we commend to the perusal of the reader. The closing lines to the hymn entitled "Conversion,"

"Oh give me grace to keep Thy grace,
And grace to merit more,"

form the key-note to the whole collection.

The remaining volume on our table is an exceedingly handsome little work upon the famous hymn of Bernard of Cluny. In the Introduction, which occupies nearly one-half the book, and which is valuable as condensing our entire stock of information regarding Bernard and his poem, we find that the translation has been no easy task. We are told that "from this close imitation" (of the original metre) "both Neale and Coles have recoiled;" and the compiler of the Seven Great Hymns is also quoted to show the almost insurmountable difficulty of clothing the work in an English dress.

The first, indeed, has said that "the English language is incapable of expressing" the versification. This, Mr. Duffield, who appears to have great faith in our own tongue as a vehicle for the expression of thought, has sought to disprove, and with some success. But the verse is unquestionably difficult to

render. It is a pure dactylic hexameter. The rhymes are very frequent, the first occurring at the second and fourth dactyl—the stress being on the first syllable, and the other two common. Then there is a trochaic rhyme at the end of each line, and the lines are in couplets. We quote two lines, as translated, to show what we mean more explicitly :

"Battle's malignities gain for us dignities—⁴ What are they?" say you.

Full, full replenishment, freedom from banishment,
none there to fray you."

Such translation may be a pleasant exercise in verse which is to extend over ten or twenty lines, but when it reaches a hundred or more, it requires some courage to contemplate the labor. Yet, as we said before, we think it has been accomplished. The book is not likely to be a largely popular one, yet it has examples of the capabilities of good English which are praiseworthy in a line-for-line translation, and obsolete or clumsy words very rarely occur. We prefer, however, to let the work speak for itself, giving the following lines as among the most poetical and accurate which the volume contains. They are addressed to the Heavenly Land :

"Lilies like driven snow, gems set in even row, wait
for thy wearing ;

That Lamb is still with thee, that Spouse is still with
thee, clear light declaring.

No occupation there, no aspiration there, save but
sweet singing,

Telling of life preserved, granted for grief deserved,
gratitude bringing.

City of lustre rare, none but the just are there, thou
shalt not crumble,

Proud hearts are stupefied, and, from the Crucified,
learn to be humble.

Naught I know, naught I know, what joys then
ought to grow, what rays shine o'er thee,

How deep thy pleasures are, how rare thy treasures
are, in years before thee !

The book closes with a neat translation of "Just as I am" into Latin of the same metre and rhyme : a pretty thought carefully executed.

We welcome these two works as showing a desire, on the part of the Church, to get back to a pure, primitive basis. The one writer is a Roman Catholic—the other a Presbyterian ; but the first has caught the inspiration of the earlier ages of the Church, while the other has found, in the writings of an ancient monk, brought down by Episcopalian hands, the same dear song which has echoed through the Church of Christ—whether kirk or cathedral—almost since the days of John in Patmos. This is one in-

stance of that true liberality which should be cultivated by Christian men.

Horse Portraiture: embracing Breeding, Rearing and Training Trotters, with their management in the stable and on the track, and preparation for races; including histories of the Horse and Horsemen. With an appendix containing the performances of Dexter, and a portrait [of him] by Scott. By Joseph Cairn Simpson. New York: W. A. Townsend & Adams. 12mo. pp. 458.

In England, racers are running horses; in America, they are trotters. One reason for this difference is that field sports, which involve running and galloping over ploughed fields and the jumping of fences, are the fashionable amusement in England; while in this country horses are used mainly on the road. Hence a book, by a practical trainer, pointing out how a horse may acquire condition and learn to trot fast, is particularly adapted to this country. The author claims that his is the pioneer work of its class. He has the prime requisite of all good writing—something to say: he is full of his subject, and, unlike Talleyrand, who said he never talked about what he understood, he is desirous of communicating to others the experience of a lifetime.

There is something charming in the enthusiasm with which the author, like General Grant, talks horse. He is *fanatico per il cavallo*. A love of the beautiful, he considers, is just as compatible with handling horses as with the professions absorbing the greater part of the talent of the country. "I sincerely hope," he adds, "the day is not far distant when a liberal education will be thought essential in the training of a good horseman." Amen!

In criticising such a writer, and one hailing from Iowa, too, a merely literary man feels like sitting, if not at the feet of Gamaliel, yet on the left-hand seat of a light wagon, behind a pair of fast trotters, and listening to the remarks of the driver, rather than undertaking to point out where he is right and where wrong. Mr. Simpson says that in driving the reins should be handled gently, as if they were a part of the animal endowed with sensitiveness, which would be destroyed by a continuous pull. "How angry I become when I see a big brute tugging away for dear life at these leathern straps, his body braced as if a yoke of oxen were hitched to him to pull him from his seat, yelling at the top of his voice, self-satisfied that he is an expert! The horse has ten times more sense than he, and has learned that he must pull against the

bit still harder, to stop the circulation of the blood in the sensitive bars, numbing them till the torture is unheeded. After a while the delicacy of feeling is gone, large calluses are formed, and the horse becomes perfectly useless."

The author is opposed to the employment of the curry-comb, which, he says, in the hands of an artist, is used only to keep the brush clean. "A bungler rakes away with it against and across the hair, torturing the horse without effecting any good. The brush, if properly used, will effectually remove the scurf, while the wisp gives the polish to the hair and removes the dust from the surface." In the stable the author advises placing the hay on the floor, instead of in a rack; and using a feeding-box, which ought to be removed when the horse has eaten the feed, instead of a manger.

A noteworthy and suggestive fact mentioned by the author is, that thoroughbred horses live longer than the ordinary varieties, the average age in England being twenty-two years. Eclipse lived to the age of nearly forty. A majority of the successful race-horses of this country have attained to old age. A parallel fact in the annals of the human race is found in the longevity of the upper classes in England. No one can turn over the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine* without being struck with the number of Vice Admirals who die at eighty years of age or thereabouts. Doubtless, one reason for the exceptional longevity of Flora Temple, for example, on the one hand, and of General Scott on the other, is to be found in the good food, good shelter and sufficient but not excessive exercise which they both enjoyed. It would not be difficult, however, to point out cases which tend to controvert the author's doctrine. In the museum of the Manchester National History Society, for example, are preserved the skull and the stuffed skin of the head of Old Billy, a horse who worked all his life on the towing-path of one of the canals adjoining Manchester, England, and died on November 27, 1822, at an age testified, beyond all doubt, to have been sixty-two years. The head is represented as well shaped, bearing the Norman character; and the hair of the mane and foretop particularly fine, but bushy. If we turn to mankind, it must be acknowledged that neither Old Parr nor Jenkins were what one would call thorough-breds.

In the horse the test of blood, and also of condition, is the eye, into whose clear depths you look down, says the author, "till you

cannot but resolve that such an organ must belong to more than an animal, and that it is a token of a being endowed with that reason which we haughtily arrogate as only belonging to man. When the horse is led up to start in a race, this placid look is changed to one as determined as ever flashed from beneath the brow of ancient knight attempting deeds that would either heighten his renown to that of the great Arthur himself, or consign him to an honorable grave."

The only fault we are able to point out in this book is that there is no index.

The Friendships of Women. By William Rounseville Alger. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 12mo. pp. 374.

Mr. Alger was daring when he endeavored to embody in words the subtle and mysterious force of woman's friendship. He attempted a task that any man, be he even so talented as this author, might have been forgiven for refusing to undertake.

Even in view of the large portion of success with which he has treated the topic, the thought arises that a book of this class should never have been written by any but a woman, and she one who, like Mrs. Browning, had she chosen to do so, could not only have evoked from history the names of the famous pairs, but could have portrayed, like an illumination, the divine and passionate essence which attracted and held them. Certainly only a woman—and not many women—could know; therefore only she could tell.

In the beautiful diction of Mr. Alger, in the sincerity with which every word is written, it is evident that he brought the utmost reverence and respect for the work which he had set himself to do. If there are those who have disbelieved in the fact of feminine friendships, they cannot but be convinced by this book. The author has classed woman's friendships under various titles, rightly assuming that maternal, sisterly or wifely affection is made most perfect by something beyond the ties of blood or of the marriage vows—by a sincere friendship which is capable of heroism.

Concerning the attachments of women to women, it seems he understands less—and very naturally—and that his words lack the strength the facts he instances appear to warrant. We speak, of course, of the sincere and profound affection, not of the ephemeral though earnest "school-girl friendships" by which we have been prone to judge all women. In the relation of the lives of the "Ladies of Llangollen," who does not feel the coldness of the style, when these lives of

purest devotion and happiness, of real self-abandonment, demand a warmth of description which it is probable Mr. Alger would have employed had the persons been a man and a woman. Is it not an error to reserve for the description of love between the sexes the graphic and powerful words that a love as intense and enduring deserves as well? But he has quoted these expressive lines from one whose poet rank might make him an authority:

"Two women faster welded in one love
Than pairs of wedlock."

And in the few words he quotes from Bettine, when she speaks of Gunderode, one sees how one sentence from the lips of the enthusiastic child reveals more than pages of any man's writing could do, beautiful though those pages might be:

"I have seen Gunderode to-day. It was a gift of God," she says.

There are many things in this book which we are tempted to quote, but we must refrain, leaving the reminiscences of Madame de Staël, of Madame Recamier, and, dearer to us, of Margaret Fuller, to the many readers such a work will deservedly have.

If some of all the women who read this book are conscious of something undefinable which is lacking in it, they will be sure it is the want neither of earnestness, of nobleness of purpose, nor of a beautiful and attractive style.

Annals of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania in the Olden Time; being a collection of memoirs, anecdotes, and incidents of the City and its inhabitants. By John F. Watson. 2 vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 8vo pp. 608, 638.

Watson's *Annals* was originally published in 1830, since when it has passed through numerous editions. The author was born in 1779, and, in one sense, was "in arms in the Revolution." When the Flag of Peace was hoisted to the breeze on Market street hill, on the 19th April, 1783, his mother held him up in her arms and made him see and notice that Flag; she herself, as he relates, shedding tears of joy at the glad spectacle. From that day until the day of his death, Dec. 23, 1860, Mr. Watson seems to have devoted himself to collecting facts about the early history of the United States, and especially of his native city; and his *Annals* will ever remain a monument of his industry and zeal. As it has long been quite out of print, this new edition will be welcome to a large class of readers. It would have been improved by a more methodical arrangement of the matter.

Opportunity: a novel. By Anne Moncure Crane, author of *Emily Chester*. Ticknor & Fields: Boston, 1867. 12mo. pp. 336.

The talent manifested in "*Emily Chester*" gave promise that a later production of the same author, with the maturing influence of three years' experience, would show great improvement; and accordingly we took up this book with much anticipated pleasure. But "*Opportunity*" is in every way unworthy of its predecessor; indeed, it is difficult to believe that the same person wrote both of them. A less natural set of men and women is not often to be met with in works of fiction; and, neither in Baltimore nor at Cape May (in which places portions of the story are located), have we ever encountered such specimens of society of the present day, and especially such wonderful female members of it, as are here portrayed.

The Voice in Singing. Translated from the German of Emma Seiler. By a member of the American Philosophical Society. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 178.

Madame Seiler made for herself an honorable name in Germany, not only as a practical teacher of singing, but also by her valuable investigations in regard to the culture of the musical voice. By her own anatomical studies she has acquired a thorough knowledge of the vocal organs, and by means of the laryngoscope has advanced, in the way first trodden by Garcia, to the establishment of the conditions of vocal culture. The author has taken up her abode in this country, where her rare scientific attainments, already appreciated by a select circle of friends, will now be more generally recognized.

Opinion of Hon. John M. Read, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, in favor of the Passenger Railway Cars running on every day in the week, including Sunday. Philadelphia: Sherman & Co. 8vo. pp. 16.

The Court having decided that the running of passenger cars on Sunday in the streets of Philadelphia cannot be stopped by injunction, Judge Read, in his opinion, takes the broad ground that such running is entirely within the exceptions of works of necessity and charity, and is consequently lawful. The Sunday question is ably discussed from a legal, moral and theological point of view.

Memoir of Rev. Geo. W. Bethune, D. D. By Rev. A. R. Van Nest, D. D. New York: Sheldon & Co. 12mo. pp. 446.

We purpose to notice this book at length in our next number.

Books Received.

Harem Life in Egypt and Constantinople. By Emmeline Lott, late governess to His Highness the Grand Pacha Ibrahim, son of His Highness Ismael Pacha, Viceroy of Egypt. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12mo. pp. 357.

The Lives, Sentiments and Sufferings of some of the Reformers and Martyrs before, since and independent of the Lutheran Reformation. By William Hodgson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 465.

Mitchell's School Geographies: Elements of Physical Geography, with 150 engravings and 13 copper-plate maps. By John Brocklesby. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. 4to. pp. 164.

Fighting the Flames: a Tale of the Fire Brigade. By R. M. Ballantyne, author of "*The Coral Islands*." With Illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 420.

Nathan the Wise: a dramatic poem. By Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. Translated by Ellen Frothingham. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 12mo. pp. 258.

People's Edition of Dickens' Works, with Illustrations by H. K. Browne. 4 vols. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12mo. pp. 720, &c.

The Widow's Son. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12mo. pp. 649.

The Philosophy of Eating. By Albert J. Bellows, M. D. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo. pp. 342.

The Hermitage and other poems. By Edward Rowland Sill. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 12mo. pp. 152.

The Turk and the Greek. By S. G. W. Benjamin. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo. pp. 268.

Lucia Dare: a novel. By Filia, author of "*Agnes Graham*." New York: M. Doolady. 8vo. pp. 138.

Salome: a dramatic poem. By J. C. Heywood. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo. pp. 222.

Petersons' Cheap Edition of Dickens' Works. 5 vols. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 8vo.

Tiger-Lilies: a novel. By Sidney Lanier. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo. pp. 253.

Poems. By Elizabeth C. Kinney. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo. pp. 226.

The Family Save-All. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12mo. pp. 675.